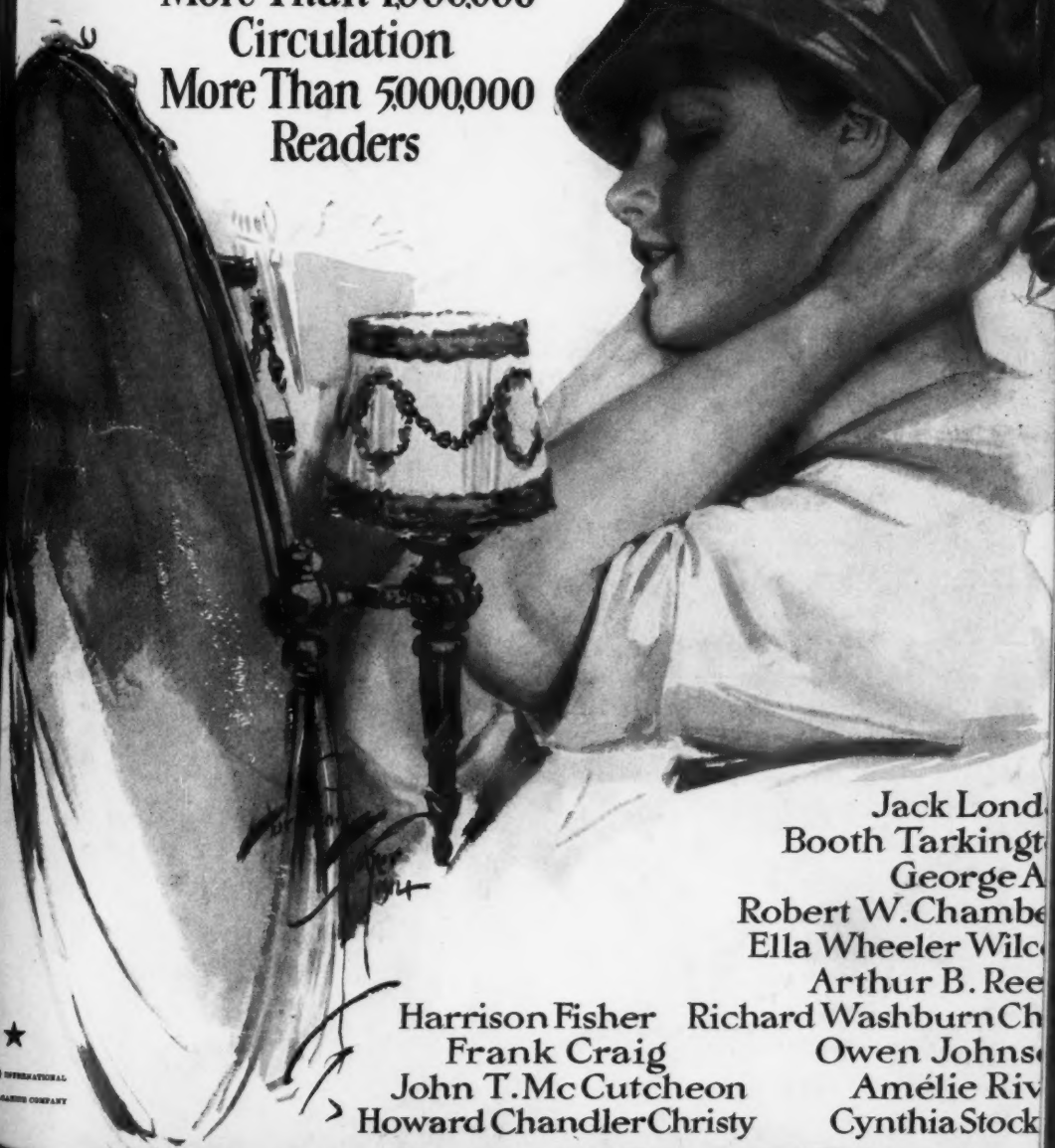


GENERAL LIBRARY  
APR 10 1915  
UNIVERSITY OF MICH.  
May  
15 Cents  
Cosmopolitan

More Than 1000,000  
Circulation  
More Than 5,000,000  
Readers



Jack London  
Booth Tarkington  
George A.  
Robert W. Chambers  
Ella Wheeler Wilcox  
Arthur B. Reece  
Richard Washburn Child  
Owen Johnson  
Amélie Riv  
Cynthia Stock

Harrison Fisher  
Frank Craig  
John T. McCutcheon  
Howard Chandler Christy



INTERNATIONAL  
MAGAZINE COMPANY

# Jumps Right Into Housecleaning





# TASTES

*By Dr. Frank Crane*

**W**HAT do I want? Tastes. Things do not matter.

I want strong tastes. I want every desire of body and of mind to be keen. I want plenty of good red passions, and power to control them.

I want to be interested in every human being and to be bored by none. I want to appreciate the people all-wise fate brings to meet me, as well as those I seek to find.

I want to hate to be waited on and to love to serve.

I want to loathe notoriety and all satisfactions that spring from pride.

I want to have a taste for some kind of work the world is willing to pay for.

I want to love things as they have been, more to love things as they are, and most of all to love things as they ought to be.

I want a taste for masters in letters, in music, and in the plastic arts.

I want to like every kind of race, all foreign peoples.

I want to love myself intelligently, to love my family more than myself, my country more than that, and humanity most of all.

The most valuable education is the education of the tastes. I want to realize that I can develop my tastes.

Why should I pray the all-knowing God to alter his universe for me? Let him rather adjust me to fit it.

Give me the right tastes; then any kind of world will do.

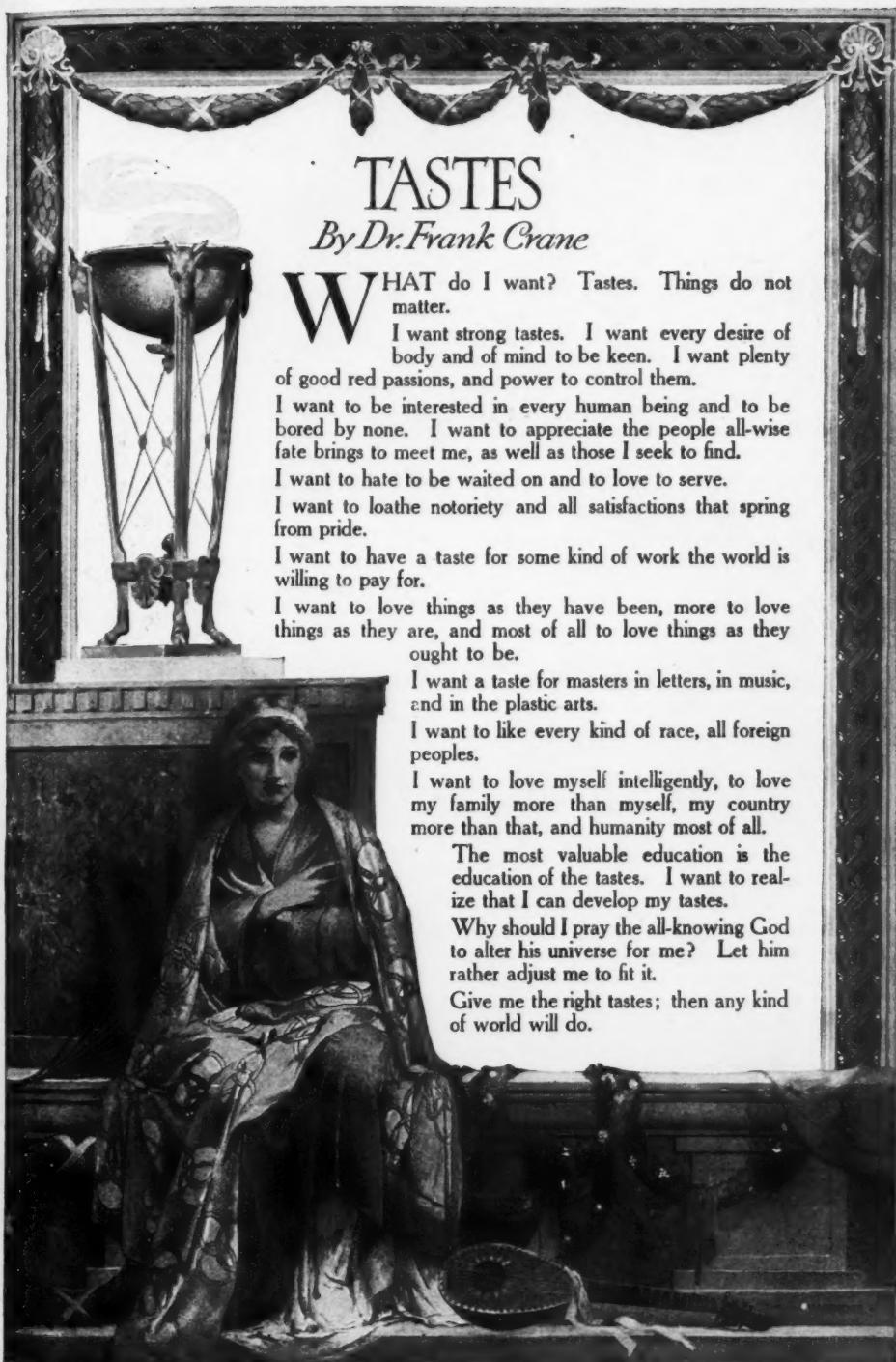


ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT ADAMANTI



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"Whatchya not going up this week again? You're getting as bad as the brokers"

# COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LVIII

MAY, 1915

NO. 6



## A Daughter of New York

The author calls his heroine "a daughter of New York," but why limit her to the metropolis? There is surely something typically American in the bearing and point of view of Ottie, for has she not, through that freedom which girls of this land enjoy as nowhere else, developed a sense of responsibility toward herself and others which serves her better than the old conventional restrictions would do? Note how she never, for one moment, loses sight of the destiny which a level-headed estimate of what she may expect from life holds out to her. There need be no fear of moral catastrophe to this wise and responsible young person. An admirable character is Miss Ottie Cutter, and one from whose acquaintance much pleasure and profit will be derived.

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

"W HATCHYA not going up this week again? You're getting as bad as the brokers."

I turned in surprise, gazing at the young lady who had just read my telegram announcing an intention to remain in the city.

"The 'Mrs.' refers to my mother," I said suavely.

"Old stuff!" she replied, with a contemptuous tilt of her nose.

It was my first conscious introduction to Miss Ottie Cutter, at the telegraph-counter in the howling spaces of the temporary Grand Central Station. She was about eighteen, dressed for a *thé dansant* at a Fifth Avenue restaurant, a profusion of black hair spilled about the outlines of her clear forehead, with a general tendency downward over the left eyebrow, a thin, impertinently tipped nose, brilliant teeth, and steady gray eyes, not averse to being admired. Three or four pencils, plunged in the back of her hair, were sported in Japanese style.

"So you remembered I sent a telegram last Saturday," I said curiously.

"Sure. I know a lot about you, though you never had no time to notice me," she said, with a little grieved smile. "Other folks—men folks are more condescending."

At this we were interrupted. A large,

blond young man of forty, with a jovial eye, shook hands, saying:

"Hello, Ottie; in the deuce of a rush! Blank and pencil, quick!"

I drew off a bit, curiosity aroused, waiting the departure of the rather racy gentleman whom she had addressed as Mr. Polk. It was deep in the month of August, and the temporary station was white with the massed splashes of filmy blouses and the shifting surfaces of straw head-gear. From the telephone-booth opposite and the near-by candy-stall, I became aware of nervous, inquisitorial eyes peering above the desk-tops. Ottie herself undoubtedly rejoiced in these feminine tributes, for she sped the jovial Mr. Polk on his way with an accentuated playfulness, and turned to me with a languishing charm which seemed to me more calculated to impress a distant audience.

"He's a broker," she said, with a wise nod. "Gee, I'd never marry a broker! They're a loose lot. See that!" She held up a blank. "Telegram to friend wifey: 'Missed the six o'clock. Can't get up this week. Love and affection.'"

"But—" I interposed, with a glance at the gigantic disk which registered, at this moment, just ten minutes after five.

"You don't get it? My cue is to hold this

till six-thirty before sending it through. Underline 'Love and affection.' What do you think of that? There was a girl, Fanny Lane, here onct, over at the telephones, who was all airs because she had one of those Charley boys from Wall Street slipping her candy and flowers. She hooked him, too. The grand exit she made, shaking hands airily all over the station—with O'Dwyer, even, over at the baggage-smash. Not because she loved us—oh, no!—telephone-buzzers is cats, all except Rosetta, my chum, the girl with the blond curls looking over here, trying to place you. Well, in six weeks she had to divorce him and go on the stage, he was that promiscuous."

"So your name's Ottie?" I said, smiling.

"My name's Miss Cutter, until I give you leave," she said sternly, and her polished fingers set to swinging a little gold cross pendent from her neck.

"Very well; I hope I shall deserve the privilege soon," I replied, with new interest, realizing that the type was complex. "Good-afternoon, Miss Cutter."

"Hold up!" she said, instantly relenting. "Hang around a bit more. There's Minnie Schwank, the girl with the auburn hair—dyed—at the soda-and-candy, rubbering her eyes off. It gives her the willies every time I get any attention. The only steady she ever had was a bow-legged old German from the umbrella store that the girls scared off with their joshing. What! Yer' going? Come soon. And, say, go out past Minnie. Look at her steadily, so she'll know we've been picking her over."

On the next occasion when I stopped for a further revelation, Ottie was leaning over the counter, receiving, with indifferent interest, the complimentary glances of a smitten youth of sixteen, with cauliflower ears, in the uniform of a messenger. Perceiving my approach, she waved the awkward squad from the scene by an imperious gesture and straightened up, a little confused to have been surprised thus condescending.

"How are you to-day, Miss Cutter?" I said, with exaggerated punctiliousness, perceiving in the distance the rebellious figure of the dismissed youth waddling sullenly away.

"Next time you can make it 'Ottie,'" she said, eying me favorably.

"I'm afraid you're a predatory person—a sad flirt," I added, with a nod toward the dismissed.

"Pooh; all them young boys are mushy!" she said frankly. "O'Toole—that's the feller—he's got it worse than the others. He sidles over here each chancet he gets. Oh, he's real lovesick!"

"Poor chap!" I said seriously.

"Why?" she said innocently. "If it wasn't me, it'd be another, wouldn't it? Sure and I keep him out of trouble and make him wash up, too!"

Before this defense, I retreated.

"How's Polk?"

"I had to call him down," she said indignantly. "What do you think? He had the nerve to ask me out!"

"You are very strict?"

"With the married bunch—nixie for me! Nothing doing!"

"Perhaps your manner deceived him," I suggested maliciously.

To my surprise, she pondered this seriously, a little troubled.

"Do you think I'm too forward?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't think so."

"I'm nacheral," she said. "Course I like attention; that's why I took up with this. I don't do it 'cause I have to. No; I like the chancet to meet people," she added, with a shade of longing in her eyes.

It was said so genuinely that it was as though a great door had opened on a life which had not been within my ken. After all, what more natural? Why should not she, a daughter of New York, have the same curiosity in life, the same need of the human panorama as we others, and, in her own way, create the opportunity? In a few years, what would become of her? Marriage with one of her own world, probably. And then what? A flat and drudgery, with only her mission to tend and continue the race, that, in a dozen generations or less, perhaps, one human atom might emerge from the mass and produce something that would stir a fraction the body of society.

"Whatchya thinking?" she said, noticing my abstraction.

"Polk is a pig. He has no fine instincts," I said hastily.

"I knew I was going to like you," she said softly. "Sure I know all about you—you're a writer."

I showed my surprise and a certain gratification.

"Sure I read a piece of your'n. That's nice work—being a writer," she added



meditatively, as though weighing the profession against her own.

"Does this seem rather hard?" I ventured.

"Oh, no; much genteeler than being at the 'phones. A girl there gets no chancet to talk to people."

"I suppose you get a day off?"

"Sure—Sundays."

"Coney Island?"

She looked at me dubiously, as though scenting an improper advance. My socially correct expression reassured her.

"Oh, I like Coney—particularly the camels," she said, nodding. Suddenly her eyes focused on some spot in the crowd; her fingers tightened impulsively on my arm, and she said: "See that slim chap with blond hair talking to Pearl Stevens, the girl at the sodas—that's Lannigan—Eddie. All the girls are that crazy over him. His brother's a chauffeur. He wants me to go joy-riding with him next Sunday. He's talking to Pearl, because he sees you over here and he wants to get me up in the air."

"He's the steady, then?"

"He's one of them," she said, correcting me. "He certainly's got awful nice ways for a ticket-puncher. He's young, too, for that. Did you ever see anyone go on like that Pearl Stevens? He threw her down when he got introduced to me. She's been raging all over the depot ever since. See him look over here?"

"There must be a great deal of competition?" I suggested, with a glance at the busy telephone-booths, the candy-counter, and the news-stands.

"I don't associate much with the others. Most of them ain't got any education, though they do dress fierce. There's a girl at the magazines they say's rather refined, and, of course, Rosetta—my chum. We was to high school together. But the rest"—she dismissed them with an aristocratic wave of her hand—"they're too free and easy for me. They'd pick up with anything that would run 'em into the 'movies'—honest!"

"You're very strict."

"A girl has got to be," she answered seriously.

As I progressed in her confidence, I found that her laws of conduct were based on the most rigid distinction between bachelors and those whom she considered loyally the property of other women. At the fourth

meeting, she became more confidential, evidently having made up her mind that I was worthy to receive or, which is more probable and quite feminine, hoping I might, some day, translate her to the printed page, to the discomfiture of Pearl Stevens and Minnie Schwank, as well as the four pairs of eyes which were trained on us from the booths.

She told me, with a show of pride, that her father was inspector in the customs office, one brother was a stenographer in a judicial court, and another was shortly going on the force. There were two sisters who were too young to count, and two older who had married—one to an electrician who made fifty dollars a week and was saving up for a second-hand car, and the other had entrusted her life to an oyster-broker who seemed to have the makings of the family fortune but who had cruelly deserted her. Ottie herself was just a year out of high school, sang in a choir in a down-town church, and had every intention of marrying after she had seen a little more of the world. When I questioned further, she confessed that, though her heart had never yet received a tremor, there were two eligibles (she called them "prospects") whom she had in serious consideration and intended to retain—a dark, middle-aged Franco-American floor-walker in a large department store, very frugal with his savings, and a young man of her own age, comrade of the high school, who had already saved a hundred dollars as an instructor in physical culture, with dancing on the side. She believed in his future, but she was rather doubtful of the class of women to which his evening performances in fashionable restaurants subjected him. As for the passing throng of the station, she rated them frankly as triflers, confessing that her object was more a desire for feminine superiority than any sentimental need. In the course of this history, she did not hesitate to inject profound criticisms of customs and manners. Her orthodoxy was unobjectionable and her illusions as yet unshattered, though she admitted that her general attitude toward the opposite sex was one of modified suspicion, and to her own of confirmed distrust.

On the counter, crowded into an ordinary drinking-glass, was a bouquet of wild flowers, yellow and white over a spray of green, a brave display amid the dust and litter of clicking instruments.

"Fond of flowers, I see," I remarked tentatively.

"Crazy about 'em! Fellow up the road—commuter—is going to bring me a bunch every morning," she added frankly.

"And where do you place him?" I asked. "Married or eligible?"

Then she expounded a new philosophy. Her counter was her castle, it seemed. There, the male sex was not subjected to a division between the sheep and the goats. All tributes could be accepted on a professional basis. Outside, in her social world, things were different, and rules of conduct must be rigidly enforced.

"His name is Perkins," she added. "Course I've only known him a few days. Eddie—that's Lannigan—made an awful scene about my accepting flowers from a stranger—making myself conspicuous. He says he's seen him with chorus girls in midnight feeding-houses, but O'Toole, he says Lannigan is just plumb jealous and trying to poison my mind. Course O'Toole's jealous, too. I made it clear to both what I been tellin' you. The fellers I talk to here get no call to an introduction outside."

"Exactly. It's like an actress receiving flowers over the footlights, isn't it?" I suggested artfully.

She laughed at this.

"That's a good one. I'll work it on 'em. Between you and me, Perkins thinks he's a masher. I'd like to give him a jolt. Sure you can tell them the first time the way they look at you."

"How do they look at you?" I asked curiously.

"Soapy eyes—purry sort of a voice. Course a girl who's had no experience sometimes falls for that. Pearl Stevens 's been dying to attract him, looking at him boldly as he passes. Yes, she did, and even rattled a box of sweets once under his eyes and said in a baby lisp, 'Anything sweet to-day?' What do you think of that for forwardness? Sure he told me himself." She added, a moment later, with a little contraction of the eyebrows: "I'm not strong on him, either. He ain't very refined—but it spoils Pearl Stevens' digestion, and that's something, after all."

"Then it must have a rather good effect on Lannigan, too," I ventured.

She smiled in appreciation.

"Lannigan's started in to mope."

"And O'Toole?"

"Dicky? That boy? Sure he knows I only let him play around to keep him out of trouble. All he minds is Lannigan. He's grinning all over. You've stayed long enough now—I've got a bunch of telegrams to get off. But drop in soon—you're a feller you can talk to!"

It was several weeks after this disillusioning experience before I saw Ottie again. O'Toole, the messenger with the cauliflower ears, was at the booth in a languishing attitude, while on the counter, ostentatiously brought forward, was a dazzling cluster of pink roses and violets dominated by twin lilies.

"Where you been?" said Ottie joyfully, shoving away O'Toole with a merciless finger. "Sure I missed you a lot."

I explained that I had been on a visit in Maine.

"You've got a fine burn," she said appreciatively. "I suppose you'll be sending hurry messages to some fairy now."

"No such luck, Ottie."

"Well, anyhow, don't go over to another office to send 'em," she persisted. "It's been awful dull since you went. All the old mashers take a rest to the end of August. Nothing but straight messages for weeks. However, yesterday Polk got back; there'll be something doing now."

"How's life with you?"

"I've been going out a lot," she said languidly.

I laid my hand on the heavily scented bouquet.

"What's this mean? Perkins?"

"I should think not!" she said indignantly. "That's Lannigan."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed, with a glance which rapidly estimated the probable cost. "Roses—and lilies, too!"

"Sure they're expensive," she said, with a toss of her head. "That's what I get—every day. Oh, Lannigan's some spender! There's nothing cheap about that feller."

"Perhaps he's got a brother in the florist business?" I suggested, at loss to account for this magnificence on the salary which the New Haven Railroad accords its non-speculative employees.

"That don't concern me," said Ottie indifferently. "O'Toole tells me everybody in the station is in a fever of excitement over it. Pearl Stevens, over at the candy-and-soda, is that sick over it she switched to the north side so she couldn't see the floral



DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"Rosetta, my chum, the girl with the blond curls looking over here, trying to place you"

display. But I got even with her. I took a bunch of blush roses over to Minnie Schwank, and told her I hadn't room enough and wouldn't she accept them to brighten up the counter a little."

"So Lannigan's neglecting the candy-counter now?"

"Sure that was all a game of his," she said loftily. "He never took her out—though she hinted to him fierce. Sure he told me. As for Pearl Stevens, I didn't tell you—did I?—what a fuss she used to put up over some miserable daisies and buttercups a feller brought her from up the road. Sure she did; she used to put them right on top the desk—customers was always knocking 'em over. Say, when Lannigan came over with these—with the real stuff—he lost her nerve, and say—the feller, he came up with violets—nothing but violets for a week—and then he quit—couldn't stand the competition. I found out all about him. He's a grocer's clerk putting out a bluff. She can have him."

At this moment, her glance fastened on some point in the merging crowd. She raised the bouquet to her impertinent nose, and smiled right under my eyes.

"Ottie," I said severely, "if you're going to use me to flirt with another man—"

She said hastily: "Sure it was Lannigan passing. I seen Pearl Stevens peeking around the counter, that's all."

"Speaking of Lannigan," I said, still mystified, "how long has this magnificence been going on?"

"Oh, a week Monday."

"You must have made Lannigan believe you liked him pretty well, young lady," I said, in the admonitory tone I sometimes fell into with Ottie.

"Sure I like flowers," she said, opening her eyes in surprise; "I just dote on 'em."

"Is Lannigan rated as a serious prospect, then," I pursued mercilessly, "along with the floor-walker and the exponent of physical culture?"

"Lannigan—a ticket-puncher? Are you kidding me?"

"Ottie," I said, shaking my head, "I'm afraid, after all, you're like your sisters on Fifth Avenue—just a reckless little grafter."

"What's wrong with my accepting Lannigan's flowers?" she said defiantly.

"It's leading him on, and you know *you* have no serious intentions. You just said so."

"But how's a girl to know if she'll change her mind?" she said, after a moment's profound thought. "Don't you see the point?"

"Ottie, I will not argue with you," I said firmly. "It is a question on which I have never been able to convince any woman."

"Sure you're worse than O'Toole," she said, with a glance to the newspaper-stand, where that ungainly youth was lolling miserably.

I shook hands ceremoniously and departed, by way of the dejected O'Toole, who morbidly waited, his glance hopelessly set on the gallant bouquet prominently brought forward.

During the next ten days I found several occasions to drop in for a chat with Ottie, and watch developments. Regularly, each day, with the coming of the morning shift, Lannigan arrived with a fresh bouquet. The telephone-girls were in a pitch of fury, according to Ottie. Minnie Schwank and Pearl Stevens were in such a state of jealousy that they cut Lannigan dead. O'Toole, completely eclipsed, was the picture of youthful despair, vowing there was some dark mystery underneath it all. And still the amazing bouquets continued to arrive, to the envy of the entire feminine population of the station with the exception of the triumphant Ottie.

With the worst of motives, I confess, I stopped at the candy-counter directly before the pale-blue eyes of Pearl Stevens, who was aggressively perfumed. Probably she did me the honor to believe me jealous of Lannigan and seeking outward sympathy.

"What do you think of them goings-on?" she said instantly, eliminating useless preliminaries.

I tried to look blank and uncomprehending.

"Aw, you know well enough what I mean. Guess your nose's a little out of joint."

I facetiously felt of the imperiled feature.

"It's scandalous," she said angrily, "the way that minx leads him on. Everybody in the station's watching them—and him a married man, too."

"Lannigan?" I said, amazed.

"Sure!" she said spitefully. "Oh, it ain't Lannigan she's after. It's his brother—he's a chauffeur. She'll drop Eddie as soon as she gets an introduction. What



some girls won't do to be seen driving in a joy-wagon!"

"But how does Lannigan afford it?" I asked, again from the lowest of motives.

"That's what everyone's asking," she said, with a staring challenge at Ottie, who was watching us. "Sure any girl could get Lannigan who wanted to throw herself at his head. If you want my opinion, I'll tell you. Something's going to happen and happen soon, and, when it does, the whole wretched story will be smeared all over the front pages of the morning papers."

"Elopement?" I said, with simulated anxiety.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Murder—drama of jealousy—other woman?"

She did not deny the possibility.

"At least she'll wreck his life," she said angrily. "You betcha life his superiors have their eyes on him now—a ticket-puncher who spends a month's salary on a woman like that—every week! Where does he get it?"

I left Pearl Stevens and went thoughtfully across the tide of insurging masses to Ottie, who received me with *hauteur*.

"Whatchya saying to her?" she asked pointblank.

"Ottie," I said, in impressive tones, "I have received alarming information."

"What lie has she been giving you?" she said scornfully.

"I am told that Lannigan is a married man."

"She told you that, did she?"

"That—and other things."

"She didn't tell you that he was divorced, did she? She didn't say anything about that?"

"Why, no," I admitted.

"Sure he told me all about it," she said rapidly. "'Twas four years ago. The poor fellow's had an unfortunate life. She drank like a fish. He married her to reform her. He's got a kind heart—Lannigan. He knew her folks over in Ireland. Sure she was nothing but a waitress in the hurry-up lunch over there when he met her and gave her a social position. And was she grateful? She was not. She drank up everything in the house—the kerosene out the lamps, even. She'd been doing it all the time, but she never let him know. Did he turn her out of doors? No; he stuck by her, tried to uplift her, and all that sort of thing.

And how did she repay him? She ran off with the owner of a canal-boat, and he's never had a word from her since."

She crossed her arms and said defiantly, choosing her words as she did when she wished to be particularly crushing,

"He's nothing to me; but I want to say that I consider what he did was distinctly to his credit."

"Are you sure he's divorced?" I said, for her warm defense had left me unconvinced as to herself.

"He told me so himself," she said.

"Do you mean that his intentions are serious?" I said solemnly. "I hope, Ottie, you are not meeting him—ahem!—socially outside."

"I mean nothing at all—but what it's nobody's business if a gentleman chooses to present me with flowers in a respectable way," she said, with terrific incisiveness.

I chose to make a personal allusion of this rejoinder, and departed stiffly, despite her hurried and relenting call. So, after all, Ottie was as feminine as her sisters, and bright gifts could dazzle her eyes and turn the edges of the rules of conduct.

Another visit took me from the city for ten days. When I again threaded my way through the arriving mob to the main waiting-room, I became aware of a new note. At the candy-counter, Pearl Stevens and Minnie Schwank were laughing boisterously at O'Toole, who passed radiant and assured; nor was Ottie the proud and haughty belle of the week before, and on the counter were no flowers.

"How's life?" I asked, in the stock greeting.

She gave me her hand in a lackadaisical way, heavy gloom over the clear brow.

"Why, Ottie, what's wrong?" I exclaimed. "What's happened? The flowers? Lannigan?"

"Don't talk to me of that cheap sport!" she said, bridding up. "Never speak his name to me again!"

"But what—tell me!" I cried, in the proper tone of alarm and commiseration.

She turned away, her hand at her throat, and when she looked at me again, her eyes were flashing and on her cheeks were sudden, indignant flurries of red.

"It's very painful—I don't know 's I can bear to refer to it. I never was so humiliated—so put down in all my life," she said, with a quick breath. "All I got to be

thankful for is I never went out with him, with all the coaxing he gave me. My name ain't coupled with his like that."

"So Lannigan's a deceiver?" I said, divining the source of the trouble.

"It was all about them flowers," she said abruptly; "you remember?"

"I remember," I said, nodding, "very expensive gifts for a ticket-puncher—as a steady offering."

"Well, after what you said to me—about grafting like a swell, you remember," she said pensively, "I began to feel sort of remorseful. I began to figure up. I couldn't see how he could afford 'em either. Then there was Dicky—O'Toole, you know—who was poisoning my mind, putting all kinds of dark thoughts into it.

"At least five plunks for them," he'd say, when Lannigan would leave a new bunch. 'Lilies is a dollar apiece to-day; I looked it up at the flower-booth,' or: 'Well, there goes a week's salary. He must be robbing the till somewhere. You can't make me believe them's honest flowers.'

"Well, you know, I got sort of affected by all this—sort of wondering if Lannigan was that dippy over me that he was ruining himself. So I says to him pointblank, one day,

"See here, Eddie, can you afford these things—now, honest?"

"Don't you worry. I spend my money easy—I'm no tightwad," he said. O'Toole was listening.

"But where do you get them?" I said. "You must have spent a forchin, Eddie."

"I get 'em where I get 'em," he says loftily. 'They come from the finest in New York—remember that,' he says, and walks off with the manner of a royal spender.

"I looked at Dicky and he looked at me. The poor boy was ready to break his heart, he was that cut up over it.

"They're not honest flowers," he says, shaking his head. 'Dunno how he gets 'em, but they're not honest.'

"Before you make any more insinuations about the character of Mr. Lannigan," I said, 'suppose you bring me some proof. And, furthermore, I wish to remark that I never remember you offering me even an honest dandelion!'

"He went off in a huff at this. I was rather sharp, but then he had got me all in a state of nerves. The same night, who should come over but Pearl Stevens, just as

bold as that. My, but she must have been raging inside!

"My dear, what expensive flowers you get!" she said, in her cool way.

"Oh, really, do you think so?" I says, as though I was bored to death.

"And every day, too!"

"Sweet of Lannigan, isn't it?" I says, looking her in the eye.

"I hope it don't get him in trouble," she says, with a cold nerve. 'Of course I shouldn't care to let a man spend so much money on me unless he had respectable intentions.'

"With that she flounces off, simpering. The next day, in comes Lannigan with lilies-of-the-valley, heliotropes, and forget-me-nots enough for a bride. So to get even, I sent him over to the sodas to ask for an extra glass. Course Pearl Stevens turned him down indignantly, but she upset a whole tray of marshmallows in her agitation and got fined for it. Rage? Every girl in the place was looking daggers at me. They'd walk up and down, sort of sniffing the perfume, unable to believe their eyes, and every one of them had been crazy to get Lannigan, too. Sure they was all fighting for him—his brother's a chauffeur, you know. Excitement! The air was full of it. You could hear the tongues clattering worse than a ticker. O'Toole was so mopey he wouldn't come round. All he'd do was to sit a mile off and mutter to himself.

"But the next day all was different.

"Lannigan hadn't no sooner come in with the lilies and the roses than up comes O'Toole.

"And, say, the moment I saw him sneaking up, I knew something was doing. He was happy all over—a changed person. He certainly was.

"Nice flowers," he says, with a sneery look.

"Well?" said I, waiting for what he really meant.

"You think Lannigan's quite a sport, don't you?"

"Oh, rather," says I.

"Makes quite a hit with you the way he flings his money around?"

"He has not many imitators," says I coldly.

"Well, I guess I could put on some side myself, if I cared to do what he does," he says, and starts to move away.

"Hold on!" says I. 'You've said too much—you've got to say all.'

"Do you know where he snakes them things," he says, showing the flowers with his fingers.

"Tell me at once," says I, now thoroughly alarmed. "It isn't stealing—is it?"

"Well, no, not exactly," he says; "it's worse."

"Worse? What do you mean? Where does Lannigan get them?" I cried.

"And says O'Toole:

"You never guessed? He gets 'em up in the station."

"In the station—at the flower-booth—the left-overs?" says I indignantly.

"No; no!" said O'Toole, with a mocking laugh. "Worse than that! Oh, he's a fast spender he is—a regular sport. Left-overs wouldn't suit his style."

"Dicky O'Toole, what do you mean? Tell me at once!" I says.

"Sure I'll tell you," says he suddenly. "I came here at six o'clock this morning to follow him; d'ye see?"

"Yes; yes."

"And I did follow him, and where do you think he went? Down the station to the freight-siding. And when I'd watched him there for ten minutes, I knew his graft. Where do you think, Oattie Cutter, them expensive bouquets comes from?"

"Where?" says I, breathless.

"From the caskets!"

"The what?" says I, with a scream.

"The caskets!" says he haughtily. "He waits around until the swell funerals are shipped, and then he swipes the flowers that slips from the caskets!"

My next encounter with Oattie was in the nature of a shock.

We had run down with the myriads fleeing from heat-stricken New York for a Sunday's idling at Coney Island—

Bob Atkinson, the sculptor, and myself. To tell the truth, we were but passably amused, arms linked, strolling, rather envious of other parties where the gayer sex controlled, resenting the swirl of crowded mediocrity about us, swallowed up in the sensation of multitude which dinned in our ears. All at once



Regularly, each day, with the coming of the morning shift, Lannigan arrived with a fresh bouquet

I heard my name called frantically and, wheeling, beheld Ottie.

Despite the coquetry of her costume, the white-felt hat in aureole and the gorgeous gold of her sweater-coat, I perceived at once in the submerged gray eyes a note of genuine distress. As far as I could see, she was alone.

"Why, Ottie!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm lost," she said tearfully, clinging to my hand. "I've been looking and looking everywhere. I don't know what's become of Rosetta. We was separated at the chutes. I can't find her anywhere."

"You were alone—just you two?" I asked anxiously.

She glanced at Atkinson, who had brightened up perceptibly, and answered quietly,

"Yes; me and Rosetta."

It seemed to me that the hand on my arm tightened spasmodically with a quick warning, but of this intention I could not be sure.

"How long have you been separated?"

"Over an hour."

In her voice was something not entirely distress.

"Well, we'll have to help you find Rosetta," I said, in as heavy a tone as I could muster to conceal my thankfulness for the dispensations of Providence. I turned to Atkinson to make the formal introduction.

"Bob," I said severely, for I perceived in his smile that touch of delighted surprise with which one blunders on a friend's frailties, "this is Miss Cutter. She is a very serious person. She sings in a choir somewhere, sews for the widow and the orphan, I believe, and occupies a very responsible position in the organization of the Western Union Telegraph Company," I added, to dispel all doubts as to my habits. "Miss Cutter also exercises a very good influence over Dicky O'Toole; she might even reform you."

"I didn't get your name," she said, pleased at my description.

"Atkinson," I said hastily. "He's a sculptor. You might have guessed that, Ottie."

Bob wore a black imperial, a black stock, a black sombrero, and loose black trousers to distinguish him from the butlers and other ordinary mortals.

In a moment, with Ottie between us, her hands snug in masculine arms, we set off gaily in search of Rosetta, dodging slow-

lurching elephants and tinkling dromedaries, shrieked at by hawkers to try our weight, implored to witness the marvels of Monso, the miraculous mind-reader, to view the Lilliputians, to ride through perilous gorges or delve into snaky caverns on disappearing gondolas.

"Rosetta has red hair, of course," said Atkinson, gazing carefully at the towers.

"Blond," said Ottie.

"What sort of costume?" I inquired.

"Blue sweater and piqué hat."

"Watch out for a blue sweater and a piqué hat!"

We made a more or less diligent search once around, without perceiving a single blue sweater with a piqué hat except on a large, overlapping woman with a cluster of children. We stopped for consultation.

"Rosetta's mother is with her," said Ottie slowly.

Atkinson, who is a skeptic, sent me a malicious glance. Ottie certainly had not mentioned this detail at first.

"Do you dance? Why not?" he asked joyfully.

She considered, and I perceived the code of conduct struggling to catch up.

"Do you think I ought to?" she said regretfully. "It seems awfully improper."

"Shall we leave you?" I said maliciously.

"Heavens, no!" She considered a moment, while I waited appreciatively for the divine feminine logic to find the excuse. "After all, since we are together and it can't be helped, it's no worse to amuse ourselves, is it?"

We danced. We rode the camels. We shot the chutes. We tried every scenic railway that offered itself. We had our fortunes told, where an artful sibyl, with the greasing of the palm in view, saw a dark man in Ottie's fortune, a dark man with a black imperial who came from foreign parts. At last, weary for rest and hungry, we ensconced ourselves in a fragile red-and-white restaurant and ordered tea of a toddling Japanese.

"Oh, dear," said the frank Ottie, "why is it that the things you hadn't ought to do is such fun?"

Ottie was as careless as upper Fifth Avenue in the matter of grammar, but her voice was irreproachably gentle.

"Miss Cutter is just discovering the world," I remarked to Atkinson, who had become markedly interested. "Perhaps





DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

"Sure it was Lannigan passing I seen Pearl Stevens pecking around the corner, that's all"

Providence permits an accident like this—to console us for the rules of conduct.”

She smiled, whether she understood or not, and her little fingers began to run merrily over the saucers in rhythm to a distant orchestra. Below us, the gaily-colored crowd went avidly with sudden clusters of whites and pinks. Against the paling sky, fairy-white towers began to set out their brilliant necklaces, still feebly white, while, below, a million savage eyes awoke with the passing of the day. The city-weary hordes responded with a new animation; the sounds of music floated to us on softer breezes; everything quickened to a more spontaneous delight, and the reckless boats which, far off, darted in terrifying rapidity down the electric chutes, flung gorgeous clouds of spray into the lake below. We were not insensible, we three, to this multitudinous awakening of the privileged night, and the stir that, in the crowd, drew man and maid a little closer, with brightening glances. Our little daughter of New York was craning over the balustrade, avid of every note of laughter, her clear row of teeth brilliant against the lips that opened hungrily, her eyes half closed, her glance distant.

At this moment, on the steps of a tumultuous gorge opposite, I saw Rosetta. An exclamation was on my tongue when I felt my wrist abruptly seized. I turned. Ottie, her finger on her lips, her eyes blazing, was sending me an imperious call for silence.

For a moment, I was dumfounded. Then I said sternly, in a whisper, unheard by Atkinson, who was engrossed by a perilous figure swaying from an invisible thread in mid-air.

“Ottie, you didn’t tell me the truth!”

“No,” she said tensely. “Hush! Not now—later.”

A certain suspicion came into my mind, but I complied with her request. Rosetta, whether she perceived us or not, crossed our ways no more. We ended gaily as we had begun, caught by the infectious spirits of our companion, who hurried us, laughing, from one sensation to another. At nine o’clock, in accordance with her stubborn insistence, we brought her to the door of an apartment-house on Avenue B in the Eighties. All the vibrant spirits which had made the evening such a treat to us suddenly deserted her. She watched us go, complete lassitude in her waiting attitude,

as though aware that the experience was never to be repeated.

Atkinson, who had the professional skepticism, said:

“Here we are stranded at nine o’clock at night. Why didn’t you insist? She’d have stayed.”

“You don’t know Ottie,” I replied defensively.

He laughed.

“My dear boy, you don’t know women. What she wanted was for us to force her to stay. Besides, did you really believe her story? Do you think she was lost? Come off! She saw you, and fixed it with her friend.”

“I don’t think so,” I said, but dubiously.

“Bet you she comes with us next Sunday,” said Atkinson, smiling in a superior way. “Box of cigars—and good ones!”

“You lose,” I said, nodding acceptance.

“We’ll see.”

The next Wednesday afternoon, after lunch, I went curiously to receive the explanation. But as I passed the telephone-booths, a spray of wild flowers caught my eyes. I stopped, amazed, and caught the eyes of Rosetta, who met my glance defiantly.

When I reached the telegraph-counter, Ottie was standing sternly.

“You saw?” she said abruptly.

“Why, yes.”

“And she my best friend, too,” she said scornfully.

“Tell me the true story of what happened Sunday,” I said impressively.

“I’d told you then, if you hadn’t had a friend,” she said instantly. “Gee, I feel as though I’d never trust another human being, and never, never, another woman!” she added savagely.

“Who was the man?”

“That feller Perkins,” she said quietly.

“You went down with Perkins, then?” I said, surprised.

“It was this way,” she said shifting the telegraph-blanks: “Perkins started in on the soft stuff, pestering me to do this and that. Honest, he got to be a regular nuisance! So I made up my mind I’d teach him a thing or two, take the conceit out of him. So when he had the nerve to ask me to Coney Island, I made out as though I was delighted.

“‘In my car,’ says he airily. ‘We’ll run down just in time for dinner.’”

"'Not in your car, thank you,' says I. 'In the subway; and we go for lunch and back at six, or nothing doing!'"

"He fussed and fumed around, but at the last he said, 'All right.'"

"Now I hadn't the least idea in the world of going. No; all I wanted was to leave him standing an hour or so on a nice, hot platform, fidgeting for me. I had a date with a steady—the feller I told you about, physical culture and dancing. But on Saturday he sent around word he was engaged for a private dance the next afternoon and would I excuse him. Course that made me furious, and I said to myself, 'Just to pay him back, now I will go with another feller.'"

"So has it ever been since the world began," I interjected softly.

"But as I wanted to give this Perkins a jolt or two, also," she continued, "I made up my mind nothing would make him so wild as to come tripping down all set for a twosing party and find a third. So I rang in Rosetta—just to chaperon."

"Very well reasoned. And he was furious?"

"Was he furious? Why, he almost bit away his upper lip. Course we'd kept him walking up and down half an hour at that. All the way down I was laughing to myself, nudging Rosetta, for we sat together, and he was dangling on a strap, without a word to say, looking hot and mused up.

"I guess he'll get his eyes opened," I was saying to Rosetta, 'trying to carry off defenseless working girls. Doesn't he look spiteful?'"

"He's rather nifty-looking, though," says Rosetta, 'and a swell dresser.'

"You know that ought to have put me on, 'specially as Rosetta had gotten herself up something fierce. You'd a thought it was a wedding. But me and Rosetta had gone through the high together; we was

chums, sharing each other's secrets, and who'd think of your bosom friend cutting you in the back?"

"So you never suspected?"

"Suspected? No. Course I noticed they had a good deal to say to each other and all that, but, you see, that was part of my game. I was to give him the cold shoulder, force him to address his remarks to Rosetta."

I put up my hand to conceal a smile.

"They stuck me on a camel," she went on indignantly, "and when they got me there—they shook me! What d'ye think of that? Shook by your own chaperon!"

"Ottie," I said, "this is a very deceitful world. I'm afraid you are to lose many illusions."

She glanced sternly over at the telephone-booths.

"It ain't him," she said scornfully, "and it ain't the weeds; it's her."

"Well, anyhow, she didn't spoil the afternoon," I said cheerily.

"Wasn't it grand?" she said, smiling.

"Atkinson wants to know if you'll go again next Sunday," I said cautiously.

She shook her head, albeit a trifle sadly.

"It's not that you fellers ain't square," she said. "Sure I'd trust you. It's—well, there's a difference. With fellers like you, I ain't got no prospects, and if I went, it might spoil the rest. D'ye get my thought?"

"Ottie, you've got a clearer head than I have," I exclaimed, genuinely touched.

"Sure it's nothing but hard sense," she said obstinately.

Atkinson brought me the box of cigars with only this reference:

"You know," he said, "I think it's just as well for me I don't see too much of that girl."

And I repeated Ottie's dictum:

"Why is it the things you hadn't ought to do is such fun?"

## John Galsworthy

has written for **June Cosmopolitan** one of the present-day world's greatest stories.

"THE FIRST AND THE LAST" is its title, and it deals absorbingly and excitingly with one of the most difficult problems of life—the conflict of a man's moral principles and his material interests. A tragic crime brings a distinguished man to the point where he must hold to the one and sacrifice the other. Which shall it be? Do not fail to read this brilliant story.



## HIS LAST LETTER

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

*Decoration by Vincent Aderente*

**W**ELL, you are free;  
The longed-for, lied-for, waited-for decree  
Is yours to-day.

I made no protest—and you had your say,  
And left me with no vestige of repute.  
Neglect, abuse, and cruelty you charge,  
With broken marriage-vows. The list is large,  
But not to be denied. So I was mute.

Now you shall listen to a few plain facts,  
Before you go out wholly from my life  
As some man's wife.  
Read carefully this statement of your acts  
Which changed the luster of my honeymoon  
To somber gloom,  
And wrenched the cover from Pandora's box.

In those first talks  
Twixt bride and groom, I showed you my whole heart,  
Showed you how deep my love was and how true;  
With all a strong man's feeling I loved you.  
(God, how I loved you, my own chosen mate!)  
But I learned this  
(So poorly did you play your little part):  
You married marriage—to avoid the fate  
Of having "Miss"  
Carved on your tombstone. Love you did not know;  
But you were greedy for the showy things  
That money brings.  
Such weak affection as you could bestow  
Was given the provider, not the lover.

The knowledge hurt. Keen pain like that is dumb





And masks itself in smiles, lest men discover.  
But I was lonely, and the feeling grew,  
The more I studied you.  
Into your shallow heart love could not come;  
But yet you loved my love, because it gave  
The prowess of a mistress o'er a slave.  
You showed your power  
In petty tyranny, hour after hour,  
Day after day, year after lengthening year.  
My tasks, my pleasures, my pursuits were not  
Held near or dear,  
Or made to seem important in your thought.  
My friends were not your friends; you goaded me  
By foolish and ignoble jealousy,  
Till, through suggestion's laws,  
I gave you cause.  
The beauteous ideal love had hung  
In my soul's shrine,  
And worshiped as a something all divine,  
With wanton hand you flung  
Into the dust. And then you wondered why  
My love should die.  
  
My sins and derelictions cry aloud  
To all the world. My head is bowed  
Under its merited reproaches. Yours  
Is lifted to receive  
The sympathy the court's decree insures.  
The world loves to believe  
In Man's depravity and Woman's worth;  
But I am one of many men on earth  
Whose loud, resounding fall  
Is like the crashing of some well-built wall,  
Which those who seek can trace  
To the slow work of insects at its base.  
  
Be not afraid;  
The alimony will be promptly paid.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I am sorry, Mrs. Summerstone," young Dick apologized. "I won't keep you waiting ever again. And I won't bother you much ever"

(The Little Lady of the Big House)

# THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE

A STORY OF THREE PEOPLE IN A REAL WORLD

By Jack London

*Author of "The Valley of the Moon," "Smoke-Bellew," "The Sea Wolf," etc.*

*Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*

**SYNOPSIS**—Dick Forrest is the owner of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-acre farm and ranch in the Sacramento valley, California, which, through his genius for organization and his scientific knowledge of agriculture and stock-raising, has become famous the country over for the quality of its products. The opening chapters describe one of Dick's mornings at the beginning of spring. He makes a horseback tour of his wide domain, interviewing his managers, giving directions, orders, etc. By nine o'clock, he is back at the Big House, a fine Hispano-Moresque structure which serves as home and office, ready for the administrative work of the day. Before getting down to this he stops for a romp with his wife's half-sisters, Ernestine and Lute, Bert Wainwright, and Rita, Bert's sister and a chum of Ernestine's, who are guests at the Big House. About eleven-thirty, just as Dick is expecting a sheep-buyer from Idaho, Mrs. Forrest—Paula, "The Little Lady of the Big House," pays her husband a visit in his office. Their talk is affectionate, but Dick is more concerned at the moment with business than he is with his wife, and of this she is mildly resentful. The arrival of a secretary with telegrams gives her an excuse to leave and she goes back singing—in a voice, it seems to Dick, a trifle subdued—to her wing of the Big House.

**F**IVE feet ten inches in height, weighing a clean-muscled one hundred and eighty pounds, Dick Forrest was anything but insignificant for a forty-year-old man. The eyes were gray, large, overarched by bone of brow, and lashes and brows were dark. The hair, above an ordinary forehead, was light brown to chestnut. Under the forehead, the cheeks showed high-boned, with, underneath, the slight hollows that necessarily accompany such formation. The jaws were strong without massiveness; the nose, large-nostriled, was straight enough and prominent enough without being too straight or prominent; the chin, square without harshness and uncleft, and the mouth girlish and sweet to a degree that did not hide the firmness to which the lips could set on due provocation. The skin was smooth and well tanned, although, midway between eyebrows and hair, the tan of forehead faded in advertisement of the rim of the Baden-Powell interposed between him and the sun.

Laughter lurked in the mouth-corners and eye-corners, and there were cheek-lines about the mouth that would seem to have been formed by laughter. Equally strong,

however, every line of the face that meant blended things carried a notice of surety. Dick Forrest was sure—sure, when his hand reached out for any object on his desk, that the hand would straightly attain the object without a fumble or a miss of a fraction of an inch; sure, when his brain leaped the high places of the hog-cholera text, that it was not missing a point; sure, from his balanced body in the revolving desk-chair to the balanced back head of him; sure, in heart and brain, of life and work, of all he possessed, and of himself.

He had reason to be sure. Body, brain, and career were long proven sure. A rich man's son, he had not played fast and loose with his father's money. City-born and -reared, he had gone back to the land and made such a success as to put his name on the lips of breeders, wherever breeders met and talked. He was the owner, without encumbrance, of two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land—land that varied in value from a thousand dollars an acre to a hundred dollars, that varied from a hundred dollars to ten cents an acre, and that, in stretches, was not worth a penny an acre. The improvements on that quarter of a million acres, from drain-tiled meadows to

## The Little Lady of the Big House

dredger-drained tule swamps, from good roads to developed water-rights, from farm-buildings to the Big House itself, constituted a sum gaspingly ungraspable to the countryside.

Everything was large-scale, but modern to the last tick of the clock. His managers lived, rent free, with salaries commensurate to ability, in five- and ten-thousand-dollar houses; but they were the cream of specialists skimmed from the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When he ordered gasoline-tractors for the cultivation of the flatlands, he ordered a round score. When he dammed water in his mountains, he dammed it by the hundreds of millions of gallons. When he ditched his tule swamps, instead of contracting the excavation, he bought the huge dredgers outright, and, when there was slack work on his own marshes, he contracted for the draining of the marshes of neighboring big farms, land companies, and corporations for a hundred miles up and down the Sacramento River. He had brain sufficient to know the need of buying brains, and to pay a tidy bit over the current market price for the most capable brains. And he had brain sufficient to direct the brains he bought to a profitable conclusion.

And yet he was just turned forty, was clear-eyed, calm-hearted, hearty-pulsed, man-strong; and yet his history, until he was thirty, had been harum-scarum and erratic to the superlative. He had run away from a millionaire home when he was thirteen. He had won enviable college honors ere he was twenty-one, and after that he had known all the purple ports of the purple seas, and, with cool head, hot heart, and laughter, played every risk that promised and provided in the wild world of adventure that he had lived to see pass under the sobriety of law.

In the old days of San Francisco, Forrest had been a name to conjure with. The Forrest mansion had been one of the pioneer palaces on Nob Hill, where dwelt the Floods, the Mackays, the Crockers, and the O'Briens. "Lucky" Richard Forrest, the father, had arrived, via the Isthmus, straight from old New England, keenly commercial, interested before his departure in clipper ships and the building of clipper ships, and interested immediately after his arrival in waterfront real estate, river steamboats, mines, of course, and, later, in the

draining of the Nevada Comstock and the construction of the Southern Pacific.

He played big; he won big; he lost big, but he won always more than he lost, and what he paid out at one game with one hand, he drew back with his other hand from another game. His winnings from the Comstock he sank into the various holes of the bottomless Daffodil group in El Dorado County. The wreckage from the Benicia Line he turned into the Napa Consolidated, which was a quicksilver venture, and it earned him five thousand per cent. What he lost in the collapse of the Stockton boom was more than balanced by the realty appreciation of his key-holdings at Sacramento and Oakland.

And, to cap it all, when "Lucky" Richard Forrest had lost everything in a series of calamities, so that San Francisco debated what price his Nob Hill palace would fetch at auction, he grub-staked one Del Nelson to a prospecting trip in Mexico. As soberly set down in history, the result of the said Del Nelson's search for quartz was the Harvest group, including the fabulous and inexhaustible Rattlesnake, Voice, City, Desdemona, Bullfrog, and Yellow Boy claims. Del Nelson, astounded by his achievement, within the year drowned himself in an enormous quantity of cheap whisky, and, the will being incontestable through lack of kith and kin, left his half to "Lucky" Richard Forrest.

Dick Forrest was the son of his father. "Lucky" Richard, a man of boundless energy and enterprise, though twice married and twice widowed, had not been blessed with children. His third marriage occurred in 1872, when he was fifty-eight, and in 1874, although he lost the mother, a twelve-pound boy, stout-barreled and husky-lunged, remained to be brought up by a regiment of nurses in the palace on Nob Hill.

Young Dick was precocious. "Lucky" Richard was a democrat. Result: Young Dick learned in a year from a private teacher what would have required three years in the grammar-school, and used all of the saved years in playing in the open air. Also, result of precocity of son and democracy of father, young Dick was sent to grammar-school for the last year in order to learn shoulder-rubbing democracy with the sons and daughters of workmen, tradesmen, saloon-keepers, and politicians.

In class-recitation or spelling-match, his father's millions did not aid him in competing with Patsy Halloran, the mathematical prodigy, whose father was a hod-carrier, or with Mona Sanguinetti, who was a wizard at spelling and whose widowed mother ran a vegetable store. Nor were his father's millions and the Nob Hill palace of the slightest assistance to young Dick when he peeled his jacket and, bare-knuckled, without rounds, licking or being licked, milled it to a finish with Jimmy Botts, Jean Choyinsky, and the rest of the lads who went out over the world to glory and cash a few years later, a generation of prize-fighters that only San Francisco, raw and virile and yeasty and young, could have produced.

The wisest thing "Lucky" Richard did for his boy was to give him this democratic tutelage. In his secret heart, young Dick never forgot that he lived in a palace. On the other hand, young Dick learned two-legged, two-fisted democracy. He learned it when Mona Sanguinetti spelled him down in class. He learned it when Berney Miller outdodged and outran him when running across in black-man.

And when Tim Hagan, with straight left for the hundredth time to bleeding nose and mangled mouth, and with ever reiterant right hook to stomach, had him dazed and reeling, the breath whistling and sobbing through his lacerated lips—that was no time for succor from palaces and bank-accounts. On his two legs, with his two fists, it was either he or Tim. And it was right there, in sweat and blood and iron of soul, that young Dick learned how not to lose a losing fight. It had been up-hill from the first blow, but he stuck it out until, in the end, it was agreed that neither could best the other. After that they became chums, and between them ruled the school-yard.

"Lucky" Richard died the same month young Dick emerged from grammar-school. Young Dick was thirteen years old, with twenty million dollars, and without a relative in the world to trouble him. He was the master of a palace of servants, a steam yacht, stables, and, as well, of a summer palace down the Peninsula in the nabob colony at Monto. One thing, only, was he burdened with—guardians.

On a summer afternoon, in the big library, he attended the first session of his board of guardians. There were three of them—all

elderly and successful, all legal, all business comrades of his father. Dick's impression, as they explained things to him, was that, although they meant well, he had no contacts with them. In his judgment, their boyhood was too far behind them. Besides that, it was patent that him, the particular boy they were so much concerned with, they did not understand at all. Furthermore, in his own sure way he decided that he was the one person in the world fitted to know what was best for himself.

Mr. Crockett made a long speech, to which Dick listened with alert and becoming attention, nodding his head whenever he was directly addressed or appealed to. Messrs. Davidson and Slocum also had their say and were treated with equal consideration. Among other things, Dick learned what a sterling, upright man his father had been, and the program, decided upon by the three gentlemen, which would make him into a sterling and upright man.

When they were quite done, Dick took it upon himself to say a few things.

"I have thought it over," he announced, "and, first of all, I shall go traveling."

"That will come afterward, my boy," Mr. Slocum explained soothingly. "When—say—when you are ready to enter the university. At that time, a year abroad would be a very good thing."

"Of course," Mr. Davidson volunteered quickly, having noted the annoyed light in the lad's eyes and the unconscious, firm drawing and setting of the lips, "of course, in the mean time you could do some traveling, a limited amount of traveling, during your school vacations. I am sure my fellow guardians will agree—under the proper management and safeguarding, of course—that such bits of travel would be advisable and beneficial."

"How much did you say I am worth?" Dick asked, with apparent irrelevance.

"Twenty millions—at a most conservative estimate—that is about the sum," Mr. Crockett answered promptly.

"Suppose I said right now that I wanted a hundred dollars?" Dick went on.

"Why—er—ahem—" Mr. Slocum looked about him for guidance.

"We would be compelled to ask what you wanted it for," answered Mr. Crockett.

"And suppose," Dick said very slowly, looking Mr. Crockett squarely in the eyes, "suppose I said I was very sorry but did not care to say what I wanted it for?"



## The Little Lady of the Big House

"Then you wouldn't get it," Mr. Crockett said, so immediately that there was a hint of testiness and snap in his manner.

Dick nodded slowly, as if letting the information sink in.

"But, of course, my boy," Mr. Slocum took up hastily, "you understand you are too young to handle money yet."

"You mean I can't touch a penny without your permission?"

"Not a penny," Mr. Crockett snapped.

Dick nodded his head and murmured,

"Oh, I see!"

"Of course, and quite naturally—it would only be fair, you know—you will have a small allowance for your personal spending," Mr. Davidson said. "Say, a dollar or, perhaps, two dollars a week. As you grow older, this allowance will be increased. And by the time you are twenty-one, doubtless you will be fully qualified—with advice—to handle your own affairs."

"And until I am twenty-one, my twenty million wouldn't buy me a hundred dollars to do as I please with?" Dick queried.

Mr. Davidson started to corroborate in soothing phrases, but was waved to silence by Dick, who continued,

"As I understand it, whatever money I handle will be by agreement between the four of us?"

The board of guardians nodded.

"That is, whatever we agree, goes?"

Again the board of guardians nodded.

"Well, I'd like to have a hundred right now," Dick announced.

"What for?" Mr. Crockett demanded.

"I don't mind telling you," was the lad's steady answer. "To go traveling."

"You'll go to bed at eight-thirty this evening," Mr. Crockett retorted. "And you don't get any hundred. The lady we spoke to you about will be here before six. She is to have, as we explained, daily and hourly charge of you. At six-thirty, as usual, you will dine, and she will dine with you and see you to bed. As we told you, she will have to serve the place of a mother to you—see that your ears are clean, your neck washed—"

"And that I get my Saturday-night bath," Dick amplified meekly for him.

"Precisely."

"How much are you—am I—paying the lady for her services?" Dick questioned, in the disconcerting, tangential way that was already habitual to him.

Mr. Crockett, for the first time, cleared his throat for pause.

"I'm paying her, ain't I?" Dick prodded.

"Mrs. Summerstone, the lady, as you elect to call her, receives one hundred and fifty a month, eighteen hundred a year in round sum," said Mr. Crockett.

"It's a waste of perfectly good money," Dick sighed. "And board and lodging thrown in."

He stood up—not the born aristocrat of the generations, but the reared aristocrat of thirteen years in the Nob Hill palace. He stood up with such a manner that his board of guardians left their leather chairs to stand up with him. But he stood up as no Lord Fauntleroy ever stood up, for he was a mixer. He had knowledge that human life was many-faced and many-placed.

He was birthed of the wild gold-adventure of 'Forty-nine. He was a reared aristocrat and a grammar-school-trained democrat. He knew, in his precocious, immature way, the differentiations between caste and mass, and, behind it all, he was possessed of a will of his own and of a quiet surety of self that was incomprehensible to the three elderly gentlemen who had been given charge of him and his destiny and who had pledged themselves to increase his twenty millions and make a man of him in their own composite image.

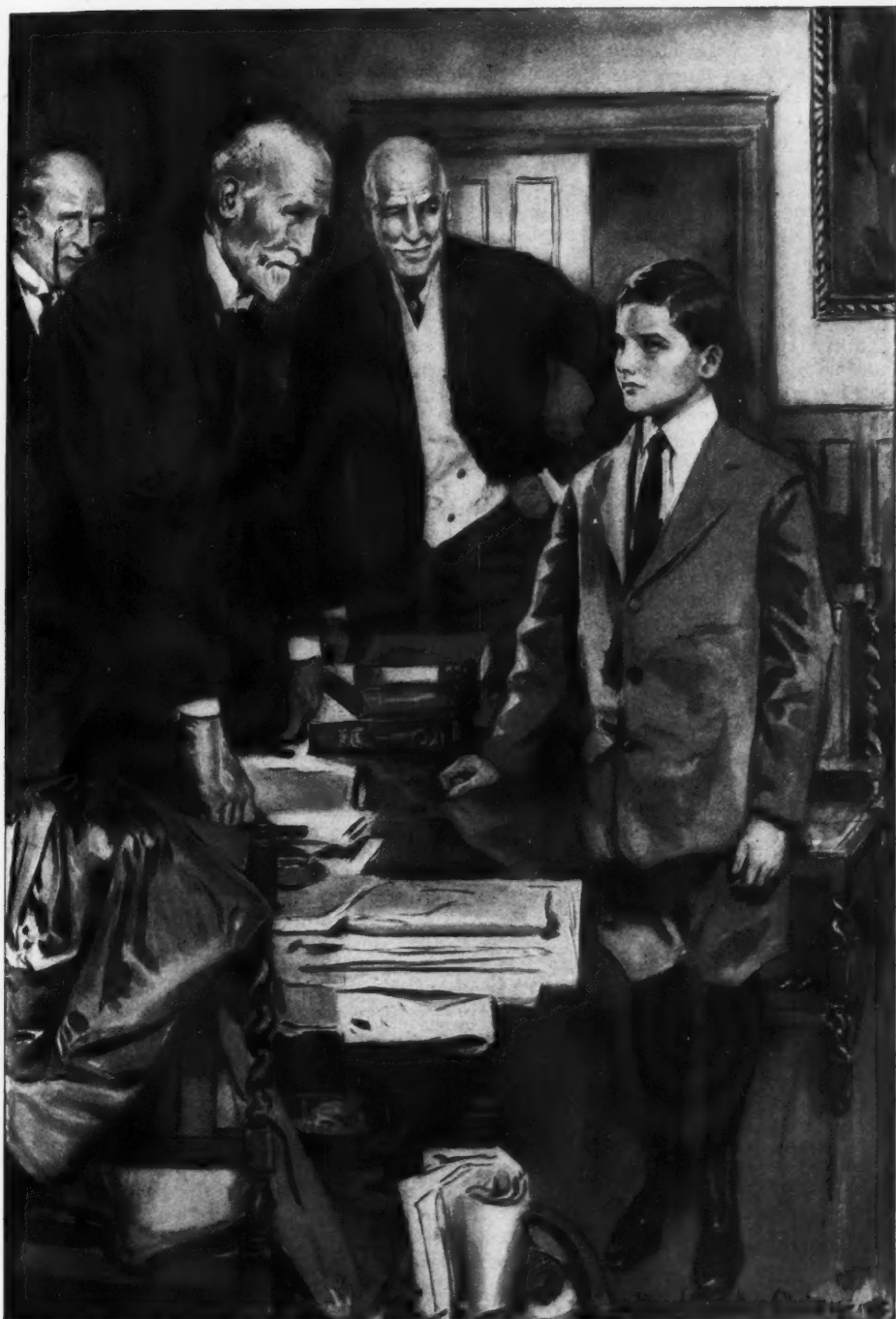
"Thank you for your kindness," young Dick said, generally, to the three; "I guess we'll get along all right. Of course that twenty millions is mine, and of course you've got to take care of it for me, seeing I know nothing of business—"

"And we'll increase it for you, my boy; we'll increase it for you in safe, conservative ways," Mr. Slocum assured him.

"No speculation," young Dick warned. "Dad's just been lucky. I've heard him say that times have changed and a fellow can't take the chances everybody used to take."

From which, and from much which has already passed, it might erroneously be inferred that young Dick was a mean and money-grubbing soul. On the contrary, he was, at that instant, entertaining secret thoughts and plans, so utterly regardless and disdainful of his twenty millions, as to place him on a par with a drunken sailor sowing the beach with a three years' pay-day.

"I am only a boy," young Dick went on; "but you don't know me very well yet."



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He stood up with such a manner that his board of guardians left their  
leather chairs to stand up with him

## The Little Lady of the Big House

We'll get better acquainted by and by, and, again thanking you——"

He paused, bowed briefly and grandly, as lords in Nob Hill palaces early learn to bow, and, by the quality of the pause, signified that the audience was over. Nor did the impact of dismissal miss his guardians. They, who had been colords with his father, withdrew confused and perplexed. Messrs. Davidson and Slocum were on the point of resolving their perplexity into wrath as they went down the great stone stairway to the waiting carriage, but Mr. Crockett, the testy and snappish, muttered ecstatically: "The son of a gun! The little son of a gun!"

The carriage carried them down to the old Pacific-Union Club, where, for another hour, they gravely discussed the future of young Dick Forrest. And down the hill, on foot, where grass grew on the paved streets too steep for horse-traffic, young Dick hurried. As the height of land was left behind, almost immediately the palaces and spacious grounds of the nabobs gave way to the mean streets and wooden warrens of the working people. The San Francisco of 1887 as incontinently intermingled its slums and mansions as did the old cities of Europe. Nob Hill arose, like any medieval castle, from the mess and ruck of common life that denned and laired at its base.

Young Dick came to pause alongside a corner grocery, the second story of which was rented to Timothy Hagan, Senior, who, by virtue of being a policeman with a wage of a hundred dollars a month, rented this high place to dwell above his fellows who supported families on no more than forty and fifty dollars a month.

In vain young Dick whistled up through the unscreened open windows. Tim Hagan, Junior was not at home. But young Dick wasted little wind in the whistling. He was debating on possible adjacent places where Tim Hagan might be, when Tim himself appeared around the corner, bearing a lidless lard-can that foamed with beer. He grunted greeting, and young Dick grunted with equal roughness, just as if, a brief space before, he had not, in most lordly fashion, terminated an audience with three of the richest merchant kings of an imperial city.

"Ain't seen yeh since yer old man died," Tim Hagan commented.

"Well, you're seein' me now, ain't you?"

was young Dick's retort. "Say, Tim, I come to see you on business."

"Wait till I rush the beer to the old man," said Tim. "He'll roar his head off if it comes in flat."

"Oh, you can shake it up," young Dick assured him. "Only want to see you a minute. I'm hitting the road to-night. Want to come along?"

Tim's small blue Irish eyes flashed with interest.

"Where to?" he queried.

"Don't know. Want to come? You know the ropes. What d'ye say?"

"The old man 'll beat the stuffin' outa me," Tim demurred.

"He's done that before, an' you don't seem to be much missing," young Dick callously rejoined. "Say the word, an' we'll meet at the Ferry Building at nine to-night. What d'ye say? I'll be there."

"Supposin' I don't show up?" Tim asked.

"I'll be on my way just the same." Young Dick turned as if to depart, paused casually, and said over his shoulder, "Better come along."

Tim shook up the beer as he answered with equal casualness,

"Aw right; I'll be there."

After parting from Tim Hagan, young Dick spent a busy hour or so looking up one Marcovich, a Slavonian schoolmate, whose father ran a chop-house. Young Marcovich owed young Dick two dollars, and young Dick accepted the payment of a dollar and forty cents as full quittance of the debt.

Also, with shyness and perturbation, young Dick wandered down Montgomery Street and vacillated among the many pawnshops that graced that thoroughfare. At last, diving desperately into one, he managed to exchange for eight dollars and a ticket, his gold watch, that he knew was worth fifty at the very least.

Dinner in the Nob Hill palace was served at six-thirty. He arrived at six-forty-five, and encountered Mrs. Summerstone. She was a stout, elderly, decayed gentlewoman, a daughter of the great Porter-Rickington family that had shaken the entire Pacific Coast with its financial crash in the middle 'Seventies.

"This will never, never do, Richard," she censured. "Here is dinner waiting fifteen minutes already, and you have not yet washed your face and hands."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Summerstone," young Dick apologized. "I won't keep you waiting ever again. And I won't bother you much ever."

At dinner, in state, the two of them alone in the great dining-room, young Dick strove to make things easy for the lady, whom despite his knowledge that she was on his pay-roll, he felt toward as a host must feel toward a guest.

"You'll be very comfortable here," he promised, "once you are settled down. It's a good old house, and most of the servants have been here for years."

"But, Richard," she smiled seriously to him, "it is not the servants who will determine my happiness here; it is you."

"I'll do my best," he said graciously. "Better than that, I'm sorry I came in late for dinner. In years and years you'll never see me late again. I won't bother you at all. You'll see. It will be just as though I wasn't in the house."

When he bade her good-night, on his way to bed, he added, as a last thought:

"I'll warn you of one thing: Ah Sing. He's the cook. He's been in our house for years and years—oh, I don't know, maybe twenty-five or thirty years he's cooked for father, from long before this house was built or I was born. He's privileged. He's so used to having his own way that you'll have to handle him with gloves. But once he likes you, he'll work his fool head off to please you. He likes me that way. You get him to like you, and you'll have the time of your life here."

## VI

At nine in the evening, sharp to the second, clad in his oldest clothes, young Dick met Tim Hagan at the Ferry Building.

"No use headin' north," said Tim. "Winter'll come on up that way and make the sleepin' crimpy."

"Any other way?" queried young Dick. "What's the matter with south?"

"How much money you got?" Tim demanded.

"What for?" young Dick countered.

"We gotta get out quick, an' payin' our way at the start is quickest. Me—I'm all hunky-dory; but you ain't. The folks that's lookin' after you'll raise a roar. They'll have more detectives out than you can shake a stick at. We gotta dodge 'em."

"Then we will dodge," said young Dick. "We'll make short jumps, this way and that, for a couple of days, layin' low most of the time, payin' our way until we can get to Tracy. Then we'll quit payin' an' beat her south."

All of which program was carefully carried out. They eventually went through Tracy as pay passengers, six hours after the local deputy sheriff had given up his task of searching the trains. With an excess of precaution, young Dick paid beyond Tracy and as far as Modesto. After that, under the teaching of Tim, he traveled without paying, riding blind baggages, box cars, and cowcatchers. Young Dick bought the newspapers, and frightened Tim by reading to him the lurid accounts of the kidnapping of the young heir to the Forrest millions.

Back in San Francisco, the board of guardians offered rewards that totaled thirty thousand dollars for the recovery of their ward. And Tim Hagan, reading the same, while they lay in the grass by some water-tank, branded forever the mind of young Dick with the fact that honor beyond price was a matter of neither place nor caste, and might outcrop in the palace on the height of land or in the dwelling over a grocery down on the flat.

"Gee," Tim said to the general landscape, "the old man wouldn't raise a roar if I snitched on you for that thirty thousand! It makes me scared to think of it."

And from the fact that Tim thus openly mentioned the matter, young Dick concluded that there was no possibility of the policeman's son betraying him.

Not until six weeks afterward, in Arizona, did young Dick bring up the subject.

"You see, Tim," he said, "I've got slathers of money. It's growing all the time, and I ain't spending a cent of it, not so as you can notice—though that Mrs. Summerstone is getting a cold eighteen hundred a year out of me, with board and carriages thrown in, while you and I are glad to get the leavings of firemen's pails in the round-houses. Just the same, my money's growing. What's ten per cent. of twenty million dollars?"

Tim Hagan stared at the shimmering heat-waves of the desert and tried to solve the problem.

"What's one-tenth of twenty million?" young Dick demanded irritably.

"Huh—two million, of course!"

## The Little Lady of the Big House

"Well, five per cent.'s half of ten per cent. What does twenty million earn at five per cent. for one year?"

Tim hesitated.

"Half of it, half of two million!" young Dick cried. "At that rate, I'm a million richer every year. Get that, and hang on to it and listen to me. When I'm good and willing to go back—but not for years and years—we'll fix it up, you and I. When I say the word, you'll write to your father. He'll jump out to where we are waiting, pick me up, and cart me back. Then he'll collect the thirty thousand reward from my guardians, quit the police force, and most likely start a saloon."

"Thirty thousand 's a lot of money," was Tim's nonchalant way of expressing his gratitude.

"Not to me." Young Dick minimized his generosity. "Thirty thousand goes into a million thirty-three times, and a million's only a year's turnover of my money."

But Tim Hagan never lived to see his father a saloon-keeper. Two days later, on a trestle, the lads were fired out of an empty box car by a brakeman who should have known better. The trestle spanned a dry ravine. Young Dick looked down at the rocks, seventy feet below, and demurred.

"There's room on the trestle," he said; "but what if the train starts up?"

"It ain't goin' to start—beat it while you got time," the brakeman insisted. "The engine's takin' water at the other side. She always takes it here."

But, for once, the engine did not take water. The evidence at the inquest developed that the engineer had found no water in the tank and started on. Scarcely had the two boys dropped from the side door of the box car, and before they had made a score of steps along the narrow way between the train and the abyss, than the train began to move. Young Dick, quick and sure in all his perceptions and adjustments, dropped on the instant to hands and knees on the trestle. Tim, not so quick in perceiving and adjusting, also overcome with Celtic rage at the brakeman, remained upright to flare his opinion of the brakeman, to the brakeman, in lurid and ancestral terms.

"Get down—drop!" Dick shouted.

But the opportunity had passed. On a down grade, the engine picked up the train rapidly. Facing the moving cars, with

empty air at his back and the depth beneath, Tim tried to drop on hands and knees. But the first twist of his shoulders brought him in contact with the car and nearly outbalanced him. By a miracle, he recovered equilibrium. But he stood upright. The train was moving faster and faster. It was impossible to get down.

Young Dick, kneeling and holding, watched. The train gathered way. The cars moved more swiftly. Tim, with a cool head, his back to the fall, his face to the passing cars, his arms by his sides, with nowhere, save under his feet, a holding-point, balanced and swayed. The faster the train moved, the wider he swayed, until, exerting his will, he controlled himself and ceased from swaying.

And all would have been well with him, had it not been for one car. Young Dick knew it, and saw it coming. It was a "palace horse car," projecting six inches wider than any car on the train. He saw Tim steel himself to meet the abrupt subtraction of half a foot from the narrow space wherein he balanced. He saw Tim slowly and deliberately sway out, sway out to the extremest limit, and yet not sway out far enough. The thing was physically inevitable. An inch more, and Tim would have escaped the car. It caught him, in that margin of an inch, and hurled him backward and side-twisting. Twice he whirled sidewise, and two and a half times he turned over ere he struck on his head and neck on the rocks.

He never moved after he struck. The seventy-foot fall broke his neck and crushed his skull. And right there young Dick learned death—not the ordered, decent death of civilization, wherein doctors and nurses and hypodermics ease the stricken one into the darkness, and ceremony and function and flowers and undertaking institutions conspire to give a happy leave-taking and send-off to the departing shade, but sudden death, primitive death, ugly and ungarnished.

And right there young Dick learned more—the mischance of life and fate; the universe hostile to man; the need to perceive and to act, to see and know, to be sure and quick, to adjust instantly to all instant shiftage of the balance of forces that bear upon the living. And right there, beside the strangely crumpled and shrunken remnant of what had been his comrade the moment before,



young Dick learned that illusion must be discounted, and that reality never lies.

In New Mexico, young Dick drifted into the Jingle-bob Ranch, north of Roswell, in the Pecos valley. He was not yet fourteen, and he was accepted as the mascot of the ranch and made into a "sure-enough" cowboy by cowboys who, on legal papers, legally signed names such as Wild Horse, Willie Buck, Boomer Deacon, and High Pockets.

Here, during a stay of six months, young Dick, soft of frame and unbreakable, achieved a knowledge of horses and horsemanship, and of men in the rough and raw, that became a life asset. More he learned. There was John Chisum, owner of the Jingle-bob, the Bosque Grande, and of other cattle-ranches, as far away as the Black River and beyond. John Chisum was a cattle king who had foreseen the coming of the farmer and adjusted from the open range to barbed wire, and who, in order to do so, had purchased every forty acres carrying water, and got for nothing the use of the millions of acres of adjacent range that was worthless without the water he controlled. And in the talk by the camp-fire and chuck-wagon, among forty-dollar-a-month cowboys who had not foreseen what John Chisum foresaw, young Dick learned precisely why and how John Chisum had become a cattle king, while a thousand of his contemporaries worked for him on wages.

But young Dick was no cool-head. His blood was hot. He had passion and fire and male pride. Ready to cry from twenty hours in the saddle, he learned to ignore the thousand aching creaks in his body, and, with the Stoic brag of silence, to withstand from his blankets until the hard-bitten punchers led the way. By the same token, he straddled the horse that was apportioned him, insisted on riding night-herd, and knew no hint of uncertainty when it came to him to turn the flank of a stampede with a flying slicker.

It was while at the Jingle-bob, but posted by a cattleman from Chicago, that young Dick wrote a letter to his guardians. Even then, so careful was he that the envelop was addressed to Ah Sing. Though unburdened by his twenty millions, young Dick never forgot them, and, fearing his estate might be distributed among remote relatives who

might possibly inhabit New England, he warned his guardians that he was still alive and that he would return home in several years. Also, he ordered them to keep Mrs. Summerstone on at her regular salary.

But young Dick's feet itched. Half a year, he felt, was really more than he should have spent at the Jingle-bob. As a boy hobo, or road-kid, he drifted on across the United States, getting acquainted with its peace officers, police judges, vagrancy laws, and jails. And he learned vagrants themselves at first hand, and floating laborers and petty criminals. Among other things, he got acquainted with farms and farmers, and, in New York state, once picked berries for a week with a Dutch farmer who was experimenting with one of the first silos erected in the United States. Nothing of what he learned came to him in the spirit of research. He had merely the human boy's curiosity about all things, and he gained merely a huge mass of data concerning human nature and social conditions that was to stand him in good stead in later years, when, with the aid of books, he digested and classified it.

His adventures did not harm him. Even when he consorted with jailbirds in jungle-camps, and listened to their codes of conduct and measurement of life, he was not affected. He was a traveler, and they were alien breeds. All things and all places interested him; but he never found a place or a situation that could hold him. He wanted to see, to see more and more, and to go on seeing.

At the end of three years, nearly seventeen, hard of body, weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, he judged it time to go home and open the books. So he took his first long voyage, signing on as boy on a windjammer bound around the Horn from the Delaware Breakwater to San Francisco. It was a hard voyage of one hundred and eighty days, but, at the end, he weighed ten pounds the more for having made it.

Mrs. Summerstone screamed when he walked in on her, and Ah Sing had to be called from the kitchen to identify him. He was shy, almost embarrassed, as he greeted his guardians at the hastily summoned meeting. But this did not prevent him from talking straight to the point.

"It's this way," he said. "I am not a fool. I know what I want, and I want what I want. I am alone in the world, out-

## The Little Lady of the Big House

side of good friends like you, of course, and I have my own ideas of the world and what I want to do in it. I didn't come home because of a sense of duty to anybody here. I came home because it was time, because of my sense of duty to myself. I'm all the better from my three years of wandering about, and now it's up to me to go on with my education—my book-education, I mean."

"The Belmont Academy," Mr. Slocum suggested. "That will fit you for the university—"

Dick shook his head decidedly.

"And take three years to do it. So would a high school. I intend to be in the University of California inside one year. That means work. But my mind's like acid. It'll bite into the books. I shall hire a coach, or half a dozen of them, and go to it. And I'll hire my coaches myself—hire and fire them. And that means money to handle."

"A hundred a month?" Mr. Crockett suggested.

Dick shook his head.

"I've taken care of myself for three years without any of my money. I guess I can take care of myself along with some of my money here in San Francisco. I don't care to handle my business affairs yet, but I do want a bank-account, a respectable-sized one. I want to spend it as I see fit."

The guardians looked their dismay at one another.

"It's ridiculous, impossible," Mr. Crockett began. "You are as unreasonable as you were before you went away."

"It's my way, I guess," Dick sighed. "The other disagreement was over my money. It was a hundred dollars I wanted then."

"Think of our position, Dick," Mr. Davidson urged. "As your guardians, how would it be looked upon if we gave you, a lad of sixteen, a free hand with money?"

"What's the Freda worth, right now?" Dick demanded irrelevantly.

"Can sell for twenty thousand any time," Mr. Crockett answered.

"Then sell her. She's too large for me, and she's worth less every year. I want a thirty-footer that I can handle myself for knocking around the bay and that won't cost a thousand. Sell the Freda and put the money to my account. Now, what you three are afraid of is that I'll misspend my money—taking to drinking, horse-racing, and running around with chorus girls.

Here's my proposition to make you easy on that: Let it be a drawing-account for the four of us. The moment any of you decide I am misspending, that moment you may draw out the total balance. I may as well tell you that, just as a side line, I'm going to get a business-college expert to come here and cram me with the mechanical side of the business game," Dick did not wait for their acquiescence, but went on as a matter definitely settled. "Mrs. Summerstone will stay on in charge of the house, because I've got too much work mapped out for myself already. I promise you you won't regret giving me a free hand with my directly personal affairs. And now, if you want to hear about the last three years, I'll spin the yarn for you."

Dick Forrest had been right when he told his guardians that his mind was acid and would bite into the books. Never was there such an education, and he directed it himself—but not without advice. He had learned the trick of hiring brains from his father and from John Chisum of the Jingle-bob. He had learned to sit silent and to think while cowmen talked long about the camp-fire and the chuck-wagon. And, by virtue of name and place, he sought and obtained interviews with professors and college presidents and practical men of affairs; and he listened to their talk through many hours, scarcely speaking, rarely asking a question, merely listening to the best they had to offer, content to receive from several such hours one idea, one fact that would help him to decide what sort of an education he would go in for and how.

Then came the engaging of coaches. Never was there such an engaging and discharging, such a hiring and firing. He was not frugal in the matter. For one that he retained a month, or three months, he discharged a dozen on the first day, or in the first week. And invariably he paid such discharges a full month, although their attempts to teach him might not have consumed an hour. He did such things fairly and grandly, because he could afford to be fair and grand.

He, who had eaten the leavings from firemen's pails in roundhouses, and "scoffed" mulligan stews at water-tanks, had learned thoroughly the worth of money. He bought the best, with the sure knowledge that it was the cheapest. A year of high-school



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Mrs. Summerstone screamed when he walked in on her

## The Little Lady of the Big House

physics and a year of high-school chemistry were necessary to enter the university. When he had crammed his algebra and geometry, he sought out the heads of the Physics and Chemistry departments in the University of California. Professor Carey laughed at him—at first.

"My dear boy—" Professor Carey began.

Dick waited patiently till he was through. Then Dick began, and concluded:

"I'm not a fool, Professor Carey. I know the world. I know what I want and why I want it. High-school students do physics for an hour, twice a week, for two terms, which, with two vacations, occupy one year. You are the top teacher on the Pacific Coast in physics. The college year is just ending. In the first week of your vacation, giving every minute of your time to me, I can get the year's physics. What is that week worth to you?"

"You couldn't buy it for a thousand dollars," Professor Carey rejoined, thinking he had settled the matter.

"I know what your salary is—" Dick began.

"What is it?" Professor Carey demanded sharply.

"It's not a thousand a week," Dick retorted, as sharply. "It's not five hundred a week, or two-fifty a week." He held up his hand to stall off interruption. "You've just told me I couldn't buy a week of your time for a thousand dollars. I'm not going to. But I am going to buy that week for two thousand."

And Professor Carey surrendered. So did Professor Barsdale, head of the Department of Chemistry.

Already had Dick taken his coaches in mathematics duck hunting for weeks in the sloughs of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. After his bout with physics and chemistry, he took his two coaches in literature and history into the Curry County hunting-region of southwestern Oregon. He had learned the trick from his father, and he worked and played, lived in the open air, and did three conventional years of adolescent education in one year without straining himself.

"The weirdest form of dissipation I ever heard," said Mr. Crockett, holding up Dick's account for the year. "Sixteen thousand for education, all itemized, including railroad-fares, porters' tips, and shotgun cartridges for his teachers."

"He passed the examinations just the same," quoth Mr. Slocum.

"Well, all I've got to say," proclaimed Mr. Crockett, "is that, from now on, what that boy says in the matter of spending his money goes."

"And now I'll have a snap," Dick told his guardians. "Here I am, neck and neck again, and years ahead of them in knowledge of the world. Why, I know things, good and bad, big and little, about men and women and life, that sometimes I almost doubt myself that they're true."

"From now on, I'm not going to rush. I've caught up, and I'm going through regular. All I have to do is to keep the speed of the classes, and I'll be graduated when I'm twenty-one. From now on I'll need less money for education—no more coaches, you know—and more money for a good time."

Mr. Davidson was suspicious.

"What do you mean by a good time?"

"Oh, I'm going in for the frats, for football, hold my own, you know—and I'm interested in gasoline engines. I'm going to build the first ocean-going gasoline yacht in the world."

"You'll blow yourself up," Mr. Crockett demurred. "It's a fool notion all these cranks are rushing into over gasoline."

"I'll make myself safe," Dick answered, "and that means experimenting, and it means money; so keep me a good drawing-account—same old way."

## VII

DICK FORREST proved himself no prodigy at the university, save that he cut more lectures the first year than any other student. The reason for this was that he did not need the lectures he cut, and he knew it. His coaches, while preparing him for the entrance examinations, had carried him nearly through the first college year. Incidentally, he made the freshman team, a very scrub team, that was beaten by every high school and academy it played against.

But Dick did put in work that nobody saw. His collateral reading was wide and deep, and when he went on his first summer cruise in the ocean-going gasoline yacht he had built, no gay young crowd accompanied him. Instead, his guests, with their families, were professors of literature, history, jurisprudence, and philosophy. It

was long remembered in the university as the "highbrow" cruise. The professors, on their return, reported a most enjoyable time. Dick returned with a greater comprehension of the general fields of the particular professors than he could have gained in years at their class-lectures. And time thus gained enabled him to continue to cut lectures and to devote more time to laboratory work. Nor did he miss having his good college time. College widows made love to him, and college girls loved him, and he was indefatigable in his dancing. He never cut a smoker, a beer-bust, or a rush, and he toured the Pacific Coast with the banjo and mandolin club.

And yet he was no prodigy. He was brilliant at nothing. Half a dozen of his fellows could outbanjo and outmandolin him. A dozen fellows were adjudged better dancers than he. In football, and he gained the Varsity in his sophomore year, he was considered a solid and dependable player, and that was all. It seemed never his luck to take the ball and go down the length of the field while the Blue-and-Gold host tore itself and the grand stand to pieces. But it was at the end of heart-breaking, grueling slog in mud and rain, the score tied, the second half imminent to its close, Stanford on the five-yard line, Berkeley's ball, with two downs and three yards to gain—it was then that the Blue-and-Gold arose and chanted its demand for Forrest to hit the center and hit it hard.

He never achieved superexcellence at anything. Big Charley Everson drank him down at the beer-busts. Harrison Jackson, at hammer throwing, always exceeded his best by twenty feet. Carruthers outpointed him at boxing. Anson Burge could always put his shoulders to the mat, two out of three, but always only by the hardest work. In English composition, a fifth of his class excelled him. Edlin, the Russian Jew, outdebated him on the contention that property was robbery. Schultz and Debret left him and the class behind in higher mathematics, and Otsuki, the Japanese, was beyond all comparison with him in chemistry.

But if Dick Forrest did not excel at anything, he failed in nothing. He displayed no superlative strength; he betrayed no weakness nor deficiency. As he told his guardians, who, by his unrelenting good conduct had been led into dreaming some

great career for him—as he told them, when they asked what he wanted to become:

"Nothing. Just all-around. You see, I don't have to be a specialist. My father arranged that for me when he left me his money. Besides, I couldn't be a specialist if I wanted to. It isn't in me."

And thus, so well keyed was he, that he expressed clearly his key. He had no flair for anything. He was that rare individual, normal, average, balanced, all-around.

When Mr. Davidson, in the presence of his fellow guardians, stated his pleasure in that Dick had shown no wildness since he had settled down, Dick replied,

"Oh, I can hold myself when I want to."

"Yes," said Mr. Slocum gravely; "it's the finest thing in the world that you sowed your wild oats early and learned control."

Dick looked at him curiously.

"Why, that boyish adventure doesn't count," he said. "That wasn't wildness. I haven't gone wild yet. But watch me when I start. But don't forget for one moment that I am anything but unslaked, consuming. I am. I burn. But I hold myself. Don't think I am a dead one because I am a darn nice, meritorious boy at college. I am young. I am alive. I am all lusty and husky. But I make no mistake. I hold myself. I don't start out now to blow up on the first lap. I am just getting ready. I am going to have my time. But in the end I am not going to lament."

"Listen, guardians: Do you know what it is to hit your man, to hit him in hot blood—square to the jaw—and drop him cold? I want that. And I want to love and kiss and risk, and play the lusty, husky fool. I want to take my chance. I want my careening riot, and I want it while I am young, but not while I am too young. And I'm going to have it. And, in the mean time, I play the game at college; I hold myself; I equip myself so that, when I turn loose, I am going to have the best chance of my best. Oh, believe me, I do not always sleep well of nights."

"You mean?" queried Mr. Crockett.

"Sure—that's just what I mean. I haven't gone wild yet, but just watch me when I start."

"And you will start when you graduate?"

The youngster shook his head.

"After I graduate, I'm going to take at least a year of postgraduate courses in the College of Agriculture. You see, I'm



## The Little Lady of the Big House

developing a hobby—farming. I want to do something—something constructive. My father wasn't constructive to amount to anything. Neither were you fellows. You struck a new land in pioneer days, and you picked up money like a lot of sailors shaking out nuggets from the grass roots in a virgin placer—"

"My lad, I've had some little experience in California farming," Mr. Crockett interrupted, in a hurt way.

"Sure you have, but you weren't constructive. You were—well, facts are facts—you were destructive. You were a bonanza farmer. What did you do? You took forty thousand acres of the finest Sacramento valley soil and you grew wheat on it year after year. You never dreamed of rotation. You burned your straw. You exhausted your humus. You plowed four inches, and put a plow-sole, like a cement sidewalk, just four inches under the surface. You exhausted that film of four inches, and now you can't get your seed back. You've destroyed. Well, I'm going to take my father's money and construct. I'm going to take worked-out wheat land that I can buy as at a fire-sale, rip out the plow-sole, and make it produce more in the end than it did when you fellows first farmed it."

It was at the end of his junior year that Mr. Crockett again mentioned Dick's threatened period of wildness.

"Soon as I'm done with cow college," was his answer. "Then I'm going to buy and stock, and start a ranch that'll be a ranch. And then I'll set out after my careening riot."

"About how large a ranch will you start with?" Mr. Davidson asked.

"Maybe fifty thousand acres, maybe five hundred thousand—it all depends. I'm going to play unearned increment to the limit. People haven't begun to come to California yet. Without a tap of my hand or a turnover, fifteen years from now land that I can buy for ten dollars an acre will be worth fifty, and what I can buy for fifty will be worth five hundred."

"A half-million acres at ten dollars an acre means five million dollars," Mr. Crockett warned gravely.

"And at fifty it means twenty-five million," Dick laughed.

But his guardians never believed in the wild-oats pilgrimage he threatened. He might waste his fortune on newfangled

farming, but to go literally wild after such years of self-restraint was an unthinkable thing.

Dick took his sheepskin with small honor. He was twenty-eighth in his class, and he had not set the college world afire. His most notable achievement had been his resistance and bafflement of many nice girls and of the mothers of many nice girls. Next after that, he had signalized his senior year by captaining the 'Varsity to its first victory over Stanford in five years. It was in the day prior to large-salaried football coaches, when individual play meant much; but he hammered team-work and the sacrifice of the individual into his team, so that, on Thanksgiving Day, over a vastly more brilliant eleven, the Blue-and-Gold was able to serpentine its triumph down Market Street in San Francisco.

In his postgraduate year in cow college, Dick devoted himself to laboratory work and cut all lectures. In fact, he hired his own lecturers, and spent a sizable fortune on them in mere traveling expenses over California. Jacques Ribot, esteemed one of the greatest world-authorities on agricultural chemistry, who had been seduced from his two thousand a year in France by the six thousand offered by the University of California, who had been seduced to Hawaii by the ten thousand of the sugar-planters, Dick Forrest seduced with fifteen thousand and the more delectable temperate climate of California on a five years' contract.

Messrs. Crockett, Slocum, and Davidson threw up their hands in horror and knew that this was the wild career Dick Forrest had forecast.

But this was only one of Dick Forrest's similar dissipations. He stole from the Federal government, at a prodigal increase of salary, its star specialist in live-stock breeding, and, by similar misconduct, he robbed the University of Nebraska of its greatest milch-cow professor, and broke the heart of the dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of California by appropriating Professor Nirdenhammer, the wizard of farm-management.

"Cheap at the price, cheap at the price," Dick explained to his guardians. "Wouldn't you rather see me spend my money in buying professors than in buying race-horses and actresses? Besides, the trouble with you fellows is that you don't know the game of buying brains. I do.

That's my specialty. I'm going to make money out of them, and, better than that, I'm going to make a dozen blades of grass grow where you fellows didn't leave room for half a blade in the soil you gutted."

So it can be understood how his guardians could not believe in his promise of wild career of kissing and risking and hitting men hot on the jaw.

"One year more," he warned, while he delved in agricultural chemistry, soil analysis, farm-management, and traveled California with his corps of high-salaried experts. And his guardians could only apprehend a swift and wide dispersal of the Forrest millions when Dick attained his majority, took charge of the totality of his fortune, and actually embarked on his agricultural folly.

The day he was twenty-one, the purchase of his principality, which extended west from the Sacramento River to the mountain-tops, was consummated.

"An incredible price," said Mr. Crockett.

"Incredibly cheap," said Dick. "You ought to see my soil-reports. You ought to see my water-reports. And you ought to hear me sing. Listen, guardians, to a song that is a true song. I am the singer and the song."

Whereupon, in the queer, quavering falsetto that is the sense of song to the North American Indian, the Eskimo, and the Mongol, Dick sang:

"Hu'-tim yo'-kim koi-o-di' !

Wi'-hi yan'-ning koi-o-di' !

Lo'-whi yan'-ning koi-o-di' !

Yo-ho' Nai-ni', hal-u'-dom yo nai, yo-ho' nai-nim' !"

"The music is my own," he murmured apologetically, "the way I think it ought to have sounded. You see, no man lives who ever heard it sung. The Nishinam got it from the Maidu, who got it from the Konkau, who made it. But the Nishinam and the Maidu and the Konkau are gone. Their last rancheria is not. You plowed it under, Mr. Crockett, with your bonanza, gang-plowing, plow-soling farming. And I got the song from a certain ethnological report, volume three, of the United States Pacific Coast Geographical and Geological Survey. Red Cloud, who was formed out of the sky, first sang this song to the stars and the mountain flowers in the morning of the world. I shall now sing it for you in English."

And again, in Indian falsetto, ringing with triumph, vernal and bursting, slapping his thighs and stamping his feet to the accent, Dick sang:

"The acorns come down from heaven!

I plant the short acorns in the valley!

I plant the long acorns in the valley!

I sprout, I, the black-oak acorn, sprout, I sprout!"

Dick Forrest's name began to appear in the newspapers with appalling frequency. He leaped to instant fame by being the first man in California who paid ten thousand dollars for a single bull. His live-stock specialists, whom he had filched from the Federal government, outbid in England the Rothschilds' 'Shire farm for Hillcrest Chieftain, quickly to be known as Forrest's Folly, paying for that kingly animal no less than five thousand guineas.

"Let them laugh," Dick told his ex-guardians. "I am importing forty 'Shire mares. I'll write off half his price the first twelvemonth. He will be the sire and grandsire of many sons and grandsons which the Californians will fall over themselves to buy of me at from three to five thousand dollars a clatter."

Dick Forrest was guilty of many similar follies in those first months of his majority. But the most unthinkable folly of all was, after he had sunk millions into his original folly, that he turned it over to his experts personally to develop along the general broad lines laid down by him, placed checks upon them that they might not go catastrophically wrong, bought a ticket in a passenger-brig to Tahiti, and went away to run wild.

Occasionally his guardians heard from him. At one time he was owner and master of a four-masted steel sailing ship that carried the British flag and coals from Newcastle. They knew that much, because they had been called upon for the purchase price, because they read Dick's name in the papers as master when his ship rescued the passengers of the ill-fated Orion, and because they collected the insurance when Dick's ship was lost with most of all hands in the great Fiji hurricane. In 1896, he was in the Klondike; in 1897, he was in Kamchatka and scurvy-stricken, and, next, he erupted with the American flag into the Philippines. Once, although they could never learn how or why, he was owner and master of a crazy tramp steamer, long since



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Bert Wainwright, variously advised and commanded by his sister Rita, and by Paula and her sisters.



Lute and Ernestine, was striving with a dip-net to catch a particularly gorgeous flower of a fish



## The Little Lady of the Big House

rejected by Lloyd's, which sailed under theegis of Siam.

From time to time, business correspondence compelled them to hear from him from various purple ports of the purple seas. Once, they had to bring the entire political pressure of the Pacific Coast to bear upon Washington in order to get him out of a scrape in Russia, of which affair not one line appeared in the daily press, but which was secretly provocative of ticklish joy and delight in all the chancelleries of Europe.

Incidentally, they knew that he lay wounded in Mafeking, that he pulled through a bout with yellow fever in Guayaquil, and that he stood trial for brutality on the high seas in New York city. Thrice they read in the press despatches that he was dead—once, in battle in Mexico; and twice, executed in Venezuela. After much false flutterings, his guardians refused longer to be thrilled when he crossed the Yellow Sea in a sampan, was "rumored" to have died of beriberi, was captured from the Russians by the Japanese at Mukden, and endured military imprisonment in Japan.

The one thrill of which they were still capable was when, true to promise, thirty years of age, his wild oats sown, he returned to California with a wife to whom, as he announced, he had been married several years, and whom all his three guardians found they knew. Mr. Slocum had dropped eight hundred thousand along with the totality of her father's fortune in the final catastrophe at the Los Cocos mine in Chihuahua when the United States demonetized silver. Mr. Davidson had pulled a million out of the Last Stake along with her father when he pulled eight millions from that sunken, man-resurrected river bed in Amador County. Mr. Crockett, a youth at the time, had "spooned" the Merced bottom with her father in the late 'Fifties, and had stood up best man with him at Stockton when he married her mother.

And Dick Forrest had married the daughter of Philip Desten! It was not a case of wishing Dick luck. It was a case of garrulous insistence on the fact that he did not know how lucky he was. His guardians forgave him all his wildness. He had made good. At last he had performed a purely rational act. Better; it was a stroke of genius. Paula Desten! Philip Desten's

daughter! The Desten blood! The Destens and the Forrests! It was enough. The three aged comrades of Forrest and Desten of the old "gold days" of the two who had played and passed on were even severe with Dick. They warned him of the extreme value of his treasure, of the sacred duty such wedlock imposed on him, of all the traditions and virtues of the Desten and Forrest blood, until Dick laughed and broke in with the disconcerting statement that they were talking like a bunch of fanciers or eugenic cranks—which was precisely what they were talking like, although they did not care to be told so crassly.

At any rate, the simple fact that he had married a Desten made them nod unqualified approbation when he showed them the plans and building estimates of the Big House. Thanks to Paula Desten, for once they were agreed that he was spending wisely and well. As for his farming, it was incontestable that the Harvest group was unfalteringly producing, and he might be allowed his hobbies. Nevertheless, as Mr. Slocum put it: "Twenty-five thousand dollars for a mere work-horse stallion is a madness. Work-horses are work-horses; now had it been running-stock——"

## VIII

FIVE minutes after Paula had left him, punctual to the second, the four telegrams disposed of, Dick was getting into a ranch motor-car, along with Thayer, the Idaho buyer, and Naismith, the special correspondent for the *Breeder's Gazette*. Wardman, the sheep-manager, joined them at the corrals, where several thousand young Shropshire rams had been assembled for inspection.

There was little need for conversation. Thayer was distinctly disappointed in this, for he felt that the purchase of ten car-loads of such expensive creatures was momentous enough to merit much conversation.

"They speak for themselves," Dick had assured him, and turned aside to give data to Naismith for his article on Shropshires in California and the Northwest.

"I wouldn't advise you to bother to select them," Dick told Thayer, ten minutes later. "The average is all top. You could spend a week picking your ten car-loads and have no higher grade than if you had taken the first to hand."



This cool assumption that the sale was already consummated so perturbed Thayer, that, along with the sure knowledge that he had never seen so high a quality of rams, he was nettled into changing his order to twenty car-loads.

As he told Naismith, after they had regained the Big House and as they chalked their cues to finish the interrupted game:

"It's my first visit to Forrest's. He's a wizard. I've been buying in the East and importing. But those Shropshires won my judgment. You noticed I doubled my order. Those Idaho buyers will be wild for them. I only had buying orders straight for six car-loads, and contingent on my judgment for two car-loads more; but if every buyer doesn't double his order, straight and contingent, when he sees those rams, and if there isn't a stampede for what's left, I don't know sheep. They're the goods. If they don't jump up the sheep-game of Idaho—well, then Forrest's no breeder and I'm no buyer, that's all."

As the warning gong for lunch rang out—a huge bronze gong from Korea that was never struck until it was first indubitably ascertained that Paula was awake—Dick joined the young people at the goldfish fountain in the big patio. Bert Wainwright, variously advised and commanded by his sister Rita, and by Paula and her sisters, Lute and Ernestine, was striving with a dipnet to catch a particularly gorgeous flower of a fish, whose size and color and multiplicity of fins and tails had led Paula to decide to segregate him for the special breeding-tank in the fountain of her own secret patio.

Amid high excitement, and much squealing and laughter, the deed was accomplished, the big fish deposited in a can, and carried away by the Italian gardener.

"And what have you to say for yourself?"

Ernestine challenged, as Dick joined them.

"Nothing," he answered sadly. "The ranch is depleted. Three hundred beautiful young bulls depart to-morrow for South America, and Thayer—you met him last night—is taking twenty car-loads of rams. All I can say is that my congratulations are extended to Idaho and Chile."

The bronze gong rang out its second call, and Paula, one arm around Dick, the other around Rita, led the way into the house, while, bringing up the rear, Bert Wainwright showed Lute and Ernestine a new step that he called the "loving slow-drag."

"One thing, Thayer," Dick said, in an aside, after releasing himself from the girls as they jostled in confusion where they met Thayer and Naismith at the head of the stairway leading down to the dining-room. "Before you leave us, cast your eyes over those merinos. I really have to brag about them, and American sheepmen will have to come to them. Of course I started with imported stock, but I've made a California strain that will make the French breeders sit up. See Wardman and take your pick. Get Naismith to look them over with you. Stick half a dozen of them in your train-load, with my compliments, and let your Idaho sheepman get a line on them."

They seated at a table, capable of indefinite extension, in a long, low dining-room that was a replica of the *hacienda* dining-rooms of the Mexican land kings of old California. The floor was of large brown tiles, the beamed ceiling and the walls were whitewashed, and the huge, undecorated cement fireplace was an achievement in massiveness and simplicity. Greenery and blooms nodded from without the deep-embraused windows, and the room expressed the sense of cleanliness, chastity, and coolness.

On the walls, but not crowded, were a number of canvases—most ambitious of all, in the setting of honor, all in sad grays, a twilight Mexican scene by Xavier Martinez, of a peon, with a crooked-sticked plow and two bullocks, turning a melancholy furrow across the foreground of a sad, illimitable Mexican plain. There were brighter pictures, of early Mexican-Californian life—a pastel of twilight eucalyptus with a sunset-tipped mountain beyond by Reimers; a moonlight by Peters, and a Griffin stubble field, across which gleamed and smoldered Californian summer hills of tawny brown and purple-misted wooded cañons.

"Say," Thayer muttered in an undertone across to Naismith, while Dick and the girls were in the thick of exclamatory and giggling banter, "here's some stuff for that article of yours, if you touch upon the Big House. I've seen the servants' dining-room. Forty head sit down to it every meal, including gardeners, chauffeurs, and outside help. It's a boarding-house in itself. Some head, some system—take it from me. That Chiney boy, Oh Joy, is a wooz. He's housekeeper, or manager, of the whole shebang, or whatever you want to call his job—

## The Little Lady of the Big House

and, say, it runs that smooth you can't hear it."

"Forrest's the real wooz," Naismith nodded. "He's the brain that picks brains. He could run an army, a campaign, a government, and even a three-ring circus."

"Which last is some compliment," Thayer concurred heartily.

"Oh, Paula," Dick said across to his wife. "I just got word that Graham arrives to-morrow morning. Better tell Oh Joy to put him in the watch-tower. It's man-size quarters, and it's possible he may carry out his threat and work on his book."

"Graham? Graham?" Paula queried aloud of her memory. "Do I know him?"

"You met him once two years ago, in Santiago, at the Café Venus. He had dinner with us."

"Oh, one of those naval officers?"

Dick shook his head.

"The civilian. Don't you remember that big blond fellow—you talked music with him for half an hour, while Captain Joyce talked our heads off to prove that the United States should clean Mexico up and out with the mailed fist?"

"Oh, to be sure!" Paula vaguely recollected. "He's met you before. South Africa, wasn't it—or the Philippines?"

"That's the chap—South Africa, it was—Evan Graham. Next time we met was on the *Times* despatch boat on the Yellow Sea. And we crossed trails a dozen times after that, without meeting, until that night in the Café Venus. Heavens—he left Borabora, going east, two days before I dropped anchor bound west on my way to Samoa! I came out of Apia, with letters for him from the American consul, the day before he came in. We missed each other by three days at Levuka—I was sailing the *Wild Duck* then. He pulled out of Suva as guest on a British cruiser. Sir Everard Im Thurm, British high commissioner of the South Seas, gave me more letters for Graham. I missed him at Port Resolution and at Vila, in the New Hebrides. The cruiser was junketing, you see. I beat her in and out of the Santa Cruz group. It was the same thing in the Solomons. The cruiser, after shelling the cannibal villages at Langelanga, steamed out in the morning. I sailed in that afternoon. I never did deliver those letters in person; and the next time I laid eyes on him was

at the Café Venus, in Santiago, two years ago."

"But who about him and what about him?" Paula queried. "And what's the book?"

"Well, first of all, beginning at the end, he's broke—that is, for him he's broke. He's got an income of several thousand a year left, but all that his father left him is gone. No; he didn't blow it. He got in deep, and the 'silent panic' several years ago just about cleaned him. But he doesn't whimper. He's good stuff, old American stock, a Yale man. The book—he expects to make a bit on it—covers last year's trip across South America, west coast to east coast. It was largely new ground. The Brazilian government voluntarily voted him an honorarium of ten thousand dollars for the information he brought out concerning unexplored portions of Brazil. Oh, he's a man—all man! He delivers the goods. You know the type—clean, big, strong, simple, been everywhere, seen everything, knows most of a lot of things, straight, square, looks you in the eyes—well, in short, a man's man."

Ernestine clapped her hands, flung a tantalizing, man-challenging, man-conquering glance at Bert Wainwright and exclaimed, "And he comes to-morrow!"

Dick shook his head reprovingly.

"Oh, nothing in that direction, Ernestine! Just as nice girls as you have tried to hook Evan Graham before now. And, between ourselves, I couldn't blame them. But he's had good wind and fast legs, and they've always failed to run him down or get him into a corner, where, dazed and breathless, he'd mechanically muttered, 'Yes' to certain interrogatories and come out of the trance to find himself roped, thrown, branded, and married. Forget him, Ernestine; stick by golden youth and let it drop its golden apples. Pick them up, and golden youth with them, making a noise like stupid failure all the time you are snaring swift-legged youth. But Graham's out of the running. He's old like me—just about the same age—and, like me, he's run a lot of those queer races. He knows how to make a getaway. He's been cut by barbed wire, nose-twisted, neck-burned, cinched to a fare-you-well, and he remains subdued but uncatchable. He doesn't care for young things. In fact, you may charge him with being wobbly, but I plead guilty, by proxy, that he is merely old, hard bitten, and very wise."

The next instalment of *The Little Lady of the Big House* will appear in the June issue.



# THE MAN-SCREEN

*By Richard Washburn Child*

Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first scientific attempt to ascertain the fitness of men to hold certain positions in the business world has recently been made. The results have been so gratifying that it is not difficult to predict the wide substitution of the principles described in this article for the present wasteful method of selection by guesswork or the estimates of department heads. Therefore, the new idea will possess high interest for every employer, because it suggests a promising means of the elimination of business waste, and for every employee, because it will help to bar the dreaded way to his becoming one of life's misfits.

**W**E hear much nowadays about unemployment. Is there anything worse? How about misemployment? Is it the unfit which must cause us our greatest worry? Not so. It is the misfit.

This is the story of a scientific experiment to prevent the misfit.

Beforehand, it is necessary to point out that the great economic waste now is a human waste, the waste of misapplied human energy, the tragedy of the stream of human beings that drifts into our industrial life and onto the rocks of failure, without a rudder, not because they are not good for anything but because anything has been good enough for them.

So far, industry, wrestling scientifically with materials, processes, machinery, factory-costs, wastes, and efficiency methods, has swallowed whole the largest waste of all—the waste of the wrong man.

From an American lawyer, distinguished for his constructive thinking, I drew the comment that the evil was one which reaches its maximum in big business. That is true. In big business, the directing brain is a long way from most of the jobs to be filled. Many are the jobs; they are filled by guesswork, by rough estimates of men made by busy department heads or superintendents; time and money are wasted on training these men; an extraordinary percentage is fired, because unfitted for the task. The cost to business has been the expense of an attempt to train the man, the losses

from his inefficiency, the disturbance in continuity of work, the demoralization of a shifting force, the harm to team-play; to the worker having the wrong job is charged up a terrible unestimated cost in time, self-respect, and confidence.

I talked with a big business organizer, the directing brains of a large industry. I spoke about a scientific choice of men when jobs were to be filled. He said: "You cannot devise a scientific measurement of men which I cannot beat by my personal observation. In fifteen days, I can go out and find fifteen men and will never have to discharge one of them."

A man a day! This executive would have to spend his entire time picking men for his business, and he could not pick more than a small percentage if he did. Nor could his department heads do it. They do not. In practice, the department head interviews an applicant for a job and makes a guess after a few minutes. Then what? He "takes a chance," and hires.

#### FITTING THE MAN TO HIS JOB

There is a man, named John M. Bruce, who has been giving study to scientific management and shop-efficiency methods, so that he might apply their principles to salesmanship. He had under observation the sales-force of a large industrial corporation whose central office is in New York. And, at last, into his realization was forced this cold, hard fact: Most of the salesmen engaged were soon discharged. For instance, in one case, to fill thirty positions, during a four months' period, one hundred and forty-one men were put to work, and of these, one hundred and eleven were bidden good-by.

And at what cost? It is hard to estimate. But it had been borne for years; it was judged, if judged at all, as a part of the burden of doing business.

What was done toward a cure for this state of affairs may have far-reaching effect upon industry. Upon these significant beginnings are built new eras of improvement, saving waste, saving men. Other elementary experiments had been tried—selecting motormen and selecting telephone operators by tests of psychology—but these new ventures, in fitting together the right man and the right job, have enlarged the field of attempt.

The men wanted for salesmen were the kind of men physically and mentally fit for the work. Accordingly, under the new plan, all applicants were examined for physical fitness, for devitalizing diseases and for weaknesses especially disqualifying in active tasks—such a weakness as "flat foot," or fallen arches, an infirmity which, where activity is essential, has resulted in many a failure. Those who were sound physically were then sent for mental examination.

#### HOW THE TESTS WERE MADE

These tests were carried on by Professor Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University, by Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, and others competent to make the best possible application of psychology for the determination of mental fitness for the particular task of salesmanship.

The tests lasted for nine hours. If you had been an applicant for a job, you would first have been put through a test to determine whether or not you were a moron—a person of arrested mental development. Often of intelligent appearance, mature demeanor, and ability to talk sensibly, a moron cannot be picked out by a casual interview. With the exterior of a man and the brain of a child, say, of fifteen years, the moron is distinguished from normal men by an examination of a simple nature, the well-known Binet tests.

Having passed this test, you would have been submitted to others, varying in nature but aimed at a measurement of the qualities of observation, memory, self-control, mental alertness, and mental experience. You might have been given a newspaper and told to cross out as many "r's" as you could find in a limited time. You might have been asked to stand with a plate of glass before your eyes which was struck with a rubber-tipped hammer to test your mental control over the instinct to wince. Or you might have been asked to look into an apparatus where geometrical figures were exposed for a fraction of a second, and then have been required to give as complete and accurate a description as possible of what you had seen.

Finally, you would have been given an opportunity to visit ten or twelve different instructors for five-minute periods in rapid sequence. Each instructor would have asked you to talk upon some subject—



You might have been asked to stand with a plate of glass before your eyes which was struck with a rubber-tipped hammer to test your mental control over the instinct to wince

vanity, the last book you had read, what you did last summer, what methods of salesmanship you would follow, the war in Europe, agriculture, what not, and by your intelligence and ability to interest each of the twelve men, a grade would be given you by the average impression you made.

Two or three times the number of men wanted for the vacant positions are induced to take these tests. The physical test removes ten or fifteen per cent.; the psychological test cuts off fifty per cent. or more. Of thirty-five men in one group, twenty-nine were left for mental tests, and these tests eliminated seventeen; of the twelve men left, ten graduated from the salesmanship school. And the result? The representatives of the corporation, admitting the limitations of such tests, admitting that here and there may be found cases of efficient men who would fail to pass such tests, nevertheless give the fullest answer to the inquiry of results by presenting the following typical cases to compare the cost of the old system with the cost of the new and the results of each.

#### OLD SYSTEM—TYPICAL CASE

To fill thirty vacancies, one hundred and

forty-one men were hired, of whom one hundred and eleven were discharged.

The average trial of the hundred and eleven discharged men was six weeks. Charge six weeks, average weekly salary of forty dollars, of one hundred and forty-one men, a hundred and eleven of whom were discharged, to cost of selecting men—\$33,840.

*Cost of filling each vacancy—\$1128.*

#### NEW SYSTEM—TYPICAL CASE

34 medical examinations . . . . .	\$ 68.00
Psychological examination . . . . .	116.00
Return-fare and board to rejected men . . . . .	126.00
Sales-school cost, 10 men, 8 weeks	1760.00
<i>Cost of filling each vacancy . . . . .</i>	<i>207.00</i>

The fact that stands out as most important, however, is that the ten men selected by the new system and hired, with a single exception, are not only still employed by the company after four months of service but, in relation to the older men, are standing conspicuously high. In other words, under the new system, in the four months' period, it has taken only eleven men to fill ten positions. Under the old, it would have taken forty-seven!





DRAWN BY WILHELM MEYER

Penrod hastily applied the handkerchief to his nose and even more hastily exploded

*(Penrod's Busy Day)*

# Penrod's Busy Day

Magazine readers may differ as to their favorite authors and stories, but upon one point there seems to be a remarkable unanimity of opinion: For developing and describing the situations that arise from the workings of a boy's brain, Mr. Tarkington has never been excelled in any age or in any tongue. Furthermore, he possesses the two essentials of a really great humorist—the quality of his humor is never forced, and the fun derived from his narrative is obtained by appeal to the sympathies of the reader and not by incitement to ridicule. We laugh at Penrod because we understand him and feel for him, and this fact has never been more clearly shown than in the story of this now famous series here printed.

By Booth Tarkington

*Author of "The Bonded Prisoner," "The In-Or-In," and other Penrod Schofield stories*

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

PENROD had slumped far down in the pew with his knees against the back of that in front, and he also languished to one side, so that the people sitting behind were afforded a view of him consisting of a little hair and one bored ear. The sermon—a noble one, searching and eloquent—was but a persistent sound in that ear, though, now and then, Penrod's attention would be caught by some detached portion of a sentence; then his mind would dwell dully upon the phrases for a little while and lapse into a torpor. At intervals, his mother, without turning her head, would whisper, "Sit up, Penrod," causing him to sigh profoundly and move his shoulders about an inch, this mere gesture of compliance exhausting all the energy that remained to him.

The black backs and gray heads of the elderly men in the congregation oppressed him; they gave him a lethargic and indefinite feeling that he was immersed among lives of repellent dullness. But he should have been grateful to the lady with the artificial cherries upon her hat. His gaze lingered there, wandered away, and hopelessly returned, again and again, to be a little refreshed by the glossy scarlet of the cluster of tiny globes. He was not so fortunate as to be drowsy; that would have brought him some relief—and yet, after a while, his eyes became slightly glazed; he saw dimly, and what he saw was distorted.

The church had been built in the early 'Seventies, and it contained some naive

stained glass of that period. The arch at the top of a window facing Penrod was filled with a gigantic Eye. Of oyster-white and raw blues and reds, inflamed by the pouring sun, it had held an awful place in the infantile life of Penrod Schofield, for, in his tenderer years, he accepted it without question as the literal Eye of Deity. He had been informed that the church was the divine dwelling—and there was the Eye!

Nowadays, being no longer a little child, he had somehow come to know better without being told, and though the great flaming Eye was no longer the terrifying thing it had naturally been to him during his childhood, it nevertheless retained something of its ominous character. It made him feel spied upon and guilty, and its awful glare still pursued him, sometimes, as he was falling asleep at night. When he faced the gaudy window, his feeling toward it was one of dull resentment.

His own glazed eyes, becoming slightly crossed with an *ennui* which was peculiarly intense this morning, rendered the Eye more monstrous than it was. It expanded to horrible size, growing mountainous; it turned into a volcano in the tropics, and yet it stared at him, indubitably an Eye implacably hostile to all rights of privacy forever. Penrod blinked and clinched his eyelids to be rid of this dual image, and he managed to shake off the volcano. Then, lowering the angle of his glance, he saw something most remarkable—and curiously out of place.

## Penrod's Busy Day

An inverted white soup-plate was lying miraculously balanced upon the back of a pew a little distance in front of him, and upon the upturned bottom of the soup-plate was a brown coconut. Mildly surprised, Penrod yawned and, in the effort to straighten his eyes, came to life temporarily. The coconut was revealed as Georgie Bassett's head, and the soup-plate as Georgie's white collar. Georgie was sitting up straight, as he always did in church, and Penrod found this vertical rectitude unpleasant. He knew that he had more to fear from the Eye than Georgie had, and he had the impression (a correct one) that Georgie felt on intimate terms with it and was actually fond of it.

Penrod himself would have maintained that he was fond of it, if he had been asked. He would have said so, because he feared to say otherwise; and the truth is that he never consciously looked at the Eye disrespectfully. He would have been alarmed if he thought the Eye had any way of finding out how he really felt about it. When not off his guard, he always looked at it placatively.

By and by, he sagged so far to the left that he had symptoms of a "stitch in the side," and, rousing himself, sat partially straight for several moments. Then he rubbed his shoulders slowly from side to side against the back of the seat until his mother whispered, "Don't do that, Penrod."

Upon this he allowed himself to slump inwardly till the curve in back of his neck rested against the curved top of the back of the seat. It was a congenial fit, and Penrod again began to move slowly from side to side, finding the friction soothing. Continuance was denied him by a husky, "Stop that!" from his father.

Penrod sighed, and slid farther down. He scratched his head, his left knee, his right biceps, and his left ankle, after which he scratched his right knee, his right ankle, and his left biceps. Then he said, "Oh, hum!" unconsciously, but so loudly that there was a reproving stir in the neighborhood of the Schofield pew, and his father looked at him angrily.

Finally, his nose began to trouble him. It itched, and after scratching it, he rubbed it harshly. Another "Stop that!" from his father proved of no avail, being greeted by a desperate-sounding whisper, "I got to!"

And continuing to rub his nose with his right hand, Penrod began to search his

pockets with his left. The quest proving fruitless, he rubbed his nose with his left hand and searched with his right. Then he abandoned his nose and searched feverishly with both hands, going through all of his pockets several times.

"What do you want?" whispered his mother.

But Penrod's sister Margaret had divined his need, and she thoughtfully passed him her own handkerchief. This was both thoughtful and thoughtless—the latter because Margaret was in the habit of thinking that she became faint in crowds, especially at the theater or in church, and she had just soaked her handkerchief with spirits of ammonia from a small phial which she carried in her muff.

Penrod hastily applied the handkerchief to his nose and even more hastily exploded. He sneezed stupendously; he choked, sneezed again, wept, passed into a light convulsion of coughing and sneezing together—a mergence of sound which attracted much attention—and, after a few recurrent spasms, convalesced into a condition marked by silent tears and only sporadic instances of sneezing.

By this time, his family were unanimously scarlet—his father and mother with mortification, and Margaret with the effort to control the almost irresistible mirth which the struggles and vociferations of Penrod had inspired within her. And yet her heart misgave her, for his bloodshot and tearful eyes were fixed upon her from the first and remained upon her, even when half-blinded with his agony; and their expression—as terrible as that of the windowed Eye confronting her—was not for an instant to be misunderstood. Absolutely, he considered that she had handed him the ammonia-soaked handkerchief deliberately and with malice, and well she knew that no power on earth could now or at any time henceforth persuade him otherwise.

"Of course I didn't mean it, Penrod," she said, at the first opportunity upon their homeward way; "I didn't notice—that is, I didn't think—" Unfortunately for the effect of sincerity which she hoped to produce, her voice became tremulous and her shoulders moved suspiciously.

"Just you wait; you'll see!" he prophesied, in a voice now choking, not with ammonia but with emotion. "Poison a person, and then laugh in his face!"

He spake no more until they had reached their own house, though she made some further futile efforts at explanation and apology.

And after brooding abysmally throughout the meal that followed, he disappeared from the sight of his family for a while, having answered with one frightful look his mother's timid suggestion that it was almost time for Sunday-school. He

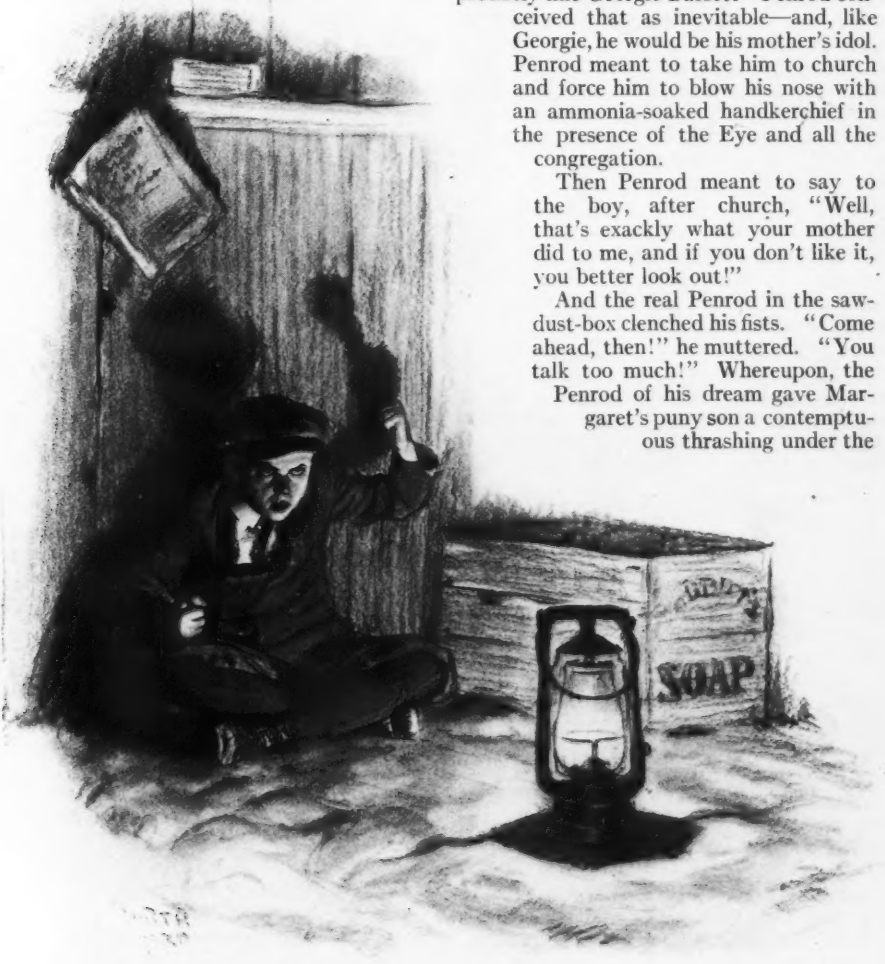
retired to his eyry—the sawdust-box in the empty stable—and there gave rein to his embittered reflections, incidentally forming many plans for Margaret.

Most of these were much too elaborate, but one was so alluring that he dwelt upon it, working out the details with gloomy pleasure, even after he had perceived its defects. It involved a considerable postponement—in fact, until Margaret should have become the mother of a boy about Penrod's present age. This boy would be precisely like Georgie Bassett—Penrod conceived that as inevitable—and, like Georgie, he would be his mother's idol. Penrod meant to take him to church and force him to blow his nose with an ammonia-soaked handkerchief in the presence of the Eye and all the congregation.

Then Penrod meant to say to the boy, after church, "Well, that's exactly what your mother did to me, and if you don't like it, you better look out!"

And the real Penrod in the sawdust-box clenched his fists. "Come ahead, then!" he muttered. "You talk too much!"

Whereupon, the Penrod of his dream gave Margaret's puny son a contemptuous thrashing under the



The real Penrod in the sawdust-box clenched his fists. "Come ahead, then!" he muttered. "You talk too much!"

## Penrod's Busy Day

eyes of his mother, who besought in vain for mercy. This plan was finally dropped, not because of any lingering nepotism within Penrod but because his injury called for action less belated.

One after another, he thought of impossible things; one after another, he thought of things merely inane and futile, for he was trying to do something beyond his power. Penrod was never brilliant, or even successful, save by inspiration.

At four o'clock he came into the house, still nebulous, and as he passed the open door of the library, he heard a man's voice, not his father's.

"To me," said this voice, "the finest lines in all literature are those in Tennyson's 'Maud'—

'Had it lain for a century dead,  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
And blossom in purple and red,  
There somewhere around near her feet.'

"I think I have quoted correctly," continued the voice nervously, "but, at any rate, what I wished to—ah—say was that I often think of those—ah—words; but I never think of them without thinking of—of—of you. I—ah—"

The nervous voice paused, and Penrod took an oblique survey of the room, himself unobserved. Margaret was seated in an easy chair with her face turned away from Penrod, so that her expression of the moment remained unknown to him. Facing her, and leaning toward her with perceptible emotion, was Mr. Claude Blakely—a young man with whom Penrod had no acquaintance, though he had seen him, was aware of his identity, and had heard speech between Mrs. Schofield and Margaret which indicated that Mr. Blakely had formed the habit of calling frequently at the house. He was a brilliantly handsome young man; indeed, his face was so beautiful that even Penrod was able to perceive something about it which might be explicable pleasing—at least to women. And Penrod remembered that, on the last evening before Mr. Robert Williams' departure for college, Margaret had been peevish because Penrod had genially spent the greater portion of the evening with Robert and herself upon the porch. Margaret made it clear, later, that she strongly preferred to conduct her conversations with friends unassisted—and as Penrod listened to the faltering words

of Mr. Claude Blakely, he felt instinctively that, in a certain contingency, Margaret's indignation would be even more severe to-day than on the former occasion.

Mr. Blakely coughed faintly and was able to continue.

"I mean to say that when I say that what Tennyson says—ah—seems to—to apply to—to a feeling about you—"

At this point, finding too little breath in himself to proceed, in spite of the fact that he had spoken in an almost inaudible tone, Mr. Blakely stopped again.

Something about this little scene was making a deep impression upon Penrod. What that impression was, he could not possibly have stated; but he had a sense of the imminence of a tender crisis, and he perceived that the piquancy of affairs in the library had reached a point which would brand an intentional interruption as the act of a cold-blooded ruffian. That decided him; his inspiration, so long waited for, had come.

"I—I feel that perhaps I am not plain," said Mr. Blakely, and immediately became red, whereas he had been pale. He was at least modest enough about his looks to fear that Margaret might think he had referred to them. "I mean, not plain in another way—that is, I mean not that I am not plain in saying what I mean to you—I mean, what you mean to me! I feel—"

This was the moment selected by Penrod. He walked carelessly into the library, inquiring in a loud, bluff voice,

"Has anybody seen my dog around here anywhere?"

Mr. Blakely had inclined himself so far toward Margaret, and he was sitting so near the edge of the chair, that only a really wonderful bit of instinctive gymnastics landed him upon his feet instead of his back. As for Margaret, she said, "Good gracious!" and regarded Penrod blankly.

"Well," said Penrod breezily, "I guess it's no use lookin' for him—he isn't anywhere around. I guess I'll sit down." Herewith, he sank into an easy chair, and remarked, as in comfortable explanation, "I'm kind of tired standin' up, anyway."

Even in this crisis, Margaret was a credit to her mother's training.

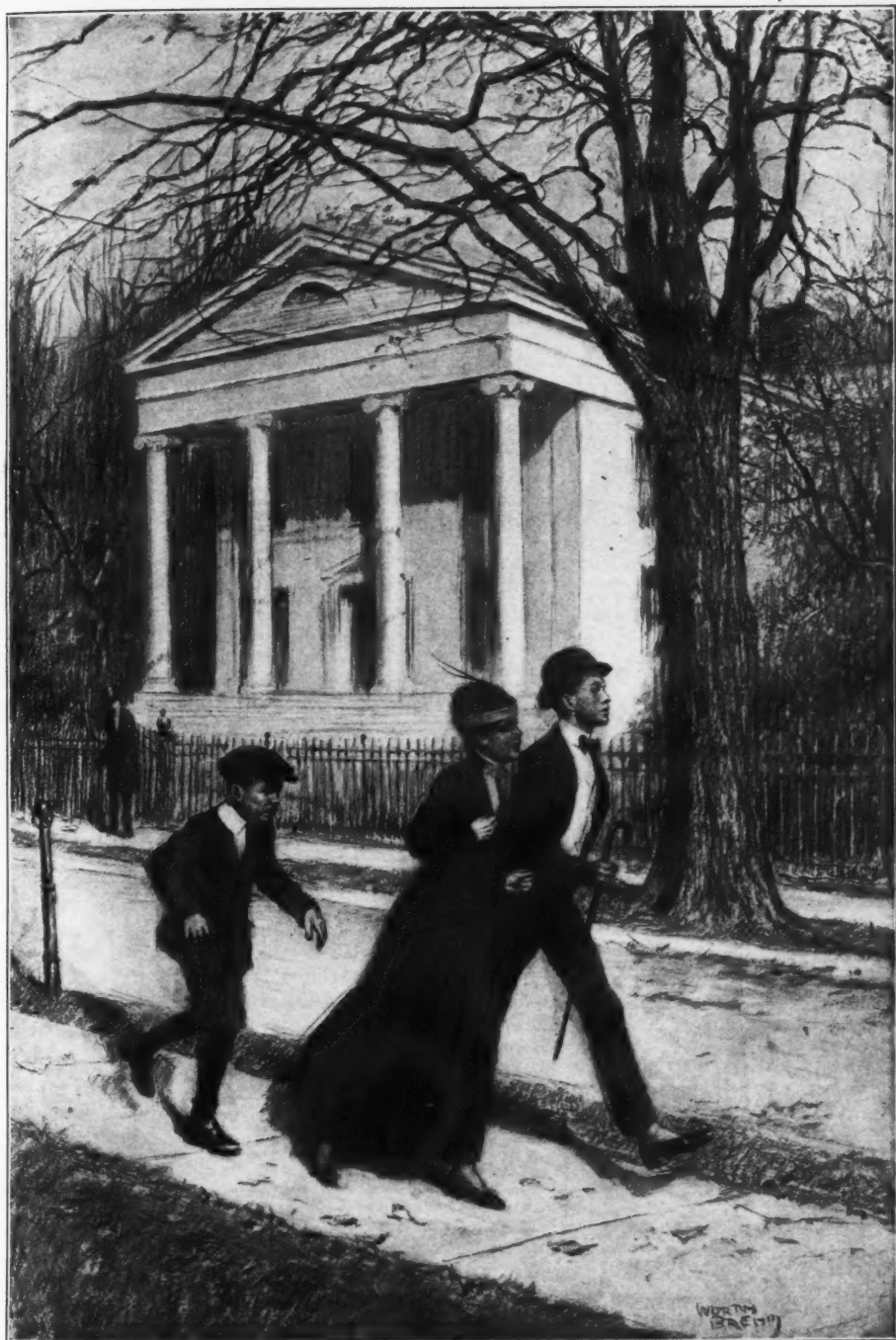
"Penrod, have you met Mr. Blakely?"

"What?"

Margaret primly performed the rite.

"Mr. Blakely, this is my little brother Penrod."





DRAWN BY W. D. HOWELLS

"Here," he panted; "there isn't anybody has to have a doctor, I guess! What's the use our walkin' so fast?"

Mr. Blakely was understood to murmur, "How d'ye do?"

"I'm well," said Penrod.

Margaret bent a perplexed gaze upon him, and he saw that she had not divined his intentions, though the expression of Mr. Blakely was already beginning to be a little compensation for the ammonia outrage. Then, as the protracted silence which followed the introduction began to be a severe strain upon all parties, Penrod felt called upon to relieve it.

"I didn't have anything much to do this afternoon, anyway," he said. And at that there leaped a spark in Margaret's eye; her expression became severe.

"You should have gone to Sunday-school," she told him crisply.

"Well, I didn't!" said Penrod, with a bitterness so significant of sufferings connected with religion, ammonia, and herself, that Margaret, after giving him a thoughtful look, concluded not to urge the point.

Mr. Blakely smiled pleasantly.

"I was looking out of the window a minute ago," he said, "and I saw a dog run across the street and turn the corner."

"What kind of a lookin' dog was it?" Penrod inquired, with languor.

"Well," said Mr. Blakely, "it was a—it was a nice-looking dog."

"What color was he?"

"He was—ah—white. That is, I think—"

"It wasn't Duke," said Penrod. "Duke's kind of brownish-gray-like."

Mr. Blakely brightened.

"Yes, that was it," he said. "This dog I saw first had another dog with him—a brownish-gray dog."

"Little or big?" Penrod asked, without interest.

"Why, Duke's a little dog!" Margaret intervened. "Of course, if it was little, it must have been Duke."

"It was little," said Mr. Blakely too enthusiastically. "It was a little bit of a dog. I noticed it because it was so little."

"Couldn't 'a' been Duke, then," said Penrod. "Duke's a kind of a middle-sized dog." He yawned, and added: "I don't want him now. I want to stay in the house this afternoon, anyways. And it's better for Duke to be out in the fresh air."

Mr. Blakely coughed again and sat down, openly nonplused and finding little to say. It was evident, also, that Margaret shared

his perplexity; and another silence became so embarrassing that Penrod broke it.

"I was out in the sawdust-box," he said, "but it got kind of chilly." Neither of his auditors felt called upon to offer any comment, and presently he added, "I thought I better come in here where it's warmer."

"It's too warm," said Margaret, at once. "Mr. Blakely, would you mind opening a window?"

"By all means!" the young man responded earnestly, as he rose. "Maybe I'd better open two?"

"Yes," said Margaret; "that would be much better."

But Penrod watched Mr. Blakely open two windows to their widest, and betrayed no anxiety. His remarks upon the relative temperatures of the sawdust-box and the library had been made merely for the sake of creating sound in a silent place. When the windows had been open for several minutes, Penrod's placidity, though gloomy, denoted anything but discomfort from the draft, which was powerful, the day being windy.

It was Mr. Blakely's turn to break a silence, and he did it so unexpectedly that Margaret started. He sneezed.

"Perhaps—" Margaret began, but paused apprehensively. "Perhaps-per-per—" Her apprehensions became more and more poignant; her eyes seemed fixed upon some incredible disaster; she appeared to inflate and swell, while the catastrophe she foresaw became more and more imminent. All at once she collapsed, but the power decorum had over her was attested by the mildness of her sneeze after so threatening a prelude.

"Perhaps I'd better put one of the windows down," Mr. Blakely suggested.

"Both, I believe," said Margaret. "The room has cooled off nicely, now, I think."

Mr. Blakely closed the windows, and, returning to a chair near Margaret, did his share in the production of another long period of quiet. Penrod allowed this one to pass without any vocal disturbance on his part. It may be, however, that his gaze was disturbing to Mr. Blakely, upon whose person it was glassily fixed with a self-forgetfulness that was almost morbid.

"Didn't you enjoy the last meeting of the Cotillion Club?" Margaret said finally.

And upon Mr. Blakely's answering absently in the affirmative, she suddenly

began to be talkative. He seemed to catch a meaning in her fluency, and followed her lead, a conversation ensuing which, at first, had all the outward signs of eagerness. They talked with warm interest of people and events unknown to Penrod; they laughed enthusiastically about things beyond his ken; they appeared to have arranged a perfect way to enjoy themselves, no matter whether he was with them or elsewhere—but presently their briskness began to slacken; the appearance of interest became all too plainly perfunctory. Within ten minutes, the few last scattering semblances of gaiety had passed, and they lapsed into the longest and most profound of all their silences indoors that day. Its effect on Penrod was to make him yawn and settle himself in his chair.

Then Mr. Blakely, coming to the surface out of deep inward communings, snapped his thumb against the palm of his hand impulsively.

"By George!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"What is it?" Margaret asked. "Did you remember something?"

"No; it's nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. But, by the way, it seems a pity for you to be missing the fine weather. I wonder if I could persuade you to take a little walk?"

Margaret, somewhat to the surprise of both the gentlemen present, looked uncertain.

"I don't know—" she said.

Mr. Blakely saw that she missed his point.

"One can talk better in the open, don't you think?" he urged, with a significant glance toward Penrod.

Margaret also glanced keenly at Penrod.

"Well, perhaps." And then, after another quick view of her brother's face, "I'll get my hat," she said.

Penrod was on his feet before she left the room. He stretched himself.

"I'll get mine, too," he said.

But he carefully went to find it in a direction different from that taken by his sister, and he joined her and her adult escort not till they were at the front door, whither Mr. Blakely—with a last flickering of hope—had urged a flight in haste.

"I been thinkin' of takin' a walk, all afternoon," said Penrod pompously. "Don't matter to me which way we go."

The exquisite oval of Mr. Claude Blakeley's face merged into outlines more rugged than usual; the conformation of his jaw became perceptible, and it could be seen that he had conceived an idea which was crystallizing into a set determination.

"I believe it happens that this is our first walk together," he said to Margaret, as they reached the pavement, "but, from the kind of tennis you play, I judge that you could go a pretty good gait. Do you like walking fast?"

She nodded.

"For exercise."

"Shall we try it then?"

"You set the pace," said Margaret. "I think I can keep up."

He took her at her word, and the amazing briskness of their start seemed a little sinister to Penrod, though he was convinced that he could do anything that Margaret could do, and also that neither she nor her comely friend could sustain such a pace for long. On the contrary, they actually increased it with each fleeting block they covered.

"Here," he panted, when they had thus put something more than a half-mile behind them; "there isn't anybody has to have a doctor, I guess! What's the use our walkin' so fast?"

In truth, Penrod was not walking, for his shorter legs permitted no actual walking at such a speed; his gait was a half-trot.

"Oh, we're out for a walk!" Mr. Blakely returned, a note of cheer beginning to sound in his voice. "Marg—ah—Miss Schofield, keep your head up and breathe through your nose. That's it. You'll find I was right in suggesting this walk. It's going to turn out gloriously. Now, let's make it a little faster."

Margaret murmured inarticulately, for she would not waste her breath in a more coherent reply. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes were brimming with the wind, but when she looked at Penrod, they were brimming with something more. Gurgling sounds came from her.

Penrod's expression had become grim. He offered no second protest, mainly because he, likewise, would not waste his breath, and if he would, he could not. Of breath in the ordinary sense—breath, breathed automatically—he had none. He had only gasps to feed his straining lungs, and his half-trot, which had long since

## Penrod's Busy Day

become a trot, was changed for a lope when Mr. Blakely reached his own best burst of speed.

And now people stared at the flying three. The gait of Margaret and Mr. Blakely could be called a walk only by courtesy,

while Penrod's was becoming a kind of blind scamper. At times, he zigzagged; other times, he fell behind, wabbling. Anon, with elbows flopping and his face sculptured like an antique mask, he would actually forge ahead a few feet, and then carom from one to the other of his companions as he fell back again.

Thus the trio sped through the coming of autumn dusk, outflying the fallen leaves that tumbled upon the wind. And still Penrod held to the task that he had set himself. The street-lamps flickered into life, but on and on Claude Blakely led the lady, and on and on reeled the grim Penrod. Never once was he so far from them that they could have exchanged a word unchaperoned by his throbbing ear.

"Oh!" Margaret cried, and, halting suddenly, she draped herself about a lamp-post like a strip of bunting. "Guh-uh-guh-goodness!" she sobbed.

Penrod immediately drooped to the curb-stone, which he reached, by pure fortune, in a sitting position. Mr. Blakely leaned against a fence, and said nothing, though

his breathing was eloquent. "We-we must go—go home," Margaret gasped. "We must, if—if we can drag ourselves!" Then Penrod showed them what

"This has been a nice day!"  
Penrod muttered hoarsely

mettle they had tried to crack. A paroxysm of coughing shook him; he spoke through it sobbingly.

"'Drag!' 'S jus' lul-like a girl! Ha-why I walk—*oof!*—faster'n that every day—on my—way to school." He managed to subjugate a tendency to nausea, and even to cover it from detection underneath a protracted cough. "What you—want to go—home for?" he said. "Le's go on!"

In the darkness, Mr. Claude Blakely's expression was not to be seen, nor was his voice heard. For those and other reasons, his opinions and sentiments may not be stated.

Mrs. Schofield was looking rather anxiously forth from her front door when the two adult figures and the faithful smaller one came up the walk.

"I was getting uneasy," she said. "Papa and I came in and found the house empty. It's after seven. Oh, Mr. Blakely, is that you?"

"Good-evening," he said. "I fear I must be keeping an engagement. Good-night. Good-night, Miss Schofield."

"Good-night."

"Well, good-night," Penrod called, staring after him. But Mr. Blakely was already too far away to hear him, and a moment later Penrod followed his mother and sister into the house.

"I let Della go to church," Mrs. Schofield said to Margaret. "You and I might help Mary get supper."

"Not for a few minutes," Margaret returned gravely, looking at Penrod. "Come up-stairs, mamma; I want to tell you something."

Penrod cackled hoarse triumph and defiance.

"Go on! Tell! What 'I care? You try to poison a person in church again, and then laugh in his face, you'll see what you get!"

But after his mother had retired with Margaret to the latter's room, he began to feel disturbed, in spite of his firm belief that his cause was wholly that of justice victorious. Margaret had insidious ways of stating a case, and her point of view, no matter how absurd or unjust, was almost always adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Schofield in cases of controversy. Penrod became uneasy. Perceiving himself to be in danger, he decided that certain measures were warranted. Unquestionably, it would be well to know beforehand in what terms

Margaret would couch the charges which he supposed he must face in open court—that is to say, at the supper-table. He stole softly up the stairs, and, flattening himself against the wall, approached Margaret's door, which was about an inch ajar.

He heard his mother making sounds which appalled him—he took them for sobs. And then Margaret's voice rang out in a peal of insane laughter. Trembling, he crept nearer the door. Within the room, Margaret was clinging to her mother, and both were trying to control their hilarity.

"He did it all to get even!" Margaret exclaimed, wiping her eyes. "He came in at just the right time. That *goose* was beginning to talk his silly, soft talk—the way he does with every girl in town—and he was almost proposing, and I didn't know how to stop him. And then Penrod came in and did it for me. I could have hugged Penrod, mamma—I actually could! And I saw he meant to stay to get even for that ammonia—and, oh, I worked so hard to make him think I wanted him to go! Mamma, mamma, if you could have *seen* that walk! That *goose* kept thinking he could wear Penrod out or drop him behind, but I knew he couldn't as long as Penrod believed he was worrying us and getting even. And that *goose* thought I *wanted* to get rid of Penrod, too; and the conceited thing said it would turn out gloriously, meaning we'd be alone together pretty soon—I'd like to shake him! You see, I pretended so well, in order to make Penrod stick to us, that *goose* believed I meant it! And if he hadn't tried to walk Penrod off his legs, he wouldn't have wilted his own collar and worn himself out, and I think he'd have hung on until you'd have had to invite him to stay to supper, and he'd have stayed on all evening, and I wouldn't have had a chance to write to Robert Williams. Mamma, there have been lots of times when I haven't been thankful for Penrod, but to-day I could have got down on my knees to you and papa for giving me such a brother!"

In the darkness of the hall, as a small but crushed and broken form stole away from the crack in the door, a gigantic Eye seemed to form—seemed to glare down upon Penrod—warning him that the way of vengeance is the way of bafflement, and that genius may not prevail against the trickeries of women.

"This has been a *nice* day!" Penrod muttered hoarsely.

The next *Penrod Schofield* story will be *The Reward of Merit*.



# Rosanne Ozanne

The peculiarities of Rosanne Ozanne's character, so entirely different from that of her twin sister Rosalie, would seem to have some connection with her surroundings in infancy. When a year old, she, supposedly dying, was given by her mother into the hands of her Malay cook, who says she will save the child's life if she may have her for two years. Her statement proves true, but Rosanne, as she develops into womanhood, is a puzzle to the circle in Kimberley in which the Ozannes move. She has a passion for diamonds, and acquires a number of gems in a way of which even her own mother knows nothing. She has accepted the hand of Sir Denis Harlenden, but tells her intimates that she can never marry him. People who incur her displeasure have a way of promptly falling into misfortune. She becomes angry with her sister's *fiancé*, Richard Gardner, and the young man is soon ill with what appears to be a malignant disease of the throat. When the news comes, Rosalie is overcome, and Mrs. Ozanne asks Rosanne if she cannot do something. The latter's reply is that she, too, bears a burden of sorrow.

By Cynthia Stockley

Illustrated by George Gibbs

**R**OSALIE OZANNE kept her bed for a week or more. She had sunk into a sort of desolate lethargy of mind and body from which nothing could rouse her. Her mother was in despair. Richard Gardner was too ill to come to see the girl he loved, and he did not write. The blow that had fallen upon his promising and prosperous life seemed to have shattered his nerves and benumbed his initiative. He had no words of hope for Rosalie; so he said nothing. Thus, in silence and apart, the two were suffering their young agony of wrecked hopes and love laid on its bier.

Rosanne, meanwhile, to all appearances, went on her way rejoicing. For a moment, in the shock of mutual grief over Rosalie's trouble, she and her mother had drawn nearer in spirit, and strange words of sorrow and sympathy, as though dragged from her very depths, had come faltering from the girl's lips. But the next day all trace of such unaccustomed softness had disappeared. She was her gay, resilient self once more, bright and hard as the stones she loved to wear, and more reserved and withdrawn from her family than ever. She avoided both her mother and sister as much as possible, spending most of her time in her own room or with her friend Kitty Drummund. As usual, too, she was often out riding and driving—but no longer with Denis Harlenden. Major Satchwell had been received back into the favor of her

intimate friendship, and it was he who was always to be found riding or limping at her side.

Harlenden had not called at Tiptree House since the night when, after the Chilvers' dinner-party, he had requested an interview with Mrs. Ozanne and been asked to wait until a more propitious moment. Indeed, the latter, with mind full of foreboding and sorrow for her stricken child, had almost forgotten that he had ever made such a request. But Rosanne had not forgotten. And Rosanne knew why her lover stayed away from Tiptree House. He had made his reason sufficiently clear in a letter she had received the morning after their last meeting in the veranda. The terse sentences of that letter were like himself—cold and quiet without, but with the burn of hidden fires beneath the surface.

Until you are prepared to let the world know how things are with us, I shall not come again. And another thing, Rosanne: I love you. Your kiss is on my lips, and no other woman's lips shall ever efface its exquisite memory. You love me, too, I think. But do you love me more than certain other things? If not, and if you cannot be the Rosanne I wish you to be, caring only for such things as are worthy of your beauty and my pride, this love of ours can never come to its perfection but will have to be rooted out and crushed as a useless, hopeless thing. When you see this as I do, send for me. I shall not be long in coming.

Curiously enigmatic words, if read by any but the eyes for which they were intended. But Rosanne knew what they

meant, and read them with her teeth dug into her lip and cheeks pale as a bone. The first time she read them she burst into a furious, ringing laugh, and crushing the letter into a ball, flung it into the wastepaper basket and went out. That was the afternoon on which she renewed her friendship with Everard Satchwell. But when she came home she sought the wastepaper basket, and taking out the letter, uncrumpled it and read it again. Thereafter she read it many times. Sometimes she went to bed with it crushed to her breast. But she never answered it. Instead, she wrote to Everard Satchwell and completed the work, already begun, of beguiling him back into her life just as he was beginning to hope he could do without her.

One day, when she was out riding with him, they met Harlenden riding alone. He had a moody, lonely look that wrenched at her heart for a moment until she saw the civilly indifferent smile with which he returned her half-appealing glance and Satchwell's cheery greeting. As their eyes met, his were so empty of what she knew they could contain for her that her heart turned cold in her breast. For the first time, the well-bred impassivity of his face irked and infuriated her. She doubted, almost hated him. She could have struck him with her riding-whip because he gave no sign of the hurt she had dealt him, but, instead, her face grew almost as smilingly masklike as his own; only when she got home, within the refuge of her bedroom walls, did it change and become distorted with pain and rage, its beauty marred and blotted out with tears.

That he should ride coolly by and give no sign, while *her* heart ached as if a knife were in it, while she drained to the dregs the cup of lonely love! That was bitter. But bitterer still the knowledge that within herself lay the reason of their separation, as well as the power to end it. She could bring him back this very hour if she wished, was her thought. Yet, could she? Were not those other bonds that held her soul in slavery stronger than herself—stronger (as he had suggested in his letter) than her love for Denis Harlenden?

Miserably, her face lifeless and pale as the face of one who has lain among the ashes of renouncement and repentance, she rose from the bed where she had flung herself weeping, and creeping to an old-fashioned oak bureau

of heavy make, sat down before it and began to unlock its many drawers and take therefrom a number of little jewel-cases. One by one she opened these and spread before her the radiant, sparkling things they contained with their myriad points of light and dancing color. She ran the things through her fingers and bathed her hands in them like water. Then she curved her palms into a cup and held them filled to the brim with such a sparkling draft as only a god could drink—a draft with fire and ice in it, blood and crystal water, purity and evil. The roses of life and the blue flowers of death were all intermingled and reflected in that magic draft of frozen fire and liquid crystal. As the girl gazed into it, color came back to her pale face, and her eyes caught and returned the flashing beams of light. It almost seemed as if she and the stones, able to communicate, were exchanging the signals of some secret code.

One jewel was more beautiful than all the rest, the lovely, flexible chain of stones she had been holding to her breast that night when Harlenden surprised her coming from the garden into the veranda—the thing he had shaken from her hand into her lap as if it had been a toad. She remembered Harlenden, now, as she gazed into the iridescent shapes of light, seeming to see in their brilliant, shallow depths worlds of romance that every-day life knew not of. At last she caught the thing up and kissed it burningly, then pressed it against her heart as if it possessed some quality of spike-nard to ease the pain she still felt aching there. The sound of the dinner-gong shook her from her strange dreams, and hastily, yet with a sort of lingering regret, she began to gather up the jewels and lay them once more into their downy nests of white velvet. Her fingers caressed and her eyes embraced every single stone as she laid it away.

"I must get some more," she murmured feverishly to herself; "I must get some more—soon!"

She had forgotten Denis Harlenden now. Her lips took on a hungry, arid line, and her eyes were suddenly hard and more brilliant than the stones she handled. The lust of diamonds, which is one of the greatest and most terrible of all the lusts, had got her in its scorpion-claws and was squeezing love from her heart and beauty from her soul.

"Rosanne, your sister is worse," her mother said, at dinner. They had reached dessert, but these were the first words that had passed between them. Rosanne's shoulders moved with the suggestion of a shrug.

"I think she gives way," she remarked coldly. "She could shake off that illness with the exercise of a little self-control."

"It is easy to talk like that when you are not the sufferer, dear. You forget that her whole heart is wrapped up in Dick. I believe that if he dies, she will—" The mother's words ended in something very like a sob. She looked utterly worn out and wretched. Her eyes wistfully searched Rosanne's, but the latter's mood appeared to be one of complete *sang-froid*.

"You always look on the worst side of things, mother," she said calmly. "If Dick dies, and I dare say he will—cancer of the throat is nearly always fatal, I believe—Rosalie will get over it in time and marry some other man."

"Rosanne, I never thought you could be so heartless!"

"Nonsense, mother; it isn't heartlessness but common sense, and I think you ought not to encourage Rosalie by being sympathetic. A little bracing brutality is what she needs to pull her out of her sickly misery."

Mrs. Ozanne rose, her eyes shining with anger as well as tears.

"I forbid you to speak to me of your unhappy sister unless you can speak kindly," she said, and added harshly, "I sometimes think, Rosanne, that you are either not my child or that that Malay woman bewitched and cast some evil spell over you when you were a baby."

Rosanne looked at her with musing eyes.

"I have sometimes thought so myself," she said slowly, "and that, instead of you reproaching me, it is I who have the right to reproach you for bartering me away to witchcraft rather than letting me die an innocent little child."

Sophia Ozanne's lips fell apart, and the color died slowly out of her handsome wholesome-looking face. She said nothing while she stood there gazing for a long minute at her daughter; but her breath came laboriously, and she held her hand over her heart as if she had received a blow there. At last, in silence, she walked heavily from the room.

Rosanne helped herself daintily to fruit salad, but when she had it on her plate, she did nothing but stare at it. After a few moments she rang the bell and sent out a message to the stables that she would require the carriage for an hour.

"And tell my mother, if she asks, that I have gone to Mrs. Drummund's," she directed old Maria, as she went away to her room to put on a hat and wrap.

"It is pretty awful at home now," she complained to Kitty Drummund, some twenty minutes later. "The whole house is wrapped in gloom because Dick Gardner has a sore throat. One might as well live in a mausoleum."

"Dearest, it is a little more than a sore throat, isn't it? Len saw Tommy Gardner to-day, and he says Dick is in awful pain and can't speak. They are sending him away to the Cape to-night, as a last hope. Doctor Raymond, there, is supposed to be wonderfully clever with affections of the throat, though I must say I don't believe it will be much good, since Stratton has condemned him."

"Oh, talk about something else, Kit, for heaven's sake!" cried Rosanne, with a sudden access of desperate irritation. "I can't bear any more Dick Gardner."

Kitty stroked the hair and bare shoulders of the girl sitting on the floor beside her.

"I know you're not *really* heartless, Nan, but you do sound so sometimes. I expect all this trouble at home is on your nerves a little bit. Tell me, how are your own affairs, darling? Is the engagement still going on?"

"No; the engagement is finished. I told you I never meant to marry him."

"I think you are making an awful mistake, Nan. He's the only man for you—the only man who can—"

"Can what?" asked Rosanne, with fierce moodiness. "Save my soul alive?"

"How strange! Those were the very words I was going to use, though I don't know why. They just came into my head."

"Everyone seems to be hitting the right nail on the head to-night," commented Rosanne dryly. "First, my mother; now, you. I wonder who'll be the third. All good things run in threes, don't they?"

Kitty knew better than to try to cope with her in that mood, so she remained silent until Rosanne rose and caught up her hat.



"Oh, don't go yet, darling! Dostay and see Len. He had to go out directly after dinner, but he promised not to be long. Fancy! They're having such excitement up at the compound. But I don't know whether I ought to tell you, though," she finished doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, *do!*" said Rosanne, wearily ironical. "Do tell me something that will make life seem less of an atrocious joke than it is—especially if you oughtn't to tell."

"Well, we're not supposed to breathe anything like this outside the compound walls, you know. Len told me not to mention it to a soul; but I don't expect he meant to include you, for, of course, *you* are all right."

"Of course!" Rosanne smiled mockingly at herself in the mirror before which she was arranging her hair preparatory to posing her hat upon it.

"Well, my dear, just think! They've discovered a Kafir boy in the compound who has been stealing thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds for months, and passing

As their eyes met, his were so empty of what she knew they could contain for her that her heart turned cold in her breast

them to some one outside. They caught him in the act this afternoon."

"How frightfully exciting!"

Rosanne had put her hat on now, but was still maneuvering to get it at exactly the correct angle over her right eye. "How did he do it?"

"He made a little tunnel from under his sleeping-bunk to the outside of the compound wall, about a yard and a half long, and through that he would push a parcel of diamonds by means of a stick with a flat piece of tin at the end of it, something like a little rake and exactly the same length as the tunnel. He always pushed a little heap of earth through first, so as to cover the diamonds up from any eyes but those of his confederate outside. When the confederate had removed the diamonds, he pushed back the earth against the tin rake, which the boy always left in place until he had another packet of diamonds ready to put through. In this way, the hole was never exposed, except during the few moments, once a

week, when the boy was putting in a fresh packet.

"But how awfully thrilling!" exclaimed Rosanne again.

"Yes; isn't it? What they want to do now is to catch the confederate who is, of course, the real culprit, for encouraging an ignorant Kafir to steal."

"Who could it possibly be?"

"Goodness knows! Such heaps of people come inside this outer compound, tradespeople, servants with messages, and so on. But just think of it, Nan! Thousands of pounds' worth, and the Kafir boy only got ten pounds for each packet he pushed through."

"Well, what would a Kafir do with thousands of pounds, anyway?" said Rosanne, laughing irrelevantly. "I think ten pounds was quite enough."

"That's true—too much for the wretch, indeed! However, he has confessed and told everything he could to help our people to trap the other wretch. Unfortunately, that is not very much."

"No?"

"No; he says he has never seen the man who fetches the diamonds. The only one he has ever seen was a man he is not able to describe because he is so ordinary-looking, who came to his kraal in Basutoland about seven months ago, and made the whole plan with him to come and work on contracts of three months at a time as a compound-boy, steal as many diamonds as he could, and pass them out in the way I have described. Each parcel was to cost ten pounds and to contain no less than ten diamonds. No money passed between them, but every time a parcel was put through the tunnel, the confederate on the other side put a blue bead in its place among the sand. The boy found the bead and kept it as a receipt, and when he came out at the end of every three months' contract, he wore a bracelet of blue beads on his wrist. Naturally, the authorities didn't take any notice of this when they searched him, for nearly all Kafirs wear beads of some kind. These beads were quite a common kind to look at; only when they were examined carefully were they found to have been passed through some chemical process which dyed the inside a peculiar mauve color, making it impossible for the Kafir to cheat by adding ordinary blue beads (of which there are plenty for sale in the compound) to his little bunch of "receipts."

"How clever!" said Rosanne. "And how are they going to catch the confederate? Put a trap-parcel, I suppose, and pounce on him when he comes to fetch it?"

She had seated herself again, opposite Kitty, her arms resting on the back of the chair, her face vivid with interest.

"Cleverer than that," announced Kitty.

"They are going to put the trap and watch who fetches it. But they won't pounce on him; they mean to follow him up and arrest the whole gang."

"Gang?"

"Len says there's sure to be a gang of them, and, for the sake of getting them all, parcel after parcel of stones will be put through the tunnel, if necessary, until every one of them is traced and arrested."

"Rather risky for the diamonds, I should think!"

"They'll only put inferior ones in. Besides, the Kafir-boy's contract is up in a week's time, and if all the gang aren't caught by then, they're going to let the boy go out and meet his confederate to deliver his beads, and then the arrest will be made."

"Surely the Kafir was able to describe him, if he had been in the habit of meeting him every three months?"

"He says he was a young white boy, very thin, who wears a mask and an overcoat. They have met twice at night, in an old unused house in the Malay compound, the other side of Kimberley. Can you imagine anyone running such awful risks for the sake of diamonds, Nan? But Len says it goes on all the time—this illicit diamond-buying business—and the company loses thousands of pounds every year and is hardly ever able to catch the thieves. They're as clever as paint! They have to be, for if they are caught it means ten to twenty years' imprisonment for them, as they know. Mustn't it be awful to live in such a state of risk and uncertainty, never knowing when you're going to be found out, for, of course, there are plenty of detectives on the watch for illicit buying all the time?"

"Awful—yes, but terribly exciting," Rosanne said musingly. "Don't you think so?" she added quickly, and began to pull on her gloves.

"Ah, don't go, yet!" cried Kitty. "Len will be dreadfully disappointed to find you gone."

"Tell him you told me the story," laughed Rosanne. "That will cheer him up."



"I don't think I shall," said Kitty soberly. "I'm afraid he'd be awfully mad with me, after all, even though it is only you I've told. He'll say women can't keep things to themselves, and that you're sure to tell some one else, and so the whole thing will get about."

"You needn't worry, dear. It will never get about through me," said Rosanne quietly, and, kissing Kitty good-night, she went her ways.

As she passed through the brightly lit outer compound, stepping briskly toward the big gate, she was aware of more than one lurking shadow behind the blue-ground heaps. Also, it seemed to her that various guards were more alert than usual in their guard-houses. But she gave no faintest sign of observing these things, greeted the guard at the gate pleasantly, and, passing out to the street, stepped into the waiting carriage and was driven home.

It wanted a few minutes to midnight when she stole from the veranda door of her room once more, dressed in her dim, straight gown of moonlight velvet with a swathe of colorless veil about her head, and, sliding softly through the garden, went out into the quiet streets of the town until she came, at last, to a little indistinguished door next to a jeweler's window, whereon was neatly inscribed the name, "Syke Ravenal." On knocking gently three times, the door opened mechanically to admit her. Inside all was dark; but a few paces down a passage brought her to a door that opened into a small but brightly lighted room. An elderly man was seated at a table engaged in beautifully illuminating a parchment manuscript. This was Syke Ravenal.

"You are very late, my child," he said, in a gently benevolent tone. His voice was rich and sonorous.

"It was not safe to come before."

"Safe?" His dark, hawklike face did not change, but there was a sound in his voice like the clank of broken iron.

"They've caught Hlangeli," she said.

"Ah!" He carefully folded the manuscript between two protecting sheets of blotting-paper and placed it in the drawer of his table. His hands shook as if with ague, but his voice was as perfectly composed as his face when he spoke again.

"Tell me all about it, my child."

"They got him in the compound to-day, as he was putting the parcel through. He

has confessed as much as he knows about your son going to the kraal, and the blue beads, and the old house in the Malay compound where he was paid. They have now set a trap-*parcel* of stones and are sitting in wait to catch the confederate." She sank down in a chair opposite to him and leaned her elbows on the table. "To catch me," she said slowly.

He looked at her keenly. Her face was deadly pale, but there was no trace of fear in it. Whatever Rosanne Ozanne may have been, she was no coward. Neither was the man opposite her.

"Ah! They have no inkling, of course, that it was you who met Hlangeli and paid him?"

"No; he was not able to tell them any more than that it was a white boy." She added, with the ghost of a smile, "A thin, white boy in a mask and an overcoat."

"Well, that's all right. They won't catch you, and they won't catch me, and Saul is safe in Amsterdam. Luck is on our side, as she always is on the side of good players. Hlangeli must foot the bill, because he played badly."

Rosanne sat listening. It was plain that Hlangeli's fate was a matter of indifference to her, but some storm was brewing behind her smoldering eyes. Ravenal went on calmly:

"It's been a good game while it lasted. The pity is that it must come to an end."

Then the storm broke forth.

"But it must *not* come to an end!" she burst out violently. "I can't live without it!"

The man looked at her reflectively.

"You're a great sport. I've never known a woman with finer nerve. But, just the same, the game has got to come to an end."

"Game! You don't understand. It is meat and drink to me. I *must* have diamonds." She sounded like a woman pleading for some drug to deaden pain, memory, and conscience. Her voice was wild; she put out her hands to him in an imploring gesture. "I have given up everything for them—*everything!*"

He shook his head.

"We can't do any more of it," he said inflexibly. "Not for a year, at the outside."

Her hands fell on the table. She shivered as though she already felt cold and hunger.

"Suffer torment for a year?" she muttered. "It is impossible. I can't. I have

nothing else. I've sacrificed everything to it—*duty, friendship, love!*" She leaned her head in her hands, and Ravenal did not hear the last words.

"Pull yourself together, my child. It is not like you to give way like this. Listen: Go home now and sit tight. Nerve and a quiet going about your ways are what are needed for the next few weeks. Don't come near me unless you have anything important to communicate; then come in the ordinary way to the shop with some jewel to be mended. But remember: There is no possible channel through which they can connect either of us with Hlangeli, and nothing in the world to fear."

"It is not fear I feel," she said dully.

"I know. It is disappointment. You are broken-hearted because the black diamonds cannot be handed over to you."

She did not speak, but if ever a woman's face betrayed hunger and passionate longing, hers did at that moment. All her beauty was gone. There was nothing but a livid mask with two burning eyes. A pitying look crossed Ravenal's face. He was not an unkindly man.

"Poor child," he said gently, "it's hard on you!" For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then, coming to a swift decision, rose and went over to a safe embedded in the wall, and almost unnoticeable by reason of a piece of Oriental embroidery pinned above it and a chair standing carelessly before it. Unlocking it, he brought to the table a small jewel-case.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I can't let you have it for good, because it's not earned yet. Twenty more rough stones are wanted from you before this is yours. That was the bargain. But, considering all the circumstances, I'll *lend* it to you for a while."

Before he had finished speaking she had seized the case from his hands and pressed it open. A magnificent pendant gleamed up at her with all the smoky, mysterious beauty of black diamonds.

"I know I can trust you with it, for I have trusted you with more than that. My life is in your hands, just as much as yours is in mine. So keep the thing, and finish paying for it when you can. If we're never able to get any more rough diamonds from the mine, you'll have to pay in money."

She hardly seemed to hear, so wrapped was she in the contemplation of her new

treasure, brooding and crooning over it like a mother with a child. He watched her for a moment, then rose and fetched the gray veil she had cast off on entering.

"Come now, my child; it is late, and you must be gone. Be careful. I know I need not remind you of the oath between us three."

"Silence—and suicide, if necessary," she murmured mechanically. She had taken the jewel from its case and was threading it on a chain round her throat. "Death rather than betray the other two."

"That's it," said the other, with cheerful firmness. "Now, good-night."

He lowered the lights and opened the door of the room. She passed into the dark passage, and he returned to the table and pressed a button which opened the front door. When he heard it softly close, he knew that she was out of the house and on her way home.

But her adventures were not yet over. Before she had gone very far she was aware of being followed. A mirror in a shop window reflected, afar off, the silhouette of the only other person besides herself in the now silent street—a tall man in a slouch hat. Apparently he had on shoes as light as her own, for his feet made no more noise than hers, though her fine ear detected the steady beat of them behind her. For the first time, she knew terror. Supposing it were a detective who had tracked her from Syke Ravenal's door, and was now waiting to arrest her as she entered her own home! She realized that her courage had lain in the knowledge of absolute security, for now, at the menace of discovery, her heart was paralyzed with fright and she could scarcely breathe. Instinct told her to run, but acquired self-control kept her from this madness, and, by a great effort, she continued walking quietly as before. Gradually her nerve returned. She determined, by feint, to discover whether the man were really following her or if his presence were due to accident. Having now arrived at the residential part of the town, where every house stood back from the road and was sheltered by a garden, she coolly opened a gate at random and walked boldly in. The man was still some way behind, and she had ample time to pass through the garden and reach the veranda before he drew near.

It was a house strange to her, and she had



DRAWN BY GEORGE GISH

"You are very late, my child," he said, in a gently benevolent tone. His voice was rich and sonorous. "It was not safe to come before." "Safe?" "His dark, hawklike face did not change, but there was a sound in his voice like the clank of broken iron. "They've caught Hlangeli," she said

not the faintest idea who lived there. All the windows and doors were closed and shuttered, but light showed through a fanlight over the hall door. The veranda, blinded by heavy green mats, contained the usual array of chairs, and she sank down on one, her heart beating like a drum, her ears strained to hear her pursuer pass. Instead, to her horror, she heard the gate briskly unlatched and footsteps on the path. Terrified by this unexpected move, and sure, now, that the end had come, she sprang to her feet and stood waiting like a straight, gray ghost for the man to enter the veranda. The light above the hall door fell full on him, and it is hard to say whether dismay or horror were strongest in her when she recognized Harlenden.

"Denis!" she stammered.

"Why are you here, Rosanne?" he asked quietly. "Do you need me?"

Astonishment kept her dumb for a moment, then, with a realization of the position, came anger.

"How dare you follow me?" she exclaimed, in a low, tense voice.

"I live in this house," was the equable answer.

"*You live here?*" she faltered, and sat down suddenly, trembling from head to foot.

"Yes; and I have just returned from the club."

"Then it was *not* you following me?"

At that she sprang up and threw herself into his arms in a frenzy of fear.

"Whowas it, then? Oh, Denis, Denis, save me; take me into your house—hide me!"

"Hush!" he said gently, and, keeping a supporting arm about her, guided her round the veranda, took a key out of his pocket, and let her and himself in by a side door. He closed and locked the door behind them, put her into a chair, then examined the window to make sure it was closed as well as shuttered. It was a man's sitting-room, full of the scent of leather and tobacco. Going to a spirit-stand on the table he poured out some brandy.

"Drink this," he said, in the same firm tone he had used all along, and mechanically she obeyed him.

"Where are we?" she murmured. "Whose house is this? I thought you lived at the club?"

"So I did until last week, when this house was lent me. Don't be afraid. The servants are all in bed, and there is no one

about. You are much safer here than roaming about the streets at one in the morning."

"Then you *were* following me?"

"Certainly I was following you. I saw you come out of Syke Ravenal's shop and I walked behind you, but only because your way and mine happened to be in the same direction."

She passed her hand over her eyes with a hopeless gesture. It seemed as though this endless day of terrors and surprises would never be done, and she was weary, weary. He sat regarding her with grave eyes. She looked like a little, tired, unhappy child, and his heart was sick with longing to gather her in his arms and comfort her and take her sorrows on himself. But he knew that there were things beyond his help here, unless she gave him her full confidence and cast her burdens into his hands.

"Rosanne," he said, at last, "I ask you to trust me."

She looked at him with wretched eyes and a mouth tipped at the corners as though she would weep if she could. In truth, the enchantment of this man's love and her love for him was on her again, and the poignant torment of it was almost too exquisite to bear. His voice stole through her senses like the music of an old dream. His lean, strong frame, the stone-gray eyes, and close-lipped mouth all spoke of that power in a man which means safety to the woman he loves. Safety! Only such a storm-petrel as Rosanne Ozanne, weary, with wings beaten and torn by winds whose fateful forces she herself did not understand, could realize the full allure of that word. She felt like a sailor drowning in a wild sea, within sight of the fair land he never would reach. That fair land of safety was not for her feet, that had wandered down such dark and shameful paths. But, oh, how the birds sang on that sweet shore! How cool were the green pastures! Small wonder that her face wore the tortured misery of a little child. Denis Harlenden's heart turned to water at the sight of it, and the blood thrummed in his veins with the ache to crush her to his breast and keep her there against the world and against herself, spite of all the unfathomed things in her which estranged him. But he was strong enough to refrain from even touching her hands. Only his voice he could not stay from its caresses.

"Is not love enough for you, Rosanne?"


She trembled under it like leaves in the wind and lifted her eyes to his. They looked long into each other's souls through those windows which can wear so many veils to hide the truth. But, in that moment, the veils were lifted, and both saw Truth in all her naked terror and beauty. What he saw scorched and repelled but did not daunt him; instead, a nobler love, chivalrous and pitiful, was born of the sight. And she saw that love, and knew it great enough to clothe her even if she came to him stripped of fair repute and the world's honors.

"Yes; it is enough," she said brokenly, and cast a thing she wore about her neck to the floor. Then, suddenly, she collapsed in her chair and fell into a fit of dry weeping. Long, bitter sobs shook her frame and seemed to tear their way out of her body. She was like a woman wrenched upon the rack. Harlenden could do nothing but stand and wait, his own face twisted with pain, until the storm was past. Gradually it died away, with longer and longer intervals between the shuddering sighs. At last, she uncovered her face, bleached and ravaged by the tearless storm, yet wearing a gentler beauty than ever it had known, and rose trembling to her feet.

"Take me home, Denis," she whispered. He wrapped

her veil about her and she felt the thrill of his hands upon her, but he did not kiss her. They had come closer to each other than any kiss could bring them. Just as they were passing from the room, she remembered something and stepped back.

"I must touch that vile thing again," she said, "because it does not belong to me and must go back to—where it came from." She



Then, suddenly, she collapsed in her chair and fell into a fit of dry weeping



stooped and picked the black, glittering object from the floor.

A spasm contracted Harlenden's face, but he asked no question. Silently they went from the house and into the dark streets. There was no moon. At her gate, he stooped and kissed her lips.

Mrs. Ozanne got up the morning of the following day with the urgent feeling on her of something to be done. It seemed as if there were some move to be made that would help her and her children in their unhappiness, only she didn't know what the move was. But she always remembered, afterward, with what feverish urgency she dressed, putting on walking-things instead of a wrapper, and stepping from her room into the bustling atmosphere of the house with a determined indifference to the tasks and interests that usually occupied her attention.

Rosalie was as surprised to see her mother dressed for going out as was the mother to find her daughter at the breakfast-table.

"Why, Rosalie, my darling, this is an unexpected joy!"

"Yes, mother; I thought I would make an effort."

It was the first time that the girl had been out of her room for over two weeks, and she looked frail as a snowdrop, and nearly as white.

"You can't have two daughters sick abed, you know," she added, with a wistful smile.

"Is Rosanne still—" Mrs. Ozanne often left questions and remarks about her other daughter unfinished.

The latter had spent the whole of the previous day in her room, seeming physically unable to leave her bed.

"Yes; I'm afraid she's really ill. She just lies there, not speaking or eating, and she looks—oh, mother, she looks so unhappy!"

"I begged her yesterday to see the doctor."

"She says no doctor can do her any good, and that we must just leave her alone. I fancy she's thinking out something that she's terribly worried about."

"There is something wrong," said the mother heavily. "Oh, Rosalie, if she were only like you, and would not hide her heart from those who love her!"

"We can't all be alike, mother darling! Rosanne has a stronger character for better or worse than I have. It is easy for me to throw my troubles on other people's shoulders, but she is capable of bearing in silence far greater sorrows, and of making far greater sacrifices."

"It is not a happy nature," sighed her mother. "I wonder if Kitty Drummund can do any good if I send for her."

"Better not, mother. She says she wants to see no one at present, and you know she was at Kitty's the night before last."

"I have asked her so often not to go out at night like that—even to Kitty's. I dare say she caught cold driving."

"Poor Rosanne! It is more than a cold she has!"

Sophia Ozanne looked at her little, fair daughter with tender eyes, remembering the heartless way Rosanne had spoken of her sister's grief only two nights before.

"How different you are, my Rosalie—forgetting your own sorrow to think of others!"

The girl's eyes filled with tears, but she did not shed them.

"I'm afraid it's only another form of selfishness, mummie dear. I want to be kind and loving to all the world, just so that God will be good to me and give Dick another chance."

"My poor, poor child!" The mother's arms were round her in a moment, ready for comfort, but Rosalie pushed her gently away, smiling with quivering lips.

"Don't pity me, mother. I'm determined to be brave, whatever comes. But tell me, where are *you* going, all prinked out in your walking-things?"

"I—I don't know yet, dear." Mrs. Ozanne looked startled and embarrassed. "I have various things to do."

"It's a frightful morning. Do you think you ought to go out?"

"I must," was the elder woman's firm answer, and she bustled away before there was time for further questioning. Not for anything did she mean to be deterred from the pressing desire in her to go out. Rosalie had been perfectly right about the weather. It was that arid time of year when the air swirls in gusts of hot wind laden with gritty blue sand from the debris-heaps, and the finer red dust of the streets.

Kimberley dust is notoriously the worst of its kind in a land plagued with dust. Buluwayo runs it pretty close, and Johannesburg, in the spring months, has special sand-devils of its own, but nothing in Africa has ever quite come up to Kimberley at its worst. This was not one of its worst, however; merely a day on which all who had wisdom sat at home within closed doors and sealed windows, awaiting a cessation of the penetrating abomination of filth.

Often, during the morning, Mrs. Ozanne found herself wondering what she was doing wandering about the town on such a day. Desultorily, and with an odd feeling that this was not what she should be about, she let herself be blown along the streets and in and out of shops, face bent down, eyes half closed, bumping blindly into people, her skirts swirling and flacking, her hat striving its utmost to escape and take the hair of her head with it. There were no necessary errands to do. The servants did the shopping, and she rarely went out except to drive in the afternoons. Vaguely she wondered why she had not used the carriage this morning.

Lunch-time came, but she could not bring herself to return home. It seemed to her that there was still something she must do, though she could not remember what.

In the end, she went into a clean, respectable little restaurant and lunched off a lamb chop and boiled potatoes, regardless of the excellent lunch that awaited her at home. Then, like a restless and unclean spirit, out she blew once more into the howling maelstrom of wind and dust.

She began to feel, at last, as if it were a nightmare, this necessity that urged her on, she knew not whither. Dimly, her eyes still blinded by dust, she was aware that she had left the main thoroughfares and was now in a poorer part of the town. With the gait of a sleep-walker, she continued on her way, until suddenly, a voice addressing her jerked her broad-awake.

"You come see me, missis?"

A woman had opened the door of a mean tin house and stood there waiting in the doorway, almost as if she had been expecting Sophia Ozanne. The latter stood stone-still, but her mind went racing back to a winter afternoon seventeen years before, when she had sat in her bedroom

with the little dying form of Rosanne upon her knees, and a voice speaking from the shadow of her bedroom had said, "Missis sell baby to me for a farthing; baby not die." The same voice addressed her now, and the same woman stood in the doorway of the mean house gazing at her with large, mournful eyes. It was Rachel Bangat, the Malay cook.

"You come see me die, missis?" she questioned, in her soft, languorous voice.

"Die! Are you sick, Rachel?" said Mrs. Ozanne.

"Yes, missis; Rachel very sick. Going die in three days."

Sophia Ozanne searched the dark, high-boned face with horror-stricken eyes, but could see no sign of death on it, or any great change after seventeen years, except a more unearthly mournfulness in the mysterious eyes.

But she had often heard it said that Malays possess a prophetic knowledge of the hour and place of their death, and she could well credit Rachel Bangat with this strange faculty.

"How my baby getting along, missis?"

Such yearning tenderness was in the question that Mrs. Ozanne, spite of a deep repugnance to discuss Rosanne with this woman, found herself answering,

"She is grown up now, Rachel."

"She very pretty?"

"Yes."

"And very rich?"

"We are well-off."

"But *she*? I give her two good gifts that make her rich all by herself. She no use them?"

"What gifts were those, Rachel?" The mother drew nearer and peered with haggard eyes at the Malay.

"I tell you, missis. Because I love my baby so much and want her be very rich and happy, I give her two good things—the *gift of bright stones* and the *gift of hate well*."

Sophia Ozanne drew nearer still, staring like a fascinated rabbit into the mournfully sinister dark eyes, while the soft voice rippled on.

"She no use those gifts I give her? I think so. I think she say, 'I hate that man,' and he die, sometimes quick, sometimes slow. Or she not hate too much, and he only get little sick. Or she wish him bad in his business, and he get bad. That not so?"

Sophia Ozanne thought of the black list she had kept for years of all the people whom Rosanne disliked and who had come to ill. In swift procession they passed through her mind, and Dick Gardner, with his anguished throat, walked at the end of the procession.

"Yes." Her dry lips ejected the word in spite of her wish to be silent.

"Ah!" said the Malay, softly satisfied. "And the bright stones? She not get all she want without buy?"

This time, Mrs. Ozanne did not answer; only her blanched face grew a shade whiter. The woman leaned forward and spoke to her earnestly, imploringly.

"You tell her get rich quick with the bright stones, before too late. Her power going soon. Rachel die in three days, and then gifts go away from Rachel's baby. No more power hate or get bright stones. Tell her quick, missis. I make you come here to-day so you can go back tell her. All night and all morning I stand here make you come to me. Now, go back quick, tell my baby. Three days! Eight o'clock on third night, Rachel die."

As strangely as she had appeared, the Malay withdrew into her wretched shanty and closed the door.

Sophia Ozanne never knew by what means and in what manner she reached her home that day, but at about five o'clock she came into the hall of Tiptree House, and was met by her daughter Rosalie with the news that Rosanne had got up from her bed and left the house, taking a portmanteau with her.

"And, oh, mother, I could see that she was in a high fever, her cheeks were so flushed and her eyes like fire! What shall we do?"

Her mother sat down and wiped great beads of moisture from her pallid face.

"I think we will pray, Rosalie," she said slowly. "Come to my room, and let us pray for your unhappy sister."

It was still broad afternoon when Rosanne walked openly into Syke Ravenal's shop, bag in hand. The benevolent-faced old man, occupied in cleaning the works of a watch, looked up with the bland, inquiring glance of a tradesman to a customer. But his face changed when he saw her eyes.

"You have news?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Take me to the inner room," she ordered curtly. Without demur, he led the way. The moment the door closed on them she flung the heavy leather bag onto the table.

"Take them," she cried wildly; "take them back! They are all there. Not one is missing."

"Hush, my child—hush!" he gently urged. But she would not be hushed.

"I hate you," she said passionately.

"I curse the day I entered this shop, an innocent girl, and was beguiled by you and your son and my mad passion for diamonds into becoming your tool and accomplice. Oh, how I hate you! I can never betray you because of my oath, but I curse you both, and I pray I may never see or hear of you again."

"That's all right, my child," he said soothingly. She threw him one glance of loathing and contempt and walked from the place.

Rosanne had taken to her bed again, and this time when they brought the doctor she was too ill to object, too ill to do anything but lie staring in a sort of mental and physical coma at the ceiling above her.

"Let her be," said the old-fashioned family doctor, who had known her from babyhood. "She has a splendid constitution and will pull through. But let her have no worries of any kind."

So they left her alone, except in the matter of ministering occasional nourishment, which she took with the mechanical obedience of a child.

For two days Rosanne lay there, silent and strange. The third day her sickness took an acute form. She tossed and moaned and called out in her pain, her face twisted with torture. Her mind appeared to remain clear.

"Mother, I believe I am dying," she said, after one such spell, during the afternoon. "I feel as if something is tearing itself loose from my very being. Does it hurt like this when the soul is trying to escape from the body?"

"I have sent for the doctor again, darling."

"It is nothing he can cure. It is *here*, and *here* that I suffer." She touched her head and her heart. "But, oh, my body, too, is tortured!"

She lay still a little while, moaning softly



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

He took her hand and held it safe, while, with all the strength in him, he willed peace and calmness into her troubled mind. "Denis, I think I am going to die." "Dearest, I know you are going to live—for me"

to herself while her mother stood by, sick with distress; then she said:

"Send for Denis Harlenden, mother. I must see him before I die."

Mrs. Ozanne asked no question. Her woman's instinct told her much that Rosanne had left unsaid. Within half an hour, Harlenden was being shown into the drawing-room, where she awaited him. He came in with no sign upon his face of the anxiety in his heart. This was the fourth day since he had seen Rosanne, and she had sent him no word.

"Sir Denis, my daughter is very ill. I don't know why she should be calling out for you—" She faltered. Marks of the last few days' anxiety were writ large upon her, but she was not wanting in a certain patient dignity.

Harlenden strode over and took her hands in his as he would have taken the hands of his own mother.

"It is because we love each other," he said gently, "and because, as soon as she will let me, I am going to marry her."

A ray of thankfulness shone across her features.

"Marriage! I don't know, Sir Denis; but, if you love her I can tell you something that will help you to understand her better, and perhaps you can help her."

Briefly, and in broken words, she related to him the strange incident of Rosanne's babyhood, its seeming effect upon her character, and the Malay's extraordinary words of two days before. She did not disguise from him that she believed Rosanne guilty, whether consciously or unconsciously, of many dark things, but she pleaded for her child the certainty that she had been in the clutches of forces stronger than herself.

"About the diamonds," she finished, at last, "I know nothing, and I am afraid to think. Did you read of that awful case of suicide in yesterday's paper—that man, Syke Ravenal, who has been robbing De Beers? I am tormented with the thought that she may have known something of him—yet how could she?"

"You must put such a thought out of your mind forever and never mention it to a soul," said Harlenden firmly. "That man committed suicide because his only son had been killed by accident in Amsterdam. He left a vast fortune and a number of jewels which had been taken from their

settings to De Beers, by way of conscience-money for several thousand pounds' worth of diamonds in the rough which he had stolen from them. There is absolutely no evidence to connect any other person with his crime, except a letter asking the company to deal lightly with a native boy called Hlangeli, who had been a tool of his."

"Then you think it could have nothing possibly to do with my poor child?"

"Certainly not," said Denis Harlenden, without flinching.

"Not that I think that she would have done it in her right senses, but, oh, Sir Denis, she has been under a spell all her life, an evil spell, which, please God, will be broken when that woman dies! You do not think me mad, I hope?"

"I do not," he answered gravely. "I am as sure of what you say as you yourself. What you do not know, Mrs. Ozanne, is that love has already broken that spell. Rosanne is already free from it."

She looked at him questioningly, longingly.

"I cannot tell you more," he said gently. "But, believe me, it is true. May I go to her now?"

The mother led the way. Rosanne, who had just passed through another terrible crisis of anguish, lay on her bed, still and white as a lily. A crimson-silk wrapper swathed about her shoulders, and the clouds of night-black hair, flung in a tangled mass above her pillows, threw into violent contrast the deadly pallor of her face. Her eyes, dark and wide with suffering, looked unseeingly at Harlenden at first, but gradually a ray of recognition dawned in them and she put out her hand with a faint cry.

"Denis!"

He took her hand and held it safe, while, with all the strength in him, he willed peace and calmness into her troubled mind.

"Denis, I think I am going to die."

"Dearest, I know you are going to live—for me."

"No, no; I am not worthy of life—or of you. I have been too wicked!"

"I want you to rest now," he said.

"I cannot rest till I have told you everything. I wanted to tell you the other night, you know, but I was too exhausted. Denis, I am a criminal—a thief! I have stolen diamonds under cover of the friendship of another woman. I have received



them from another thief in the mines, and taken them to a man, whose son, a merchant in Amsterdam, sent me my share of the robbery in cut stones set as jewels. The rough stolen stones meant nothing to me, but the finished ones dazzled and maddened me. I cannot describe to you what they did to my senses, but I was mad at the sight and touch of them. They had power to benumb every decent feeling in me. For them, I forgot duty. My poor mother, how she has suffered! I betrayed friendship; I debased love! Yes, Denis, I debased our love! I meant just to take the joy of it for a little while, then cast it away when it came to choosing between you and the stones."

"But you did not."

"No, thank God, I could not! It was stronger than my base passion, stronger than myself. Oh, Denis, I thank you for your love! It has saved me from a hell in life, and a hell hereafter, for I think God will not further punish one so deeply repentant as I."

"You are not going to die, Rosanne," he repeated firmly.

"Do you think I would live and let you link your clean, upright life with my dark one?" she said sadly. "You do not even know all the darkness of it yet. Listen: I found I had a power through which I could hurt others by just wishing them ill—and I used it freely. Ah, I have hurt many people! It tortures me to think of how many. I have been lying here for two days and nights trying to undo all the harm I have done, Denis—*willing* against the evil I have wished for, *praying* for happiness to be given back to every one of them." Her voice grew faint and far-off. "I have even tried to undo the harm I wished would come to the two people who tempted me into stealing, Denis. But, somehow, I feel that it is too late for them. That *something* in here—she touched her heart—"which hurts me so much, tells me I cannot help those two wretched ones."

Her voice broke off; she was shaken like a reed with a terrible spasm of suffering. It was as though she were in the clutches of some brutal giant.

"Denis," she cried faintly, "I feel I am being rent asunder! Part of me is being torn away. Surely, even death cannot be so terrible!"

A clock on the table struck eight. Instantly she raised herself in bed, fell back again, gave a deep sigh, and lay still.

A few hours later, she woke with a gentle flush in her cheeks and a wonderful harmony in all her features. Her first glance fell upon her mother leaning over the foot of the bed, and she gave a happy smile.

"Oh, mother, I have had such a lovely dream! I dreamed Dick was well and coming back soon to Rosalie."

"And so he is, my darling. She has had a wire to say that Doctor Raymond has discovered that the throat trouble is not malignant but quite curable. He will be well in a few weeks."

"Then it *may* come true, my dream," she said softly and shyly. "My dream that she and I were being married on the same day, she to Dick, and I to—oh, Denis, how strange that you should be here when I was dreaming of you! What brought you here? Have you come to tell mother that we love each other?"

They began to realize dimly then, as they realized fully later on, that, by a merciful gift of Providence, her mind was a blank concerning all the dark things of the past.

Memory of them had died with the dying of the Malay woman at eight o'clock on a summer evening, and no shadow of them ever came back to dim the harmony of her life with Denis Harlenden.

She is one of the happiest as well as one of the loveliest women in London to-day. Wrapped up in her home life and children, she still finds time to be seen about everywhere with her husband, and they are looked upon as one of the few ideally happy couples in society.

And it has often been remarked, as a curious fact, that she never wears jewels of any kind, save a large emerald ring, and some exquisite pearls.

She does not  
want to be  
a "person-  
ality" star

## A Star Who Wants



"I DON'T believe it," announced Jerome Patrick, when he was introduced to Miss Frances Starr for the first time, at the Belasco Theater, in New York. "I don't, truly." Jerome had just been engaged as Miss Starr's leading man in her newest play, "Marie-Odile," he to play the Prussian soldier-lover opposite her quaint little novice in an Alsatian convent, the most appealing rôle she has had in some time.

"You don't believe what?" queried Miss Starr.

"I don't believe you were the lady Iago of 'The Secret,' or the pale-gray siren of 'The Easiest Way.'"

"But I was." She smiled encouragingly.

"Also the deceitful young person in 'The Case of Becky.' And thank you for the compliment!" (The curtain is here lowered to indicate a lapse of time. Enter, then, a writing person, who listens to the above story and speaks as follows:)

"Mr. Patrick's mistake is quite understandable. But why?"

"To which I reply, as I did to Mr. Patrick. Why what?"

"Why did you elect to be the lady Iago and the careless siren—not to mention the dual-natured Becky? None of them is at all like you, really."

"Which is the very reason I played them. You see, it would have been perfectly easy—or, at least, Mr. Belasco thought it would be easy—for me to

The novice and the Prussian soldiers.  
"Marie-Odile," Act II

## to be Different

become a 'personality' star. Which would have meant that I would have been compelled to go on all the rest of my professional life doing the same things over and over again.

"I wanted to play parts with enough character back of them to differentiate them from the mass. So I deliberately put aside whatever financial advantage might have followed a smile, a good set of teeth, and a cultivated cuteness, and sought for different types of women to play."

"And you are glad?"

"Very glad. Now I feel that so much

Always seeking a different type to portray



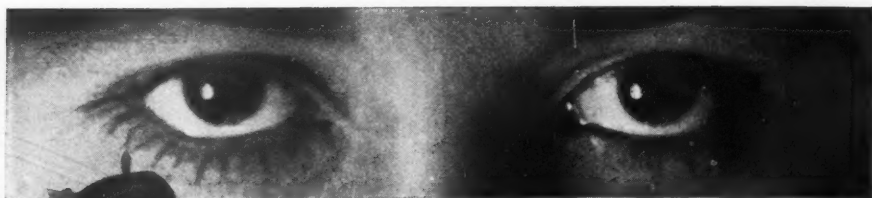
Marie-Odile, the most appealing rôle Miss Starr has had in some time

of a following as Frances Starr has acquired has been attracted by the actress and not by the woman. That is a great satisfaction."

It was the desire to educate herself musically that led Frances Starr to become an actress. And it was her success as an actress that put all thought of a possible career in music out of her head. Came, finally, "The Rose of the Rancho" and stardom, with both its rewards and

its responsibilities.

Miss Starr believes that an actress must live more normally than other folk, because she must be always at her best, and she has found that excuses are not readily accepted by those who watch her play.



## Eyes without Fear



When Mary Fuller smiles, her eyes start laughter-waves that beat pleasantly upon your consciousness

MARY FULLER'S entrance was characteristic. She walked smartly into the parlor of her hotel, extended her hand in greeting, and said:

"Awfully glad you could come this evening. We are working outside to-morrow on a Salem picture, and I'm to be burned as a witch!"

Then she smiled, and a great light broke through the gloom. For, when Mary smiles, her eyes start laughter-waves that beat pleasantly upon your consciousness.

Yet it is her fearlessness quite as much as her unusual beauty that has made her a favorite

of favorites with the

"movie" men and the "movie fans." They

have yet to ask her to do one thing at which she has so much as hesitated.

"I guess I was just born that way," she explains. "In this Salem picture, for instance, I have begged them please to light a real fire and let me see just how long I can stand it."

Of course, if Mary herself will insist on taking such chances, what are we to do? But they had better be careful, or they will have to account to us personally and to a million other fellows. Fuller

"fans," let them understand, are also full of fight.





lish-speaking countries. So should I not be a British citizen, too? I do not want the war. I have a great pity for everybody in it."

Sitting opposite Miss Emmy in her dressing-room, and taking notice of the seriousness of her expression, one is tempted to reply:

"Yes, dear lady. But why England? Why not be an American citizen?"

Miss Wehlen arrives from England to entertain us in "To-Night's the Night"

## *The Sentiments of Emmy*

EMMY WEHLEN has a question to ask you: Why, she would like to inquire, in a country made up of foreign-born citizens and the children of foreign-born ancestors, why should she be stared at curiously when she reports, with the merest trace of a German accent, that she is a naturalized British subject, born in Vienna?

Was it not, Miss Wehlen, insists ever so seriously, the very thing she should have done under the circumstances? You see when the war came—but, sh! Emmy is talking:

"I was born in Vienna—yes. But not since I was four years old have I lived there. My home is in England. I have my own house in London. My friends—my people—are all English people. I never expect to work again in any but Eng-





# Patricia Tells Her Story

She loves to play romping rôles in comedy

PATRICIA is just six years from Dublin. You would know she was Irish at once if she told you her full name—Patricia Eileen Collinge—"with the 'g' soft as in 'hinge,' if you please"—or if you caught the shade of a brogue that lingers back in her throat as

though it were timid about coming out.

"And what brought us across seas?

©  
IRA L. MILLER  
STUDIO

Miss Collinge came from Dublin six years ago

A mother and a father?" Our tone was quite paternal.

"Or

"With a mother, our mother, friend."

where did we acquire which we had set

"In New York, good sir, in an awful play called 'The Queen of the Moulin Rouge,' in which there was a tiny part of a little cockney maid. The cockney dialect came easily to me. Lucky, wasn't I?"

"To know the cockney?"

"Yes; and to get a position soon. For, of course, that led to everything else. Especially to the fine chance I had as Youth. Do you remember Youth in 'Everywoman?' I loved Youth."

"More than any other part you have ever played or hope to play?"

"You might say," she suggested demurely, "it was the Mauritania."

"And when did we decide to go upon the stage?"

"We decided that, good sir, when we were a very small person at home."

"With the full consent of our lawful guardians?" the sympathetic good my

"And to accomplish that our heart?"



"Oh, no, no! I hope, some day, to play the fairy child in Mr. Yeats' 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' That is my real ambition. Then I love comedy, too—romping comedy, like this part I have in 'The Show Shop.' I also enjoyed playing Agnes in 'The New Henrietta,' and the heroine in 'He Comes Up Smiling,' with Mr. Fairbanks."

"And what are we doing with our spare time?"

"We're trying ever so hard to learn to skate, good sir."

"On rollers?"

"No, indeed! On ice-skates. And the slipperiest, most perverse ice-skates you ever saw. Really, if you knew——"

We knew enough to surmise from the pantomime that the ice was thoroughly frozen.

She is a bright, happy little actress, is Patricia Collinge, and a credit

© IRA L. BELL'S STUDIO



Patricia is a bright, happy little actress

to the Irish ancestry of which she is so proud. She has the youth and enthusiasm and ambition that make all work seem play to her, and all play a pleasant sort of work, helpful to her career.

"I think it is all fine for me," says this

In "The Show Shop"

optimist. She even loves rehearsals, because they keep her performance and her spirits up to concert pitch.





DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"He is a good comrade. No man can say more than that, Miss Greensleeve"

# Athalie

THE ROMANCE OF A GIRL WITH A STRANGE POWER

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

**SYNOPSIS**—Athalie is the youngest of the four children of Peter Greensleeve, an impractical man who had failed as a school-teacher, failed as a farmer, and has finally been reduced to keeping a road-house on the south shore of Long Island. As a child, she is recognized by her family and companions as being "different," and her strangeness is due to the fact that she is possessed of very pronounced clairvoyant power. When she is about twelve, her mother dies, and her broken father survives his wife but a few months. On the day of his sudden death, just before Christmas, there is staying at the Hotel Greensleeve a party of duck-hunters, among whom is a boy, Clive Bailey, Junior, the son of a wealthy and socially prominent New York family. Clive evinces a tender interest in Athalie, and is most sympathetic over her loss. When leaving, he fastens a strap-watch upon her wrist and says that he will return the following summer. But he does not come.

Several years later, they meet accidentally in New York. Athalie is now a stenographer in a department store, and Clive is at Harvard. The girl is still wearing the old wrist-watch. Clive promises a new one and says that he will go to see her. He does not do this, but sends the watch and an apologetic letter at Christmas. Both are returned through the dead-letter office. Four years pass. The Greensleeve sisters are living in a cheap apartment. Doris is a chorus girl and Catharine is employed in a millinery and dressmaking establishment. Athalie, very pretty and attractive, has managed, by careful self-culture, to place herself upon a plane of refinement far above that of her sisters. One evening, while alone, she is astounded at the appearance of young Bailey. He has found her among the tenants of his father's real-estate company, and has come with a beautiful wrist-watch. This visit lays the foundation of a very sincere and perfectly innocent friendship between the two young people, which, in spite of parental opposition, Clive refuses to renounce.

He furnishes an apartment very charmingly and insists that Athalie and her sisters live in it, rent free. To this arrangement the girl consents after an inward struggle, for she realizes how hard it will be to make Doris and Catharine believe that Clive has done this solely for her comfort and the pleasure it gives him. Before long, the young man finds his bank-account overdrawn, and the frankness and cynicism of his father in discussing this misfortune chills, for a time, his desire to see Athalie. So he begins to circulate once more in the social world of his family, and, to the great satisfaction of his mother, seems to take a sentimental interest in a girl named Winifred Stuart. Athalie meets other men, of whom she keeps Clive informed through correspondence. One of these, Captain Dane, an explorer, shows her marked attention, and Clive meets her with him in a restaurant after a theater-party his mother has given in honor of Miss Stuart. Then the longing for Athalie's company returns to him, and he goes to see her that very night. While he is with her, Athalie has a clairvoyant vision of Clive's father, and sends the young man home in haste. The elder Bailey is dead. Clive and his mother go abroad immediately, where they are joined by Miss Stuart and her mother.

Misfortunes now crowd upon the Greensleeve sisters. Athalie declines an offer of marriage from her employer, who, shortly after, dies suddenly; the attitude of his partner causes her to give up her position and she cannot find a new one. Her sisters are also out of work and fall in a vaudeville venture. Athalie's sole comfort is Hafiz, an Angora cat that Clive had given her. She refuses the hand of Captain Dane, and then reads of Clive's engagement to Miss Stuart. She gives up the apartment at once and takes the top floor of a shabby lodging-house, which she gets very cheaply because the former occupant, a trance medium, had been murdered in it. All the medium's paraphernalia are still there. On the appeal of one of the latter's clients, Athalie tries crystal-gazing, and is singularly successful both in recalling the past and revealing the future. Soon she becomes famous, earns a good income, and is regarded as a positive wonder by all who are interested in psychic phenomena. Her beauty and refined bearing give her an *entrée* into more select social circles than she has hitherto known, and she is the center of a group of some more or less interesting people. Meanwhile, Clive marries Miss Stuart. His mother dies. He and his uncongenial wife soon separate. She remains in England. He wanders over the face of the earth, the prey of self-reproach for his weakness in giving up Athalie, and, after three years, in South America, meets Dane, who is seeking a lost ancient city in the jungle, guided by Athalie's clairvoyant location of it. Clive joins the expedition

**T**HERE was a slight fragrance of tobacco in the room, mingling with the fresh, springlike scent of lilacs—great pale clusters of them decorated mantel and table and the desk where Athalie sat writing to Captain Dane in the semi-dusk of a May evening.

Here and there, dim figures loomed in the big square room; the graceful shape of a young girl at the piano detached itself from the gloom; a man or two dawdled by the window, vaguely silhouetted against the lilac-tinted sky. Athalie wrote on.

I had not supposed you had landed until Cecil Reeve told me this evening. If you are not too tired

to come, please do so. Do you realize that you have been away over a year? Do you realize that I am now twenty-four years old and that I am growing older every minute? You had better hasten, then, because very soon I shall be too old to believe your magic fairy-tales of field and flood, and all your wonder-lore of travel in those distant golden lands I dream of.

Who was your white companion? Cecil tells me that you said you had one. Bring him with you this evening; you'll need corroboration, I fear. And most I desire to know if you are well, and next I wish to hear whether you did really find the lost city of Yhdunez.

A maid came to take the note to Dane's hotel, the Great Eastern, and Cecil Reeve looked up and laid aside his cigarette.

"Come on, Athalie," he said; "tell

Peg to turn on one of those Peruvian dances."

Peggy Brooks, at the piano, struck a soft, sensuous chord or two, but Francis Hargrave would not have it, and he pulled out the proper phonographic record and cranked the machine while Cecil rolled up the Beluch rugs.

The somewhat muffled air that exuded from the machine was the lovely miraflores, gay, lively, languorous, sad, by turns—and much danced at the moment in New York.

A new spring moor. looked into the room, where, like elegant and graceful phantoms, the dancers moved, swayed, glided, swung back again with sinuous grace into the suavely delicate courtship of the dance. The slender feet and swaying figure of Athalie seemed presently to bewitch the other couple, for they drew aside and stood together, watching that exquisite incarnation of youth itself, gliding, bending, floating in the lilac-scented, lilac-tinted dusk under the young moon.

The machine ran down in the course of time, and Hargrave went over to rewind it; but Peggy Brooks waved him aside and seated herself at the piano, saying she had enough of Hargrave.

She was still playing the quaint, sweet dance called "The Orchid," and Hargrave was leaning on the piano beside her, watching Cecil and Athalie drifting through the dusk to the music's rhythm, when the door opened and somebody came in.

Athalie, in Cecil's arms, turned her head, looking back over her shoulder. Dane loomed tall in the twilight.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I am so glad!"

She slipped out of Cecil's arms and wheeled on Dane, both hands outstretched. The others came up also, with quick, gay greetings, and, after a moment or two of general and animated chatter, Athalie drew Dane into a corner and made room for him beside her on the sofa. . . Peggy had turned on the music-machine again and, snubbing Hargrave, was already beginning the miraflores with Cecil Reeve. Athalie said:

"Are you well? That's the first question."

He said he was well.

"And did you find your lost city?"

He said quietly,

"We found Yhdunez."

"We?"

"I and my white companion."

"Why didn't you bring him with you this evening?" she asked. "Did you tell him that I invited him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, couldn't he come?" And, as he made no answer, "Couldn't he?" she repeated. "Who is he, anyway?"

"Clive Bailey."

She sat motionless, looking at him, the question still parting her lips. Dully in her ears the music sounded. The pallor which had stricken her face faded, grew again, then waned in the faint return of color.

Dane, who was looking away from her rather fixedly, spoke first, still not looking at her.

"Yes," he said, in even, agreeable tones; "Clive was my white companion. I gave him your note to read. He did not seem to think that he ought to come."

"Why?" Her lips scarcely formed the word.

"As long as you were not aware of whom you were inviting. There had been some misunderstanding between you and him—or so I gathered from his attitude."

A few moments more of silence; then she was fairly prepared.

"Is he well?" she asked coolly.

"Yes. He had one of those nameless fevers down there. He's coming out of it all right."

"Is he—his appearance—changed?"

"He's changed a lot, judging from the photographs he showed me taken three or four years ago. He's changed in other ways, too, I fancy."

"How?"

"Oh, I only surmise it! One hears about people—and their characteristics. Clive is a good deal of a man. I never had a better companion. There were hardships—tight corners—we had a bad time of it for a while, along the Andes. And the natives are treacherous—every one of them. He is a good comrade. No man can say more than that, Miss Greensleeve. That includes about everything I ever heard of—when a man proves to be a good comrade. And there is no place on earth where a man can be so thoroughly tried out as in that sunless wilderness."

"Is he stopping at the Great Eastern?"

"Yes. I believe he's going back on Saturday."

She looked up sharply.



"Back? Where?"

"Oh, not to Peru! Only to England," said Dane, forcing a laugh.

After a moment she said:

"And he wouldn't come. It is only three blocks, isn't it?"

"It wasn't the distance, of course."

"No; I remember. He thought I might not have cared to see him."

"That was it."

Another silence; then, in a lower voice, which sounded a little hard,

"His wife is living in England, I suppose."

"She is living—I don't know where."

"Have they—children?"

"I believe not."

She remained silent for a while, then, coolly enough,

"I suppose he is sailing on Saturday to see his wife."

"I think not," said Dane gravely.

"You say he is sailing for England."

"Yes; but I imagine it's because he has nowhere else to go."

"Why doesn't he stay here?"

"I don't know."

"He is American. His friends live here. Why doesn't he remain here?"

Dane shook his head.

"He's a restless man, Miss Greensleeve. That kind of man can't stay anywhere. He's got to go on—somewhere."

"I see."

There came a pause; then they talked of other things for a while, until other people began to drop in—Arthur Ensart, Anne Randolph, and young Welter—"Helter Skelter" Welter, always, metaphorically speaking—redolent of saddle-leather and reeking of sport. His theme happened to be his own wonderful trap-record, that evening; and the fat, good-humored, ardent young man prattled on about "unknown angles" and "incomers," until Dane, who had been hunting jaguars and cannibals along the unknown Andes, concealed his yawns with difficulty.

Ensart insisted on turning on the lights and starting the machine; and presently Anne Randolph and Peggy were dancing the miraflores with Cecil and Ensart.

Welter had cornered Hargrave and Dane and was telling them all about it, and Athalie went slowly through the passageway and into her own bedroom, where she stood quite motionless for a while, looking at the

floor. Hafiz, dozing on the bed, awoke, gazed at his mistress gravely, yawned, and went to sleep again. Presently she dropped into a chair by her little ivory-tinted Louis XVI desk. There was a telephone there and a telephone directory.

When she had decided to open the latter and had found the number she wanted, she unhooked the receiver and called for it.

After a few minutes somebody said that he was not in his room, but that he was being paged. She waited, dully attentive to the far noises which sounded over the wire; then came a voice.

"Yes; who is it?"

She said,

"I wish to speak to Mr. Bailey—Mr. Clive Bailey."

"I am Mr. Bailey."

For a moment, the fact that she had not recognized his voice seemed to strike her speechless. And it was only when he spoke again, inquiringly, that she said, in a low voice,

"Clive!"

"Yes—is it you?"

"Yes."

And in the next heavily pulsating moment her breath came back with her self-control.

"Why didn't you come, Clive?"

"I didn't imagine you wanted me."

"I asked Captain Dane to invite you."

"Did you know who you were inviting?"

"No; but I do now. Will you come?"

"Yes. When?"

"When you like. Come now, if you like—unless you are engaged—"

"No."

"What were you doing when I called you?"

"Nothing—walking about the lobby."

"Did you find it interesting?"

She heard him laugh—such a curious, strange, shaken laugh. She said:

"I shall be very glad to see you, Clive."

There are some of your friends here, too, who will be glad to see you."

"Then I'll wait until—"

"No; I had rather meet you for the first time when others are here—if you don't mind. Do you?"

"No," he said coolly; "I'll come."

"Now?"

"Yes; immediately."

Her heart was going at a terrific pace when she hung up the receiver. She went

to her mirror, turned on the side lights and looked at herself. From the front room came the sound of the dance-music, a ripple or two of laughter, and Welter's eager voice singing still of arms and the man.

Long she stood there, motionless, studying herself, so that, when the moment came that was coming now so swiftly upon her, she might know what she appeared like in his eyes.

All, so far, was sheer, fresh youth with her; her eyes had not lost their dewy beauty; the splendor of her hair remained unchanged. There were no lines, nothing lost, nothing hardened in contour. Clear and smooth her snowy chin; perfect, so far, the lovely throat; nothing of blemish was visible, no souvenirs of grief, of pain.

And, as she looked, and all the time she was looking, she felt subtly that the ordered routine of her thoughts was changing, that a transformation was beginning somewhere deep within her—a new character emerging—a personality unfamiliar, disturbing, as though not entirely to be depended on.

And, in the mirror, she saw her lips, scarcely parted, more vivid than she had ever seen them, and her eyes two wells of azure splendor; saw the smooth, young bosom rise and fall; felt her heart, rapid, imperious, beating the "colors" into her cheeks.

Suddenly, as she stood there, she heard him come in, heard the astonished and joyous exclamations—Cecil's bantering, cynical voice, Welter's loud welcome. She pressed both hands to her hot cheeks, stared at herself a moment, then turned and walked in a leisurely manner toward the living-room.

In her heart a voice was crying, crying: "Let the world see so that there may be no mistake! This man who was friendless is my friend. Let there be no mistake that he is more or less than that!" But she only said, with a quick smile, and offering her hand:

"I am so glad to see you, Clive. I am so glad you came." And stood, still smiling, looking into the lean, sun-tanned face, under the concentrated eyes of her friends.

For a second it was difficult for him to speak; but only she saw the slight quiver of the mouth.

"You are—quite the same," he said, "no more beautiful, no less. Time is not the essence of your contract with Venus."

"Oh, Clive! And I am twenty-four! Tell me—are you a trifle gray—just above the temples—or is it the light?"

"He's gray," said Cecil; "don't flatter him, Athalie. And O Lord, what a thinness!"

Peggy Brooks, professionally curious, said naively:

"Are you still rather full of bacilli, Mr. Bailey? And would you mind if I took a drop of blood from you some day?"

"Not at all," said Clive, laughing away the strain that still fettered his speech a little. "You may have quarts, if you like, Doctor Brooks."

"How was the shooting?" inquired Welter, bustling up like a judge at a bench show when the awards are applauded.

"Oh—there was shooting—of course," said Clive, with an involuntary and half-humorous glance at Captain Dane.

"Good nigger hunting," nodded Dane. "Unknown angles, Welter. You ought to run down there."

"Any incomparable Indian maidens wearing nothing but ornaments of gold?" inquired Cecil.

"That is partly true," said Clive, laughing.

"If you put a period after 'nothing,' I suppose," suggested Peggy.

"About that."

He turned to Athalie; but her silent, smiling gaze confused him so that he forgot what he had meant to say, and stood without a word amid the chatter that rose and ebbed about him.

Anne Randolph and Arthur Ensart had joined hands, their restless feet sketching the first steps of the miraflores; and presently somebody cranked the machine.

"Come on!" said Peggy imperiously to Dane. "You've been too long in the jungle dancing with Indian maidens."

Other people dropped in—Adèle Millis, young Grismer, John Lyndhurst, Jeanne Delauny. When Clive saw Rosalie Faithorn saunter in with James Allys, he stared; but that young seceder from his own set greeted him without embarrassment and lighted a cigarette.

"Where 's Winifred?" she asked nonchalantly. "Still on the outs? Yes? Why not shuffle and draw again? Winifred was always a pig."

Clive flushed at the girl's frankness, although he could have expected nothing



DANE AT PAIN CELL.

His theme happened to be his own wonderful trap-record, and Dane, who had been hunting jaguars and cannibals along the unknown Andes, concealed his yawns with difficulty

less from her. Rosalie continued to smoke and to inspect him critically.

"You're a bit seedy and a bit weedy, Clive; but you'll come around with feeding. You're really all right. I'd have you myself, if I were marrying young men these days."

"That's nice of you, Rosalie. But I'm full of rare bacilli."

"The rarer the better—if you must have them. Give me the unusual, whether it's a disease or a gown. I believe I will take you, Clive—if you are not expected to live long."

"That's the trouble. Nothing seems to be able to get me."

Dane said, as he passed with Peggy:

"He's immune, Miss Faithorn. The prettiest woman I ever saw, he sidestepped in Lima. And, even then, every man wanted to shoot him up because she made eyes at him."

"I think I'll go there," said Cecil. "Her name and quality if you please, Dane."

"Ask Clive," he called back.

Athalie, still smiling, said,

"Shall I ask you, Clive?"

"Don't ask that South American adventurer anything," interrupted Cecil, "but come and dance this miraflores with me, Athalie."

"No; I don't wish to."

"Come on; you must!"

"Oh, Cecil—please—"

But he had his way; and, as usual, everybody watched her while the charming music lasted—Clive among the others, standing a little apart, lean, erect, his dark gaze fixed.

She came back to him after the dance, delicately flushed and a trifle breathless.

"Do you dance that in England?" she asked.

"It's danced—not at court functions, I believe."

"You never did care to dance, did you?"

"No"—he shrugged—"I used to mess about some."

"What do you do to amuse yourself in these days?"

"Nothing—much."

"You must do *something*, Clive!"

"Oh, yes; I travel—go about."

"Is that all?"

"That's about all."

She had stepped aside to let the dancers pass; he moved with her.

She said in a low, even voice,

"Is it pleasant to be back, Clive?"

He nodded in silence.

"Nothing has changed very much since you went away. There's a new administration at the city hall, a number of new sky-scrapers in town; people danced the tango day before yesterday, the maxixe yesterday, the miraflores to-day, the orchid to-morrow. That's about all, Clive."

And, as he merely acquiesced in silence, she glanced up sideways at him, and remained watching this new, sun-browned, lean-visaged version of the boy she had first known, and the boyish man who had gone out of her life four years before.

"Would you like to see Hafiz?" she asked.

He turned quickly toward her.

"Yes," he said, the ghost of a smile lining the corners of his eyes.

"He's on my bed asleep. Will you come?"

Slipping along the edges of the dancing-floor and stepping daintily over the rolled rugs, she led the way through the passage to her rose-and-ivory bedroom, Clive following.

Hafiz opened his eyes and looked across at them from the pillow, stood up, his back rounding into a furry arch, yawned, stretched first one hind leg and then the other, and finally stood flexing his fore paws and uttering soft little mews of recognition and greeting.

"I wonder," she said smilingly, "if you have any idea how much Hafiz has meant to me?"

He made no reply; but his face grew somber and he laid a lean, muscular hand on the cat's head.

Neither spoke again for a little while. Finally, his hand fell from the appreciative head of Hafiz, dropping inert by his side, and he stood looking at the floor. Then there was the slightest touch on his arm and he turned to go; but she did not move, and they confronted each other, alone and after many years. Suddenly she stretched out both hands, looking him full in the eyes, her own brilliant with tears.

"I've got you back, haven't I?" she said unsteadily. But he could not speak, and stood savagely controlling his quivering lip with his teeth.

"I just want you as I had you, Clive—my first boy friend—who turned aside from the bright highway of life to speak to a ragged child. I have had the boy; I have

had the youth; I want the man, Clive—honestly, in perfect innocence. Would you care what might be said of us—as long as we know our friendship is blameless? I am not taking you from *her*, am I? I am not taking anything away from her, am I? I have not always played squarely with men. I don't think it is possible. They have hoped for—various eventualities. I have not encouraged them; I have merely let them hope—which is not square. But I wish always to play square with women. Unless a woman does, nobody will. And that is why I ask you, Clive—am I robbing her—if you come back to me—as you were—nothing more—nothing less, Clive, but just exactly as you were?”

It was impossible for him to control his voice or his words or even his thoughts just yet. He stood with his lean head turned partly from her, motionless as a rock in the desperate grip of self-mastery, crushing the slender hands that alternately yielded and clasped his own.

“Oh, Clive,” she said, “Clive! You don't know—you never can know what loneliness means to such a woman as I am. I thought once—many times—that I could never again speak to you—that I never again could care to hear about you. But I was wrong, pitifully wrong. It was not jealousy of her, Clive; you know that, don't you? There had never been any question of such sentiment between you and me—excepting once—one night—that last night when you said good-by—and you were very much overwrought. So it was not jealousy. It was loneliness. I wanted you, even if you had fallen in love. That sort of love had nothing to do with us. There was nothing in it that ought to have come between you and me? Besides, if such an ephemeral thought ever drifted through my idle mind, I knew, on reflection, that you and I could never be destined to marry, even if such sentiment ever inclined us. I knew it and accepted it without troubling to analyze the reasons. I had no desire to invade your world—less desire now that I have penetrated it professionally and know a little about it. It was not jealousy, Clive.”

He swung around, bent swiftly, and pressed his lips to her hands. And she abandoned them to him, with all her heart and soul, in an overwhelming passion of purest emotion.

“I couldn't stand it, Clive,” she said, “when I heard you were at your hotel alone. And all the unhappiness I had heard of—your married life—I—I couldn't stand it; I couldn't let you remain there all alone! And when you came here to-night, and I saw in your face how these four years had altered you—how it had been with you—I wanted you back—to let you know I am sorry—to let you know I care for the man who has known unhappiness as I cared for the boy who had known only happiness. Do you understand, Clive? Do you, dear? Don't you see what I see—a man standing all alone by a closed door behind which his hopes lie dead? Clive, that is where you came to me, offering sympathy and friendship. That is where I come to you in my turn, offering whatever you care to take of me—if there is in me anything that may comfort you.”

He bent and laid his lips to her hands again, remaining so, curbed before her; and she looked down at his lean and powerful head and shoulders, and saw the hint of gray edging the crisp, dark hair, and the dark stain of tropic suns that never could be effaced.

So far, no passion, other than innocent, had she ever known for any man—nothing of less emotion, nothing physical. And, had she thought of it all, she must have believed that it was that way with her still. For no thought concerning it disturbed her tender, tremulous happiness with this man beside her, who still held her hand imprisoned against his breast.

And presently they were seated on the couch at the foot of her bed, excited, garrulous, exchanging gossip, confidences, ideas long unuttered, desires long unexpressed.

Under the sweeping flashlight of her intelligence, the four years of his absence were illuminated and passed swiftly in review for his inspection. Of loneliness, perplexity, grief, deprivation, she made light laughingly, shrugging her smooth young shoulders.

“All that was yesterday,” she said. “There is only to-day, now—until to-morrow becomes to-day. You won't go away, will you, Clive?”

“No.”

“There is no need of your going, is there—no reason for you to go—no duty—moral obligation—is there, Clive?”

“None.”



"You wouldn't say so just because I wish you to, would you?"

"I wouldn't be here at all if there were any reason for me to be—there."

"Then I am not robbing her of you? I am not depriving her of the tiniest atom of anything that you owe to her? Am I, Clive?"

"I can't see how. There is only one thing I can do for my wife, and that is to keep away from her."

"Oh, Clive! How desperately sad! And she is young and beautiful, isn't she? Oh, I am so sorry for you—for you both! Don't you see, dear, that I am not jealous? If you could be happy with her, and if she could understand me and let me be your friend, that would be wonderful, Clive!"

He remained silent, thinking of Winifred and of her quality of "understanding," and of the miserable matter of business which had made her his wife, and of his own complacent and smug indifference, and his contemptible weakness under pressure.

Always in the still and secret depths of him he had remained conscious that he had never cared for any woman except Athalie. All else had been but a vague realization of axioms and theorems, of premises that had rusted into his mind, of facts which he accepted as self-evident—such as the immutable fact that he couldn't marry Athalie, couldn't mortify his family, couldn't defy his friends, couldn't affront his circle with impunity. To invite disaster would be to bring an avalanche upon himself which, if it wounded, isolated, even marooned him, would certainly bury Athalie out of sight forever.

His parents had so reasoned with him; his mother continued the inculcation after his father's death. And then Winifred and her mother came floating into his cosmic ken like two familiar planets.

For a while, far away in interstellar space, Athalie glimmered like a fading comet. Then orbits narrowed; adhesion and cohesion followed collision; the bimaternal pressure never lessened. And he gave up. Of this he was thinking now, as he sat there in her rose-and-ivory room, gazing at the gray-silk carpet underfoot, and all the while exquisitely, vitally conscious of Athalie—of her nearness to him—to tears at moments—to that happiness akin to tears.

"Clive, do you remember?" And she breathlessly recalled some gay and long-

forgotten incident of that never-to-be-forgotten winter together when the theaters and restaurants knew them so well, and the day-world and night-world both credited them with being to each other everything that they had never been.

"Where will you live?" she asked.

He said:

"You know I have sold our old house. I don't know." He looked at her gravely and ashamed. "I think I will take your old apartment."

She blushed to her hair.

"Were you annoyed with me because I left it?"

"It hurt."

"But, Clive, I *couldn't* remain—after you had become engaged to marry."

"Did you need to leave everything you owned?"

"They were not mine," she said, in a low, embarrassed voice.

"Whose, then?"

"Yours. I never considered them mine—as though I were a girl of little consideration, who paid herself philosophically for what she had lost, like a man's mistress after the inevitable break has come—"

"Don't say that!"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I am a woman old enough to know what the world is, and what women do in it sometimes, and what men do. And I am this sort of woman, Clive: I can give; I can receive, too, but only because of the happiness it bestows on the giver. And when the sympathy which must exist between giver and receiver ends, then, also, possession ends—for me. Why do you look at me so seriously?"

But he dared not say. And presently she went on, happily and at random.

"Of course I kept Hafiz and the first thing you ever gave me—the gun-metal wrist-watch. Here it is"—leaning across him and pulling out a drawer in her dresser—"I wear it every day when I am out. It keeps excellent time. Isn't it a darling, Clive?"

He examined it in silence, nodded, and returned it to her. And she laid it away again, saying:

"So you think of taking my old apartment? How odd! And how very sentimental of you, Clive!"

He said, forcing a light tone:

"Nothing has ever been disturbed there."

It's all as it was when you left. Even your gowns are hanging in the closets."

"Clive!"

"We'll go around, if you like. Would you care to see it again?"

"Y—yes."

"Then we'll go together, and you can investigate closets and bureaus and dressers."

"Clive! Why did you let those things remain?"

"I didn't care to have anybody else take that place."

"Do you know that what you have done is absurdly and frightfully sentimental?"

"Is it?" he said, trying to laugh. "Well, that sniveling and false sort of sentiment is about the best that such men as I know how to comfort themselves with—when it's too late for the real thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I am saying. Cheap minds are fed with false sentiment and are comforted. I made out of that place a smug little monument to you—while you were living alone and almost penniless in a shabby rooming-house on—"

"Oh, Clive! You didn't know that! And, anyway, it would not have altered things for me."

"I suppose not. Well, Athalie, you are very wonderful to me—merciful, forgiving, nobly blind. God," he muttered, under his breath, "I don't understand how you can be so generous and gentle with me—I don't, indeed!"

"If you only knew how easy it is to care for you," she said, with that sweet fearlessness so characteristic of her.

He bit his lips in silence.

Presently she said:

"I suppose there'll be gossip in the other room. Rosalie and Cecil will be cynical, and they also will try to be witty at our expense. But I don't care. Do you?"

"Shall we go in?"

"No; I haven't had you for four years. If you don't care what is said about us, I don't." And she looked up at him with the most engaging candor.

"I'm only thinking about you, Athalie."

"Don't bother to, Clive. Pretty nearly everything has been said about me, I fancy. And, unless it might damage you, I'll go anywhere with you, do anything with you. I know that I'm all right; and I care no longer what others say or think."

"But you know," he said, "that is a theory which will not work."

"You are wrong, Clive. Nobody cares what sort of a character a popular actress may have. Her friends are not disturbed by her reputation; the public crowds to see her. And it's about that way with me, I imagine—because I don't suppose many people believe me to be respectable. Only—there is no man alive who can say of his own knowledge that I am not—whatever he and his brothers and sisters may imagine. So why should I care—as long as the public affords me an honest living? I know what I am and have been. And the knowledge, so far, does not keep me awake at night."

She laughed—the sweet, fresh, unembarrassed laugh of innocence—not that ignorance and stupidity which is called innocence, but innocence based on a worldly wisdom which neither her intelligence nor her experience permitted her to escape.

After a short silence he bent forward and laid one hand on a crystal which stood clasped by a tiny silver tripod on the table beside her bed.

"So you did develop your—qualities—after all, Athalie?"

"Yes. It happened accidentally." And she told him about the old gentleman who had come to her rooms when she stood absolutely penniless and at bay before the world. After she had ended he asked her whether she had ever again seen his father. She told him. She told him, also, about seeing his mother.

"Have they anything to say to me, Athalie?" he asked wistfully.

"I don't know, Clive. Some day—when you feel like it—if you will come to me—"

"Thank you, dear. You are wonderful—wonderfully good—"

"Oh, Clive, I'm not! I'm careless, pleasure loving, inclined to laziness—and even to dissipation."

"You!"

"Within certain limits," she added demurely. "I dance a lot; I know I smoke too much and drink too much champagne. I'm no angel, Clive. I won altogether too much at auction last night—ask Jim Allys. And really, if I didn't have a mind and feel a desire to cultivate it, I'd be the limit, I suppose." She laughed and tossed her chin, and the pure loveliness of her childlike throat was suddenly and exquisitely revealed.

"I'm too intelligent to go wrong, I suppose," she said. "I adore cultivating my mental faculties even more than I like to misbehave." She added, a trifle shyly: "I speak French and Italian and German very nicely. And I sing a little and play acceptably. Please compliment me, Clive."

But her quick smile died out as she looked into his eyes—eyes haunted by the vision of all that he had denied his manhood and this girl's young womanhood—all that he had lost, irretrievably and forever, on that day he married another woman.

"What is the matter, Clive?" she asked, with sweet concern.

He answered,

"Nothing, I guess—except—that you are very—wonderful—to me."

## XX

A MAY afternoon was drawing to a close; the last appointment had been made for the morrow, and the last client for the day still lingered with Athalie where she sat with her head propped thoughtfully on one slim hand, her gaze concentrated on the depths of the crystal sphere. After a long silence, she said:

"You need not be anxious. Her wireless apparatus is out of order. They are repairing it. It was a bad storm."

"Is there any ice near her?"

"I can see none."

"Any ships?"

"One of her own line, hull down. They have been exchanging signals. There seems to be no necessity for her to stand by. The worst is over. Yes; the Empress of Borneo proceeds. The Empress of Formosa will be reported this evening. You need not be anxious. She'll dock on Monday."

"Are you sure?" said the man, as Athalie lifted her eyes from the crystal and smiled reassuringly at him. He was a stocky, red-faced, trim, middle-aged man; but his sanguine visage bore the haggard imprint of sleepless nights, and the edges of his teeth had bitten his underlip raw.

Athalie glanced carelessly at the crystal.

"Yes," she said patiently; "I am sure of it, Mr. Clements. The Empress of Formosa will dock on Monday—about—nine in the morning. She will be reported by wireless from the Empress of Borneo this evening. They are relaying it now from the Delaware capes. There will be an extra

edition of the evening papers. You may dismiss all anxiety."

The man rose, stood a moment, his features working with emotion.

"I'm not a praying man," he said. "But if this is so—I'll pray for you. It can't hurt you anyway—" He checked himself, stammering, and the deep color stained him from his brow to his thick, powerful neck as he stood fumbling with his portfolio. But Athalie smilingly put aside the recompense he offered.

"It is too much, Mr. Clements."

"It is worth it to the company—if the news is true."

"Then wait until your steamer docks."

"But you say you are certain."

"Yes, I am; but *you* are not. My refusal of payment will encourage you to confidence in me. You have been ill with anxiety, Mr. Clements. I know what that means. And now your bruised mind cannot realize that the trouble is ended—that there is no reason now for the deadly fear that has racked you. But everything will help you now—what I have told you, and my refusal of payment—until your own eyes corroborate everything I have said."

"I believe you now," he said, staring at her. "I wish to offer you in behalf of the company—"

A swift gesture conjured him to silence. She rose, listening intently. Presently, his ears, too, caught the faint sound, and he turned and walked swiftly and silently to the open window.

"There is your extra," she said pleasantly. "The Empress of Formosa has been reported."

She was still lying on the couch beside the crystal, idly watching what scenes were drifting, mistlike, through its depths—scenes vague and faded in color and of indefinite outline; for, like the monotone of a half-heard conversation which did not concern the listener, these passing phantoms concerned not her. Under her indifferent eyes they moved; pale-tinted scenes grew, waxed, and waned, and a ghostly processional flowed through them without end under her dark-blue, dreaming eyes.

She had turned and dropped her head back upon the silken pillows, when his signal sounded in telegraphic sequence on the tiny concealed bell.

The still air of the room was yet



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"There is your extra," she said pleasantly. "The Empress of Formosa has been reported"

tremulous with the silvery vibration when Clive entered, looked around, caught sight of her, and came swiftly toward her.

She looked up at him in her sweet, idly humorous way, unstirring.

"This is becoming a habit with you, Clive."

"Didn't you care to see me this afternoon?" he asked so seriously that the girl laughed outright and stretched out one hand to him.

"Clive, you're becoming ponderous! Do you know it? Suppose I didn't care to see you this particular afternoon. Is there any reason why you should take it so seriously?"

"Plenty of reasons," he said, saluting her smooth, cool hand, "with all these people at your heels every minute."

"Please don't pretend—"

"I'm *not* jealous. But all these men—Cecil and Jimmy Allys—they're beginning to be a trifle annoying to me."

She laughed in unfeigned and malicious delight.

"They don't annoy *me*! No girl was annoyed by overattention from her suitors except Penelope—and I don't believe she had such a horrid time of it, either, until her husband came home and shot up the whole *thé dansant*."

He was still standing beside her couch without offering to seat himself; and she let him remain standing a few minutes longer before she condescended to move aside on her pillows and nod a tardy invitation.

"Has it been an interesting day, Clive?"

"Rather."

"And you have really gone back into business again?"

"Yes."

"And will the real-estate market rally at the news of your august reappearance?" she inquired mischievously.

"I haven't a doubt of it," he said, with gravity.

"Wonderful, Clive! And I think I'd better get in on the ground floor before values go sky-rocketing. Do you want a commission from me?"

"Of course."

"Very well—buy me the old Hotel Green-sleeve." He smiled; but she said, with pretty seriousness: "I really have been thinking about it. Do you suppose it could be bought reasonably? It's really a pretty place. And there's a hundred acres—or there was. I

would like to have a modest house somewhere in the country."

"Are you in earnest, Athalie?"

"Really I am. Couldn't that old house be fixed over inexpensively? You know it's nearly two hundred years old, and the lines are good if the gingerbread verandas and modern bay windows are done away with."

He nodded; and she went on with shy enthusiasm:

"I don't really know anything about gardens, except I know that I should adore them. I thought of a garden—just a simple one. And some cows and chickens. And one nice old horse. It is really very pretty there in spring and summer. And the bay is so blue and the salt meadows are so sweet. And the cemetery is near. I should not wish to alter mother's room very much. I'd turn the bar into a sun-parlor. But I'd keep the stove—where you and I sat that evening and ate peach turnovers. About how much do you suppose the place could be bought for?"

"I haven't the least idea, Athalie; but I'll see what can be done to-morrow. It ought to be a good purchase. You can scarcely go wrong on Long Island property if you buy it right."

"Will you see about it, Clive?"

"Of course I will, you dear girl!" he said, dropping his hand over hers where it lay between them.

She smiled up at him, then, *distrain*, turned her blue eyes toward the window and remained gazing out at the late-afternoon sky where a few white clouds were sailing.

"Clouds and ships on sky, and sea," she murmured to herself. "And God always at the helm." Why do men worry? All sail into the same port at last.

He bent over her.

"What are you murmuring all to yourself down there?" he asked, smilingly.

"Nothing much; I'm just watching the flotsam and jetsam borne on the currents flowing through my mind—flowing through it and out again—away, somewhere—back to the source of thought, perhaps."

He was still bending above her, and she looked up dreamily into his eyes.

"Do you think I shall ever have my garden?" she asked.

"All things good must come to you, Athalie."

She laughed, looking up into his eyes.

"You meant that, didn't you? 'All



things good'—yes—and other things, too. They come to all, I suppose. Tell me, do you think my profession disreputable?"

"You have made it otherwise, haven't you?"

"I don't know. I'm eternally tempted. My intelligence bothers me. And where to draw the line between what I really see and what I divine by deduction—or by intuition—I scarcely know sometimes. I try to be honest. When you came in just now, were they calling an extra?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear what they were calling?"

"Something about the Empress of Formosa being reported safe."

She nodded. Then:

"That is the hopeless part of it. I can sometimes help others; never myself. I suppose you have no idea how many, many hours I have spent looking for you. I never could find you. I have never found you in my crystal or in my clearer vision or in my dreams, never heard your voice, never had news of you except by common report in every-day life. Why is it, I wonder?"

His expression was inscrutable. She said, her eyes still lingering on his:

"It makes me indignant to see so much that neither concerns nor interests me—so much that passes—in this"—laying one hand on the crystal beside the couch—"and never, never, in the dull monotony of the drifting multitude, to catch a glimpse of you. I wonder, were I lost somewhere in the world, if you could find me, Clive?"

"I'd die trying," he said unsmilingly.

"Oh, how romantic! I wasn't fishing for a pretty speech, dear. I meant, could you find me in the crystal? Look into it, Clive."

He turned and went over to the clear, transparent sphere, and she, resting her chin on both arms, lay gazing into it, too.

After a silence, he shook his head.

"I see nothing, Athalie."

"Can you not see that great yellow river, Clive? And the snow-peaks on the horizon? Palms, tall reeds, endless forests—everything so still—except birds flying and a broad river rolling between forests. And a mud-bar, swarming with crocodiles. And a dead tree stranded there, on which large birds are sitting. There is a big, cat-shaped animal on the bank; but the forest is dark and sunless—too dusky to see into. I think the animal is a jaguar. He's drinking now. Yes; he's a jaguar—a

heavy, squarely built, spotted creature with a broad, blunt head. He's been eating a pheasant; there are feathers everywhere—bright feathers, brilliant as jewels. Hark! You didn't hear that, did you, Clive? Somebody has shot the jaguar. They've shot him again. He's whirling round and round—and now he's down, biting at sticks and leaves. There goes another shot. The jaguar lies very still. His jaws are partly open. He has big yellow cat-teeth—I can't seem to see who shot him. There are some black men coming. One has a small American flag furled around the shaft of his spear. He's waving it over the dead jaguar. They're all dancing now. But I can't see the man who shot him."

"I shot him," said Clive.

"I thought so." She turned and dropped back among her pillows.

"You see," she said listlessly; "I can never seem to find you, Clive. Sometimes I suspect your presence. But I am never certain. Why is it that a girl can't find the man she cares for most in the whole world?"

"Do you care for me as much as that?"

"Why, yes," she said, a trifle surprised.

"And do you think I return your—regard—in measure?"

She looked at him curiously, then, with her engaging and fearless smile,

"*Quantum suff*," she said. "You know you oughtn't to care *too* much for me, Clive."

"How much is too much?"

"You know," she said, watching his face, the smile still lingering on her lips.

"No, I don't. Tell me."

"I'll inform you when it's necessary."

"It's necessary now."

"No, it isn't."

"I'm afraid it is."

There was a silence. She lay watching him for a moment longer while the smile in her eyes slowly died out. Then, all in a moment, a swift change altered her expression, and she sat up on the couch, supporting herself on both hands.

"What is happening to you, Clive?" she said almost breathlessly.

"Nothing new."

"What do you mean?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Of course."

"Then—"

But he could not say it. He had no business to, and he knew it. It was the one

thing he could refrain from saying for her sake—the one service he could now render her.

He sat staring into space, the iron grimness of self-control locking every fetter that he wore—must always wear, now.

She waited, her eyes intent on his face, her color high, heart rapid.

"What had you to say to me?" she asked, breaking the silence.

He forced a laugh.

"Nothing—nothing, except that sometimes being with you again makes me—very contented."

"Is that what you had to say?"

"Yes; I told you it was nothing new."

She lowered her gaze and remained silent for a moment, apparently considering what he had said.

Then the uplifted candor of her eyes questioned him again.

"You don't imagine yourself in love with me, do you, Clive?"

"No."

"Nothing like that could happen to you, could it? Because it never happened to me. It couldn't. And it would be too—too ghastly if you—if anything——"

"Don't talk about it that way!" he said sharply. "If it *did* happen—what of it?" He forced a smile. "But it won't happen. Things like that don't happen to people like you and me. We care too much for each other, don't we, Athalie?"

"Yes; it would be terrible. I don't know why I put such ideas into your head—or into my own. But you—there was something in your expression—oh, Clive, dear, it couldn't happen to you, could it?"

She leaned forward impulsively and put both hands on his shoulders, gazing into his eyes, searching them fearfully for any trace of what she thought for a moment she had seen in them.

He said, gaily enough:

"No fear, dear. I'm exactly what I always have been. I'll always be what you want me to be, Athalie."

"I know. But if ever——"

"No; no; nothing can ever happen to worry you——"

"But if——"

"Nothing shall happen."

"I know; but if ever it does?"

"It won't."

"Oh, Clive, listen! If it *does* happen to you, what will you do?"

"Do?"

"Yes; if it does happen, what will you do, Clive?"

"But——"

"Answer me!"

"I——"

"Please answer me! What will you do about it?"

"Nothing," he said, flushing.

"Why not?"

"Why not? What is there—what would there be to do? What could I say to you if——"

"You could say that you loved me—if you did."

"To what purpose?" he demanded, red and astonished.

"To whatever purpose you followed. Why shouldn't you tell me? If it ever happened that you fell in love with me, I had rather you told me than that you kept silent. I had rather know it than have it happen and never know it. Is there anything wrong in a man if he happens to fall in love with a girl?"

"He can remain silent, anyway."

"Why? Because he cannot marry her? Is that why?"

"Yes."

"If you ever fell in love with me—would you wish to marry me?"

"If I ever did," he said, "I'd go through hell to marry you."

She considered him curiously, as though she were trying to realize something inconceivable.

"I never thought of you that way," she said. "I never thought of you sentimentally at all—only that I care for you deeply. I don't believe it's in me to love. I mean, as the world defines love. So, don't fall in love with me, Clive. But if you ever do, tell me."

"Why?" he asked unsteadily.

"Because you ought to tell me. I should not wish to die and never know it."

"Would you care?"

"Care? Do you ask a girl whether she could remain unmoved, uninterested, indifferent, if the man she cares for most falls in love with her?"

"Could you—respond?"

"Respond? With love? I don't know. How can I tell? I have never been in love in all my life. I don't know what it feels like. You might as well ask somebody born blind to read an ordinary book. But one

thing is certain: If that ever happens to you, you ought to tell me. Will you?"

"What good would it do?"

"What harm would it do?" she asked frankly.

"Suppose, knowing we could not marry, I made love to you, Athalie?"

Suddenly the smile flashed in her eyes.

"Do you think I'm a baby, Clive? Suppose—suppose, knowing what we know, you did make love to me? Is that very dreadful?"

"My responsibility would be."

"The responsibility is mine. I'm my own mistress. If I choose to be yours, the responsibility is mine."

"Don't say such things, Athalie!"

"Why not? Such things happen—or they don't happen. I have no idea they're likely to happen to us. I'm not a bit alarmed, Clive. Perhaps it's the courage of ignorance"—she glanced at him again, with the same curious, questioning look in her eyes—"perhaps because I cannot comprehend any such temptation. And never could. Nevertheless, if you fall in love with me, tell me. I would not wish you to remain dumb. You have a right to speak. Love isn't a question of conditions or of convenience. You ought to have your chance."

"Chance?"

"Certainly."

"What chance?"

"To win me."

"Win you—when I can't marry you!"

"I didn't say 'marry.' I said 'win.' If you ever fell in love with me, you would wish to win my love, wouldn't you? And if you did, and I gave it to you, you would have won me for yourself, wouldn't you? Then why should you worry concerning *how* I might love you? That would be my affair, my personal responsibility. And I admit to you that I know no more than a kitten what I might do about it."

She looked at him a moment, her hands still resting on his shoulders; and then suddenly she threw back her head, laughing deliciously.

"Did you ever take part in such a ridiculous conversation?" she demanded. "Oh, but I have always adored theoretical conversations! Only give me an interesting subject and take one end of it, and I'll gratefully grasp the other, Clive. What an odd man you are; and I suppose I'm odd, too!

And we may yet live to inhabit an odd little house together. Wouldn't the world tear me to tatters! I wonder if I'd dare—even knowing I was all right!" The laughter died in her eyes; a swift tenderness melted them. "I do care for you so truly, Clive! I can't bear to think of ever living again without you. You know it isn't silliness or love or anything except what I've always felt for you—loyalty and devotion, endless, eternal. And that is all there is or ever will be in my heart and mind."

So clear and sweet and confident in his understanding were her eyes, that the quick emotion which leaped responsive left only a ruddy trace on his face and a slight quiver on his lips.

He said:

"Nothing shall ever threaten your trust in me. No man can ask more than you give, Athalie."

"I give you all I am. What more is there?"

"I ask no more."

"Is there more to wish for? Are you really satisfied, Clive?"

"Perfectly." But he looked away from her.

"And you don't imagine that you love me, do you?"

"No"—still looking away from her.

"Meet my eyes and say it."

"I—"

"Clive!"

"There is no—"

"Clive, obey me!"

So he turned and looked her in the eyes. And after a moment's silence she laughed uncertainly, almost nervously.

"You—you *do* imagine it," she said; "don't you?"

He made no reply. Presently she began to laugh again, a gay, tormenting, excited little laugh. Something in his face seemed to exhilarate her like wine, sending the blood to her cheeks.

"You *do* imagine it! Oh, Clive! *You!* You think yourself in love with your old comrade! I *knew* it! There was something about you—I can't explain exactly what—but there was *something* that told me."

She was laughing now, almost wickedly, and with all the naive and innocently malicious delight of a child delighting in its fellow's torment.

"Oh, Clive," she said, "what are you

going to do about it? And why do you gaze at me so oddly—as though I were angry or disconcerted? I'm not; I'm happy. I'm crazy about this new relation of ours. It makes you more interesting than I ever dreamed even you could be——"

"You know," he said almost grimly, "if you are going to take it like this——"

"Take what?"

"The knowledge that——"

"That you are in love with me? Then you are! Oh, Clive, Clive—you dear, sweet, funny boy! And you've told me so, haven't you? Or it amounts to that, doesn't it?"

"Yes; I love you."

She leaned swiftly toward him, sparkling, flushed, radiant, tender.

"You dear boy! I'm not really laughing at you. I'm laughing—I don't know why—happiness, excitement, pride—I don't know. Do you suppose it actually is love? It won't make you unhappy, will it? Besides, you can be very busy trying to win me. That will be exciting enough for both of us, won't it?"

"Yes; if I try."

"But you will try, won't you?" she demanded mockingly.

He said, forcing a smile,

"You seem to think it impossible that I could win you."

"Oh," she said airily, "I don't say that. You see, I don't know the method of procedure. I don't know what you're going to do about your falling in love with me."

He leaned over and took her by the waist, and she drew back instinctively, surprised and disconcerted.

"That is silly," she said. "Are you going to be silly with me, Clive?"

"No," he said; "I won't be that."

He sat looking at her in silence for a few moments. And slowly the belief entered his heart like a slim steel blade that she had never loved and that there was in her nothing except what she had said there was—loyalty and devotion, unsullied and spiritual, clean of all else lower and less noble, guiltless of passion, ignorant of desire.

As he looked at her, he remembered the past—remembered that once he might have taught her love in all its attributes, that once he might have married her. For in a school so gentle and secure as wedlock, such a girl might learn to love.

He had had his chance. What did he want of her now, then—more than he had of her already? Love? Her devotion amounted to that—all of it that could concern a man already married, hopelessly married to a woman who would never submit to divorce. What did he want of her, then?

He turned and walked to the open window, and there stood looking out over the city.

Sunset blazed crimson at the western end of every cross-street. Far away, on the Jersey shore, electric lights began to sparkle.

He did not know she was behind him until one arm fell lightly on his shoulder.

It remained there after her imprisoned waist yielded a little to his arm.

"You are not unhappy, are you, Clive?"

"No."

"I didn't mean to take it lightly. I don't comprehend; that's all. It seems to me that I can't care for you more than I do already. Do you understand?"

"Yes, dear."

She raised one cool hand and drew his cheek gently against her own, and rested so a moment, looking out across the misty city.

He remembered that night of his departure when she had put both arms around his neck and kissed him. It had been like the serene touch of a crucifix to his lips. It was like that now—the smooth, passionless touch of her cool, young face against his, and her slim hand framing his cheek.

"To think," she murmured to herself, "that you should ever care for me in that way, too. It is wonderful, wonderful—and very sweet—if it does not make you unhappy. Does it?"

"No."

"It's so dear of you to love me that way, Clive. Could—could I do anything—about it?"

"How?"

"Would you care to kiss me?" she asked, with a faint smile, and turned her face.

Chaste, cool, and fresh as a flower, her young mouth met his, lingered; then, still smiling, and a trifle flushed and shy, she laid her cheek against his shoulder and her hands in his, calm in her security.

"You see," she said, "you need not worry over me. I am glad you are in love with me."

# PAYING UP ONESELF

*By George J. Whelan*

EDITOR'S NOTE—The secrets of success, and especially those that have produced some particularly noted individualistic achievement, are always sought for with passionate interest. One of the present controlling spirits of American commercial enterprise, a man who began on a small amount of borrowed capital but twelve years ago, here expounds, in simple fashion, an entirely original and engaging philosophy of business, comprising a practical theory of effort which not only is a distinct approach to the ideal of maximum efficiency but seems to dispel the old notion that, in our mad scramble for gain, the business man is to business nothing better than a slave. We believe that Mr. Whelan's brief and forceful sentences will be more helpful to everyone whose prime object in life is that his labor may have its due reward than many of the volumes that have been written on the conduct of business affairs.

**T**HE easiest thing to do in business is to make money.  
The hardest thing to do is to start a business making money.  
In the end, as at the beginning, the happiness of success must be a man's greatest reward.

Money—no amount of it—pays him for his troubled days and wakeful nights.

So that, whatever his accumulations, he is always in debt to himself—to the better part of himself.

Unless he can square this account with himself, his work has been in vain.

The richer he is, the farther he is away from the happiness of success unless he pays up—settles with his principal creditor—himself.

To assert that there comes a time when a man in a successful business thinks he has enough is to go into suspicious company.

Every additional day spent at the money-making task makes it harder to pay up, and, for one, I want to be able to cry quits to myself.

Simply as business, I would not be contented to go out of it any more than a man who plays golf, or fishes, or goes yachting would give up love of the game without wrenching his heart-strings, but I shall welcome the day when I wipe the name of George J. Whelan off my books.

I am trying to pay up; but in no way that money can be used can I square accounts.

What it will buy for me, or for others, will not wipe the slate clean.

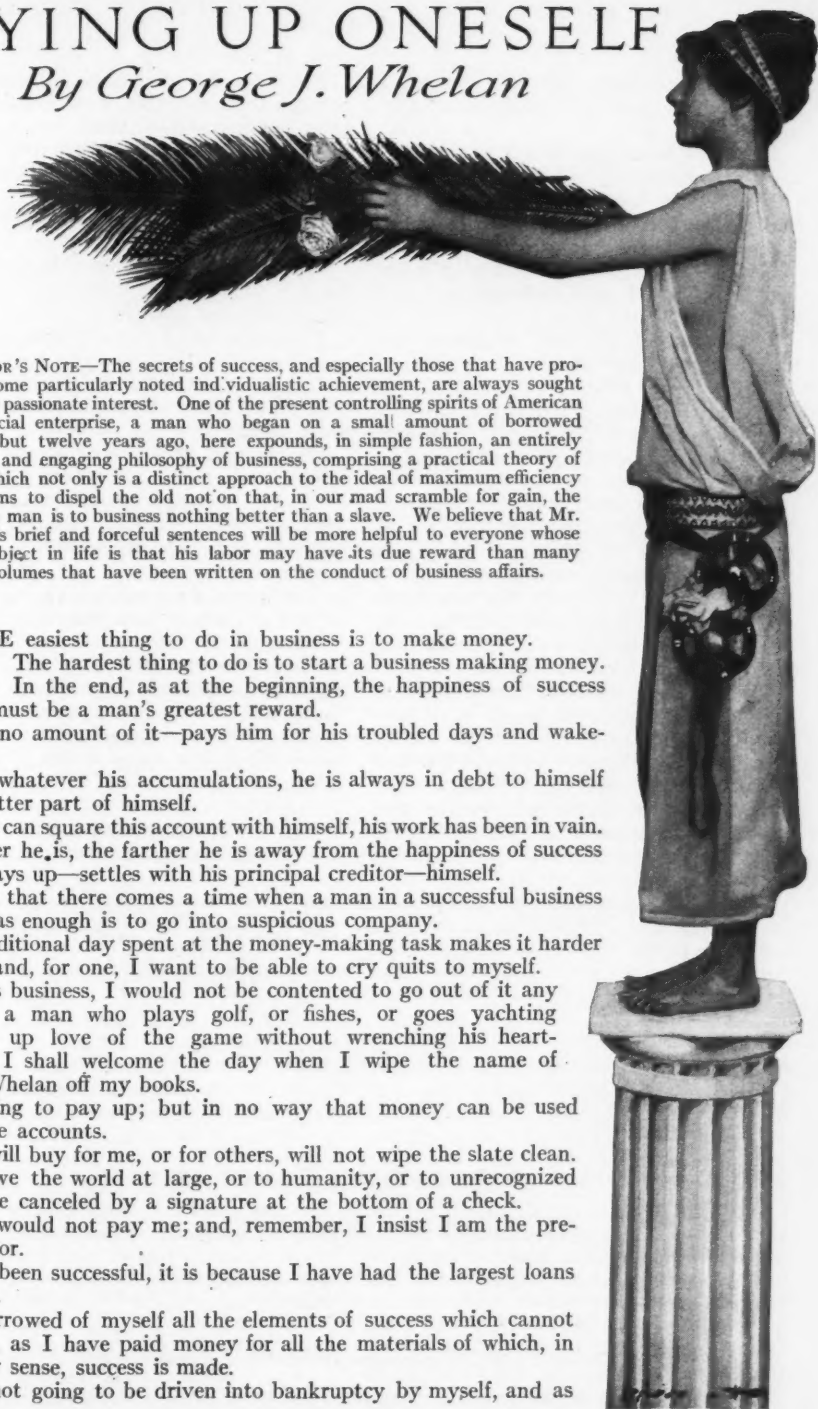
What I owe the world at large, or to humanity, or to unrecognized desert can be canceled by a signature at the bottom of a check.

But that would not pay me; and, remember, I insist I am the preferred creditor.

If I have been successful, it is because I have had the largest loans from myself.

I have borrowed of myself all the elements of success which cannot be paid for, as I have paid money for all the materials of which, in the ordinary sense, success is made.

As I am not going to be driven into bankruptcy by myself, and as





money will not stave off this disaster, I must find another coin in which to pay myself.

I grant I have had success, and that is my greatest asset.

No one so well as I knows the joy I have had in that success. No one will put a higher value on it.

Never fear that, in the adjustment of my debt to myself, I shall underestimate this success.

I would not fool myself or try to fool anyone else in this regard.

Success is one offset.

My liabilities are just that amount less.

It appears to me that any business man who is honest with himself must figure this into his calculations as the principal item.

Whatever the world says about me as a business man is another payment to me. I have to guess at this figure, but it is on my books as a payment "on account."

I only wish I *could* write the amount in millions, for, when all is said and done, none of us works harder for anything in life than for the esteem of our fellow men.

The loyalty of my associates in business, without whom success would have been impossible, has been set down as another payment. Sometimes I compute this item as an asset above and beyond the rest.

I like to think that in winning the steadfastness of these men, there was an achievement greater than all else.

They are my friends and have been through thick and thin, and no fundamental of business is more vital, in my opinion, than that success must always rest on such a relationship between the coworkers in a great enterprise.

If this is not commonly true in business, it *is* true in *my* affairs.

I hope as fine a spirit has animated everybody in the ranks as at the top. I believe it has, and that pays me.

Once in a while I get a letter or a word of mouth which strengthens this opinion.

It is one of the brutalities of business that, as it grows, those who strain for its success must drift apart.

But no more brutal this than the sundering of family ties at the marriage-altar.

We can only indulge our reflections, as I am doing here. In them, at least, there is compensation not measured by dollar-marks.

But, as yet, I am not paid in full.

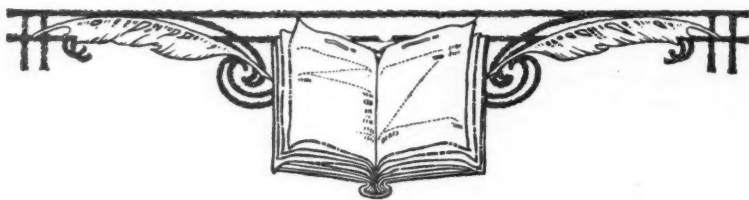
Maybe I am overcharging myself.

Business and the men who are in its busy routine find too little of such things to cheer their hearts. If we take them seriously, are we less than human?

Are we not privileged to pay ourselves in sentiment for some of the joys of life which we have borrowed from ourselves to gain success?

I know what *my* answer is.

Let others answer as they choose.



### Harrison Fisher's Latest Picture

on this month's cover is entitled "Vanity," and you may procure a copy printed without lettering on 14 x 11-inch pebbled paper for 15 cents, post-paid. You may order this through your local dealer or send cash or stamps direct to us.

We have issued a new, complete, illustrated catalogue of our popular-priced pictures, and if you have not already received yours, please notify us and we will be glad to send you a copy by return mail. *It is free.*

Address all correspondence to

**Room 13-C, Cosmopolitan Print Department**

**119 West 40th Street**

**New York City**

# The Sixth Sense

What is the sixth sense? Not one that has come into the possession of the human race through slow evolution but one that Craig Kennedy, with his supreme knowledge of new scientific principles and implements, endows himself with when he finds himself in the most terrifying and hopeless position of his eventful career. You will readily believe that the preservation of his life is not the uppermost thing in Craig's mind when you consider the probable international consequences of the plot he has discovered, should its author succeed in carrying it out.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Tango Thief," "The Supertoxin," and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"I SUPPOSE you have read in the papers of the mysterious burning of our country house at Oceanhurst, on the south shore of Long Island?"

It had been about the middle of the afternoon that a huge automobile of the latest design drew up at Kennedy's laboratory and a stylishly dressed woman, accompanied by a very attentive young man, alighted. They had entered, and the man, with a deep bow, presented two cards bearing the names of the Count and Countess Alessandro Rovigno.

Julia Rovigno, I knew, was the daughter of Roger Gaskell, the retired banker. She had recently married Count Rovigno, a young foreigner whose family had large shipping interests in America and at Trieste, on the Adriatic.

"Yes, indeed; I have read about it," nodded Craig.

"You see," she hurried on, a little nervously, "it was a wedding-present to us from my father."

"Giulia," put in the young man quickly, giving her name an accent that was not, however, quite Italian, "thinks the fire was started by an incendiary."

Rovigno was a tall, rather boyish-looking man of thirty-two or thirty-three, with light-brown hair, light-brown beard, and mustache. His eyes and forehead spoke of intelligence; but I had never heard that he cared much about practical business affairs. In fact, to American society, Rovigno was known chiefly as one of the most daring of motor-boat enthusiasts.

"It may have been the work of an incen-

diary," he continued thoughtfully, "or it may not; I don't know. But there has been an epidemic of fires among the large houses out on Long Island lately."

I nodded to Kennedy, for I had myself compiled a list for the *Star*, which showed that considerably over a million dollars' worth of show places had been destroyed.

"At any rate," added the countess, "we are burned out, and are staying in town now—at my father's house. I wish you would come around there. Perhaps father can help you. He knows all about the country out that way, for his own place isn't a quarter of a mile away."

"I shall be glad to drop around if I can be any assistance," agreed Kennedy, as the young couple left us.

The Rovignos had scarcely gone when a woman appeared at the laboratory door. She was well dressed, pretty, but looked pale and haggard.

"My name is Mrs. Bettina Petzka," she began, singling out Kennedy. "You do not know me; but my husband, Nikola, was one of the first students you taught, Professor."

"Yes, yes; I recall him very well," replied Craig. "He was a brilliant student, too—very promising. What can I do for you?"

"Why, Professor Kennedy," she cried, no longer able to control her feelings, "he has disappeared!"

"What line of work had he taken up?" asked Craig, interested.

"He was a wireless operator—had been employed on a liner that runs to the Adriatic from New York. But he was out of

work. Some one has told me that he thought he saw Nikola in Hoboken, around the docks where a number of the liners that go to blockaded ports are laid up waiting the end of the war." She paused.

"I see," remarked Kennedy, pursing up his lips thoughtfully. "Your husband was not a reservist of any of the countries at war, was he?"

"No; he was, first of all, a scientist. I don't think he had any interest in the war—at least, he never talked much about it."

"I know," persisted Craig; "but had he taken out his naturalization papers here?"

"He had applied for them."

"When did he disappear?"

"I haven't seen him for two nights," she sobbed.

It flashed over me that it was now two nights since the fire that had burned Rovigno's house, although there was no reason for connecting the events. The young woman was plainly wild with anxiety.

"Oh, can't you help me find Nikola?" she pleaded.

"I'll try my best," reassured Kennedy, taking down on a card her address, and bowing her out.

It was late in the afternoon before we had an opportunity to call at the Gaskell town house, where the Rovignos were staying. The count was not at home, but the countess welcomed us and led us directly into a large library.

"I'd like to have you meet my father," she introduced. "Father, this is Professor Kennedy, whom Alex and I have engaged to look into the burning of our house."

Old Roger Gaskell received us, I thought, with a curious mixture of restraint and eagerness.

"I hope you'll excuse me," said the countess, a moment later. "I really must dress for dinner. But I think I've told you all I can. I wanted you to talk to my father."

"I've heard of the epidemic of fires from my friend Mr. Jameson, here, on the *Star*," remarked Kennedy, when we were alone. "Some, I understand, have attributed the fires to incendiaries; others have said they were the work of disgruntled servants; others, of an architect or contractor who hasn't shared in the work and thinks he may later. I've even heard it said that an insurance man may be responsible—hoping to get new business, you know."

Gaskell looked at us keenly. Then he rose and approached us, raising his finger as though cautioning silence.

"Do you know," he whispered, so faintly that it was almost lost, "sometimes I think there is a plot against me?"

"Against *you*?" whispered back Kennedy.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I can't tell you—here," he replied; "but I believe there are detectaphones hidden about this house!"

"Have you searched?" asked Kennedy keenly.

"Yes; but I've found nothing. I've gone over all the furniture and such things. Still, they might be inside the walls."

Kennedy nodded.

"Could you discover them if they were?" asked Gaskell.

"I think I could," replied Craig confidently.

"Then there's another peculiar thing," resumed Gaskell, a little more freely but still whispering: "I suppose you know that I have a country estate not far from my daughter's." He paused. "Of course I know," he went on, watching Kennedy's face, "that sparks are sometimes struck by horses' shoes when they hit stones. But the shoes of my horses, for instance, have been giving forth sparks even in the stable out there lately. My groom called my attention to it, and I saw it myself." He continued looking searchingly at Kennedy. "You are a scientist," he said, at length. "Can you tell how this can be possible?"

Kennedy was thinking deeply.

"I can't offhand," he replied frankly; "but I should like to have a chance to investigate."

"There may be some connection with the fire," hinted Gaskell, as he accompanied us to the door.

At our own apartment, when we returned, we found our friend Burke, of the secret service, waiting for us.

"Just had a hurry-call to come to New York," he explained, "and thought I'd like to drop in on you first."

"What's the trouble?" asked Kennedy.

"Why, there's been a mysterious yacht lurking about the mouth of the harbor for several days, and they want to look into it."

"Whose yacht do they think it is?"

"They don't know; but it is said to resemble one that belongs to a man named Gaskell."

"Gaskell?" repeated Craig, turning suddenly.

"Yes, the Furious, a fast floating palace, one of these new power yachts, run by a gas engine—built for speed. Why, do you know anything about it?"

Kennedy said nothing.

"The revenue cutter Uncas has been assigned to me," went on Burke. "If you have nothing better to do, I'd like to have you give me a hand in the case. You might find it a little different from the ordinary run."

"I shall be glad to go with you," replied Craig cordially.

"Only, just now I've got a particular case of my own. I'll see you to-morrow at the custom-house, though, if I can."

"Good!" exclaimed Burke. "I don't think either of you, particularly Jameson, will regret it. It promises to be a good story."

Burke had scarcely left us when Kennedy decided on his next move. We went directly over to the Long Island Railroad station and caught the next train out to Oceanhurst, not a long run from the city.

Thus, early in the evening, Kennedy was able to begin, under cover, his investigation of the neighborhood of the Rovigno and Gaskell houses.

We entered the Gaskell estate and looked it over as we made our way toward the stable to find the groom. Out on the bay we could see the Furious at anchor. Nearer inshore were a couple of Count Rovigno's speedy racing motor-boats. Along the



"Why, Professor Kennedy," she cried, no longer able to control her feelings, "he has disappeared!"

shore, we saw a basin for yachts, capable, even, of holding the Furious.

The groom proved to be a rather dull-witted fellow, and left us pretty much to our own devices.

"Ya-as—sparks—I saw 'em," he drawled, in answer to Kennedy's question. "So did Mr. Gaskell. Naw; I don't know nawthin' about 'em."

He had lumbered out into another part of the stable when I heard a low exclamation from Craig.

"Look, Walter!"

I did look—in amazement. There were, indeed, little sparks—in fact, a small burst of them in all directions where there were metal surfaces in close proximity.

Kennedy had brought along with him a strange instrument, and he was now looking attentively at it.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The bolometer," he replied, "invented by Professor Langley."

"And what does it do?"

"Detects waves," he replied, "rays that are invisible to the eye. For instance, just now it tells me that shooting through the darkness are invisible waves, perhaps infra-red rays."

He paused, and I looked at him inquiringly.

"You know," he explained, "the infra-red rays are closer to the heat rays than those of the upper end of the spectrum and beyond the ultra-violet rays, with which we have already had some experience." Kennedy continued to look at his bolometer. "Yes," he remarked thoughtfully, half to himself; "somewhere around here there is a generator of infra-red rays and a projector of those rays. It reminds me of those so-called F rays of Ulivi—or, at least, of a very powerful wireless."

I was startled at the speculations that his words conjured up in my mind. Was the "evil eye" of superstition a scientific fact? Was there a baneful beam that could be directed at will—one that could not be seen or felt until it worked its havoc? Was there a power that steel walls could not hold, which, in fact, was the more surely transmitted by them?

Somehow, the fact of the strange disappearance of Petzka, the wireless operator, kept bobbing up in my mind. I could not help wondering whether; perhaps, he had found this strange power and was using it for some nefarious purpose. Could it have been Petzka who was responsible for the fires? But why? I could not figure it out.

Early the next morning we called at the Gaskell town house again. Kennedy had brought with him a small piece of apparatus which seemed to consist of two sets of coils placed on the ends of a magnet-bar. To them was attached a long, flexible wire

which he screwed into an electric-light bulb-socket. Then he placed a peculiar, telephone-like apparatus, attached to the other end, to his ears. He adjusted the magnets and carried the thing carefully about the room.

At one point, he stopped and moved the thing vertically up along the wall.

"That's a gas-pipe," he said simply.

"What's the instrument?" I asked.

"A new apparatus for finding pipes electrically, which, I think, can be just as well applied to finding other things concealed in walls under plaster and paper." He paused to adjust the thing. "This electrical method," he went on, "is a special application of well-known induction-balance principles. You see, one set of coils receives an alternating or vibrating current; the other is connected with this telephone. First, I established a balance so that there was no sound in the telephone." He moved the thing about. "Now, when the device comes near metal piping, for example, or a wire, the balance is disturbed, and I hear a sound. That was the gas-pipe. It is easy to find its exact location. Hello!"

He paused again in a corner, back of Gaskell's desk, and appeared to be listening intently. A moment later he was ruthlessly breaking through the plaster of the beautifully decorated wall.

Sure enough, in there was a telephone, concealed only a fraction of an inch beneath the paper, with the wires leading down inside the partition in the direction of the cellar. Craig ripped the little mechanical eavesdropper out, wires and all, but he did not disconnect the wires yet.

We traced it out, and down into the cellar the wires led directly, and then across, through a small opening in the foundations, into the cellar of the next-door apartment-house, ending in a bin or storeroom.

In itself, the thing, so far, gave no clue as to who was using it or the purpose for which it had been installed. But it was strange.

"Some one was evidently trying to get something from you, Mr. Gaskell," remarked Craig pointedly, after we returned to the Gaskell library. "Why do you suppose he went to all that trouble?"

Gaskell shrugged his shoulders and averted his eyes.

"I've heard of a yacht outside New York harbor," added Craig casually.

"A yacht?"



"Yes," he said nonchalantly; "the Furious."

Gaskell met Kennedy's eye and looked at him as though Craig had some occult power of divination. Then he moved over closer to us.

"Is that detectaphone thing out of business now?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely."

Gaskell leaned over.

"Then I don't mind telling you, Professor Kennedy," he said, in a low tone, "that I am letting a friend of mine from London use that yacht to supply the Allies' war-ships in the Atlantic with news, supplies, and ammunition, such as can be carried."

Kennedy looked at him keenly, but for some moments did not answer. I knew he was debating on how he might ethically dovetail this with Burke's case.

"Some one is trying to find out, by eavesdropping, just what your plans are, then," remarked Craig thoughtfully, with a significant tap on the detectaphone.

A moment later, he turned his back to us and knelt down. He seemed to be wrapping the detectaphone up in a small package which he put in his pocket, and closing the hole in the wall as best he could where he had ripped the paper.

"All I ask of you," concluded Gaskell, as we left, a few minutes later, "is to keep your hands off that phase of things. Find the incendiary—yes; but this other matter that you have forced out of me—well—hands off!"

On our way down-town to keep the appointment made with Burke the night before, Kennedy stopped at the laboratory to get a heavy parcel, which he carried along. We found Burke waiting for us, impatiently, at the custom-house.

"We've just discovered that the liners over in Hoboken have had steam up for a couple of days," he said excitedly. "Evidently they are waiting to make a break for the ocean—perhaps in concert with a sortie of the fleets over in Europe."

"H-m," mused Kennedy, looking fixedly at Burke; "that complicates matters, doesn't it? We must preserve American neutrality." He thought a moment. "I should like to go aboard the revenue cutter. May I?"

"Surely," agreed Burke.

A few moments later, on the Uncas, Kennedy and Burke engaged in earnest conversation in low tones which I did not overhear. Evidently, Craig was telling him just enough of what he had himself discovered so as to enlist Burke's services.

The captain in charge of the Uncas joined the conversation a few moments later, and then Kennedy took the heavy package down below. For some time he was at work in one of the forward tanks that was full of water, attaching the thing, whatever it was, in such a way that it seemed to form part of the ship's skin.

Another brief talk with Burke and the captain followed, and then the three returned to the deck.

"Oh, by the way," remarked Burke, as he and Kennedy came back to me, "I forgot to tell you that I have had some of my men working on the case, and one of them has just learned that a fellow named Petzka, one of the best wireless operators—a Hungarian or something—has been engaged to go on that yacht."

"Petzka?" I repeated involuntarily.

"Yes," said Burke, in surprise; "do you know anything about him?"

I turned to Kennedy.

"Not much," replied Craig. "But you can find out about him, I think, through his wife. He used to be one of my students. Here's her address. She's very anxious to hear from him."

Burke took the address, and a little while later we went ashore.

I was not surprised when Kennedy proposed, as the next move, to revisit the cellar in the apartment-house next to Gaskell's home. But I was surprised at what he did after we had reached the place.

All along I had supposed that he was planning to wait there in hope of catching the person who had installed the detectaphone. That, of course, was a possibility still. But, in reality, he had another purpose also.

We secreted ourselves in the cellar store-room, which was in a dark corner, where one might remain unobserved even if the janitor entered the cellar, provided he did not search that part. Kennedy took the receiving headpiece of the detectaphone and placed it over his head, quite as if nothing had happened.

"What's the use of that?" I queried. "You ripped the transmitter out up above."

He smiled quietly.

"While my back was turned toward you, so that you couldn't see," he said, "I slipped the thing back again, only down further, where Gaskell wouldn't be likely to find it, even if he looked. I don't know whether he was frank with us, so I thought I'd try the eavesdropping game myself, in place of the man who put this thing in in the first place, whoever he was."

We took turns listening, but could hear not a sound. Nor did anyone come into the cellar. Thus, a good part of the afternoon passed, apparently fruitless. My patience was thoroughly exhausted when, suddenly, a motion from Craig revived my flagging interest. I waited impatiently for him to tell me what it was that he heard.

"What was it?" I asked, finally, as he pulled the receivers off his head and stood for a moment considering.

"At first I heard the sound of voices," he answered quickly. "One was the voice of a woman, which I recognized. It was the countess. The other was the count."

"Giulia," I heard him say, as they entered the room, 'I don't see why you should want to go. It's dangerous. And, besides, it's none of our business if your father allows his yacht to be used for such a purpose.'

"But I want to go, Alex," she said. 'I will go. I'm a good sailor. It's father's yacht. He won't care.'

"But what's the use?" he expostulated. 'Besides—think of the danger! If it was our business, it might be different.'

"I should think you'd want to go."

"Not I. I can get all the excitement I want in a motor-boat race, without risking my precious neck pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for some one else."

"Well, I want the adventure," she persisted.

"But, Giulia, if you go to-night, think of the risk!"

"That was the last I heard as they left the room, still arguing. Evidently, some one is going to pull off something to-night."

It did not take Kennedy long to make up his mind what to do next. He left the cellar hurriedly, and, in the laboratory, hastily fixed up a second heavy and bulky package similar to that which he had taken down to the revenue cutter earlier in the day, making it into two parcels so as to distribute the burden between us.

That night, we journeyed out to Ocean-

hurst again. Avoiding the regular road, we made our way from the station to the Gaskell place by a roundabout path, and it was quite dark by the time we got there.

As we approached the basin, we saw that there were several men about. They appeared to be on guard, but since Oceanhurst, at that season, was pretty well deserted and the Gaskell estate was out of the town, they were not especially vigilant.

Dark and grim, with only one light showing weakly, lay the yacht, having been run into the basin now. A hawser had been stretched across the mouth of the basin. Outside was a little tender, while a searchlight was playing over the water all the time. Evidently, whatever interference was feared was expected from the water rather than from the land.

We slunk into the shadow of a row of bath-houses, in order to get our bearings. On the opposite side from the road that led down from the house, it was not so likely that anyone would suspect that interlopers were hiding there. Still, they were not neglecting that side of the basin, at least in a perfunctory sort of way.

Kennedy drew me back deeper into the shadow at the sound of footsteps on the board walk leading to the front of the bath-houses. From our hiding-place, we could now hear two voices, apparently of sailors.

"Do you know the new wireless operator who goes with us to-night?" asked one.

"No; they've been very careful of him. I guess they were afraid that some one might get wise. But there couldn't very well be any leak there. One of those Englishmen has been with him every minute since he was engaged."

"They say he's pretty good. Who is he?"

"A Servian, he says, and his name sounds as if it might be so."

The voices trailed off. It was only a scrap of conversation, but Kennedy had not missed a word of it.

"That means Petzka," he nodded to me.

"What is he—a Hungarian or a Servian?" I asked quickly.

Kennedy had craned his neck out beyond the corner of the bath-houses and was looking at the Furious in the basin.

"Come on, Walter," he whispered, not taking time to answer my question; "those fellows have gone. There's no one at all on this side of the basin, and I just saw the

men on deck go up the gangplank to the boat-house. They can't do any more than put us off, anyhow."

He had watched his chance well. As quickly as we could, burdened down by our two heavy packages, we managed to slip across the board walk to the piling that formed that side of the basin. The Furious had swung over with the tide nearer our side than the other. It was a daring leap, but Craig made it as lightly as a cat, landing on the deck. I passed over the packages and followed.

Kennedy scarcely paused to glance about. He had chosen a moment when no one was looking, and, bending down under the weight of the packages, we dodged back of a cabin. A dim light shining into the hold told us that no one was there, and we dived down. It was the work of a moment to secrete ourselves in the blank darkness aft, behind a pile of boxes.

A noise startled us. Some one was coming down the steep, ladderlike stairs. A moment later, we heard another noise. There were two persons moving about among the boxes. From our hiding-place we could overhear them talking in hoarse whispers, but could not see them.

"Where did you put them?" asked a voice.

"In every package of explosives, and in as many of the boxes of canned goods as I had time."

I looked at Kennedy, wide-eyed. Was

there treachery in the crew? He was leaning forward as much as our cramped quarters would permit, so as not to miss a word that was uttered.

"All right," said the other voice. "No one suspects?"

"No; but the secret service has been pretty busy. They suspect something—but not this."

"Good! You are sure that you can donate them when the time comes?"

"Positive. Everything is working fine.



"I am letting a friend of mine from London use that yacht to supply the Allies' war-ships in the Atlantic"

I've done my part of it. Changing wireless operators gave me just the chance I wanted."

"All right. I guess I'll go now."

"Remember the signal. As soon as the things are detonated, I will get off some way, by wireless, the S O S—as if it came from the fleet, you understand."

"Yes; that will be the signal for the dash. Good luck! I'm going ashore now."

As they passed up the ladder, I could no longer restrain myself.

"Craig," I cried, "this is devilish!"

I thought I saw it all now. In the cases of goods on the *Furious* were some terrible infernal machines which had been hidden, to be detonated by these deadly rays of wireless.

Kennedy was busy, working quickly, putting together the parts he had taken from the two packages we had carried.

As I watched him, I realized that the burning of the Rovigno house was not the action of an incendiary after all. It had been done by these deadly rays, probably by mere accident.

As nearly as I could make it out, there was a counterplot against the *Furious*. Somewhere was an infernal workshop, possibly hedged about by doors of steel which ordinary force would find hard to penetrate, but from which, any moment, this supercriminal might send out his deadly power.

The more I considered it, while Kennedy worked, the more uncanny it seemed. This man had rendered the mere possession of explosives more dangerous to the possessor than to the enemy. Archimedes had been outdone!

The problem before us now was not only the preservation of American neutrality but the actual safety of life.

Through the open hatch I could now hear voices on the deck. One was that of a woman, which I recognized quickly. It was Julia Rovigno.

"I'll be just as quiet as a mouse," she was saying. "I'll stay in the cabin—I won't be in the way."

I could not hear the man's voice in reply, but it did not sound like Rovigno's. It was rather like Gaskell's.

Still, we had heard enough to know that Julia Rovigno was on the yacht, had insisted on going on the expedition for the

excitement of the thing, just as we had heard over the detectaphone.

"Hadh't we better warn her?" I asked Craig, who had paused in his work at the sound of voices.

Before he could answer we were plunged in sudden darkness. Some one had switched out the light that had been shining down through the hatchway. Before we knew it, the opening to the hatchway had been closed. Kennedy groped about for a light, stumbling over boxes and bags.

"For heaven's sake, Craig," I entreated, "be careful! Those packages are full of the devilish things!" He said nothing.

At least we had a little more freedom to move, and I managed to find my way over to a little round port-hole and open it.

As I looked out, I almost fainted at the realization. The *Furious* was under way! We were locked in the hold—virtual prisoners—our only company those dastardly infernal machines, whose very nature we did not know. Helplessly I gazed around me. There seemed to be only this one port-hole.

Why had Kennedy not foreseen this risk? I glanced at him. He had found an electric light, connected with the yacht's dynamo, and, before turning it on, closed and covered the port so that it threw no reflection out.

Far from being disconcerted, on the contrary he seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the unexpected turn of events.

As I looked at our scant and cramped quarters, I could see absolutely no way of getting word to anyone off the *Furious* who might help us.

What Craig was working on I did not know, but if it was some sort of wireless, even if we were able to send a message, what hope was there that it would get past the delicate wireless detector which this criminal must have somewhere near for tapping messages that were being flashed through the air? Had we not heard him say that the signal was to be an S O S sent, as it were, from the fleet far out on the ocean?

I could well have believed that Kennedy could rig up some means of communication. But, if the possessor of this terrible infrared-ray or wireless-wave secret should learn that we, too, knew it, the only result that he would accomplish would be to insure our destruction immediately.

It was a foggy night, and a drizzle had set in. The *Furious* could not, under such



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

In a chair, bound and gagged, as though he had been overcome only after a struggle, sat Petzka.  
His wife threw herself frantically on him



circumstances, make such good speed as she was accustomed to make. Fortunately, also, the waves were not running high. Craig had taken a desperate chance. How would he meet it? I watched him at work, fascinated by our peril.

Finishing as quickly as he could, he put out our sole electric light, unscrewed the bulb, and attached to the socket a wire which he had connected with the instrument over which he had spent so many precious moments.

Through the little port-hole, he cast a peculiar heavy disk, such as I had seen him place so carefully aboard the Uncas.

It sank in the water with a splash, and trailed along beside the yacht, held by a wire submerged perhaps ten or twelve feet.

Kennedy made a final inspection of the thing as well as he could by the light of a match, then pressed a key which seemed to close a circuit. I could feel a dull, metallic vibration.

"What are you doing?" I asked, looking curiously, also, at an arrangement like a microphone which he had placed over his ears.

"It works!" he cried excitedly.

"What works?" I reiterated.

"This Fessenden oscillator," he explained. "It's a system for the employment of sound for submarine signals. I don't know whether you realize it, but great advance has been made recently, since it was suggested to use water instead of air as the medium for transmitting signals. I can't stop to explain this apparatus just now, but it is composed of a ring magnet, a copper tube which lies in an air gap of a magnetic field, and a stationary central armature.

"The copper tube, which has an alternating current induced in it, is attached to solid disks of steel which, in turn, are attached to a steel diaphragm an inch thick. On board the Uncas, I had a chance to make that diaphragm practically a part of the side of the ship. Here, I have had to hang it overboard, with a large water-tight diaphragm attached to the oscillator."

I listened eagerly.

"The same oscillator," he went on, "is used for sending and receiving, for, like the ordinary electric motor, it is also capable of acting as a generator, and a very efficient one, too. All I have to do is to throw a switch in one direction when I want to telegraph or telephone under water, and in the other direction when I want to listen in."

I could scarcely credit what I heard. Craig had circumvented even the spectacular wireless. He was actually talking through water. *He had virtually endowed himself with a sixth sense!*

I watched him, spellbound. Would he succeed in whatever it was that he was planning? I waited anxiously.

"There's the answer!" he exclaimed, in sudden exultation. "Burke is on the Uncas. He tells me that he went to see Mrs. Petzka, and she is with him—insisted on going when she heard that her husband had been engaged by the Furious." He waited a moment. "You see, Walter," he resumed, "what I am doing is to send out signals by which the Uncas can locate and follow us. She is fast—but, thank heaven!—this yacht has to go slow to-night. Sound travels in water at a velocity of about four thousand feet a second. For instance, I find that I get an echo in about one-twentieth of a second. That is the reflected sound-wave from the bottom, and indicates that we are in water of about one hundred feet depth. Then I get another echo in something over two seconds. That is from the waves reflected from the Uncas, which has been hovering about, waiting for something to happen. They can't be much more than a mile and a half away now. I had expected to signal them from the shore—a dock or something of the sort, using this oscillator to get around that fellow's wireless; but we're much better off here."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Surrounded by all this junk that may blow us to kingdom come, any second?" I demanded.

"Burke says steam is still up on all the ships tied up in the harbor so that they can make a dash for it. They are evidently waiting for that S O S signal."

"That's all right," I said, in desperation; "but suppose they blow us up, first?"

"Blow us up, first?" he repeated. "Why, don't you understand? It is not the Furious that they are after. The whole war-fleet that is hanging around in this part of the Atlantic is to be blown up in mid-ocean, as part of the plan to aid the escape of the interned ships from New York."

"Oh," I breathed, with a sigh of relief, "that's it, is it?"

"Yes. We'll get in bad all around if we can't stop it—Burke with the secret service, and ourselves with Gaskell, who doesn't

dream that his yacht is being used for the exact opposite of the purpose for which he thinks he has lent it—to say nothing of the mess that our government will have to face for letting these precious schemers play ducks and drakes with our neutrality.”

We waited eagerly, Kennedy sending out and receiving the submarine signals, and I peering out anxiously into the almost impenetrable fog.

Suddenly, apparently from nowhere in the shifting mist, lights seemed to loom up. Instead of stopping, however, the Furious put on a sudden burst of reckless speed.

The Uncas was no match for her at that game. Would she escape finally, after all?

A sharp report rang out. The Uncas had sent a shot across our bows, so dangerously close that it snapped one of the cables that braced the mast.

The vibration of our engine slowed and ceased, and we lay idly wallowing in the waves, as the revenue cutter, bearing our friend Burke and help, came up.

A couple of boats put out from the cutter, and in almost no time we could hear the tread of feet and the exchange of harsh words as the government officers swarmed up the ladder to our deck. It was only a moment later that the hatch was broken open and we heard Burke, calling,

“Kennedy—are you and Jameson all right?”

“Right here!” sang out Craig, detaching the oscillator and replacing the electric bulb, which he lighted.

The commotion on deck was too great for anyone to make much of finding us two stowaways. The countess was astonished, however, and, I felt, rather glad to see us at a time when we might possibly exert some influence in her favor, if matters came to a more serious pass.

There was scarcely time for a word. Burke’s men were working quickly. They had entered the hold, after a word from Kennedy, and far out into the ocean they were casting the boxes and bags overboard, one at a time, as fast as they could. They worked feverishly, as Burke spurred them on, and I must say that it was with the utmost relief that I saw the things thrown over. The boxes sank, but rose again and floated, bobbing up and down—at least some of them—perhaps a third above water and two-thirds below.

It was not for several minutes that I noticed that with those who had come aboard the Furious from the cutter stood Bettina Petzka. A moment later, she caught sight of Kennedy.

“Where is my husband?” she demanded.

Kennedy had no chance to reply.

Suddenly a series of flashes shattered the darkness. A terrific roar seemed to rise from the very ocean, while a rain of sparks lighted up great spurts of water and then fell back, to perish in the dark waves. The Furious trembled from end to end.

Startled, we looked at each other. But we were all safe. The things had been detonated in the water.

“Only the fact that he would have blown himself up prevented him from blowing up the yacht and all the evidence against him, now that we have discovered his plot!” cried Burke excitedly, dashing down the deck.

Scarcely recovered from our surprise at the explosion and the queer actions of the secret-service man, we rushed after him.

He led the way to the little wireless-room. The door was bolted on the inside, but we managed soon to burst it open.

I shall never forget the surprise which greeted us. In a chair, bound and gagged, as though he had been overcome only after a struggle, sat Petzka. His wife threw herself frantically on him, tearing at the stout cords that held him.

“Nikola, what is the matter?” she cried. “What has happened?”

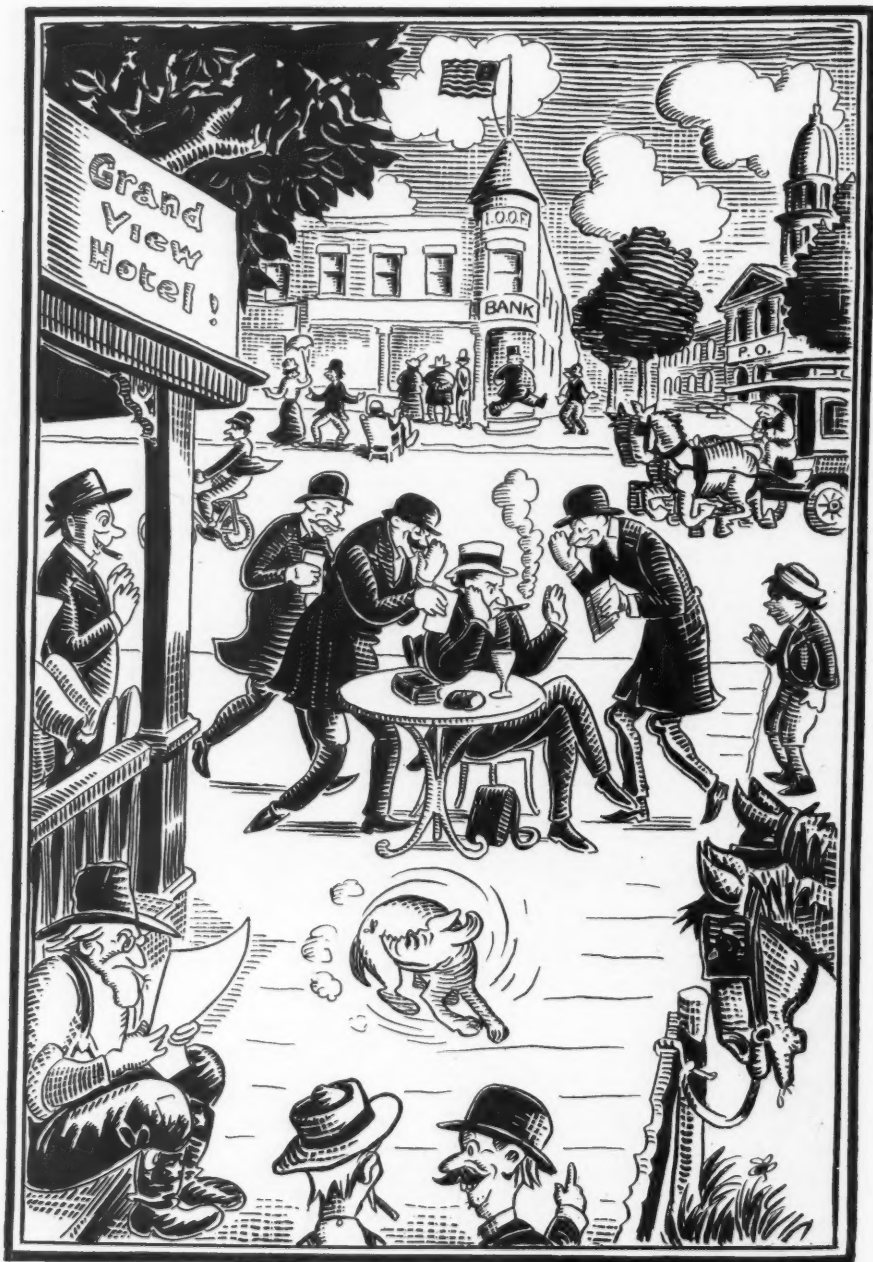
Through his gag, which she had loosened a bit, he made a peculiar, gurgling noise. As nearly as I could make out, he was struggling to say,

“He came in—surprised me—seized me—locked the door.”

Julia Rovigno stood rooted to the spot—utterly speechless.

There, surrounded by electric batteries, condensers, projectors, regulators, resonators, reflectors, voltmeters, and ammeters, queer apparatus which he had smuggled secretly on the Furious, before a strange sort of device, with a wireless headgear still over his ears, stood the owner of at least two of the liners of the belligerents which were to have made the dash for the ocean, after he had succeeded, by his new wireless-ray device, in removing the hostile fleet—Count Rovigno himself!

The next *Craig Kennedy* story will be *The Absolute Zero*.



While you are seated at the Table, arrange to have several Human Reptiles in glistening Frock Coats come up and furtively submit for your approval the kind of Photographs that no man who expects to drop dead would care to have on his Person

# New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

## The Fable of the Man Who Wanted His Europe

ONCE there was a Slave pulling an Oar in a large Galley with a New Jersey Charter.

For many Seasons he had toiled with creaking Sinews and popping Eyeballs so that his beloved Corporation would never have to fizzle a Dividend.

Always he was sustained by a rose-colored Hope. Every time he readjusted his clanking Chains he told himself that some day he would bust forth from his blithering Bondage and jamboree his way through Europe.

The Lantern Slides and those fascinating accordion Folders put out by Tourist Agencies had nursed him along until he believed that Europe consisted of Sunrise in the Tyrol and Moonlight on the Grand Canal.

The Old World promised him a foretaste of Paradise, minus the Moral Restrictions.

At last he earned his Leave of Absence and had his Collateral all counted out, ready to be whizzed, but he got word that the Elysian Fields were strung with Barbed Wire and the Happy Peasants of his Day-Dreams were dodging Shrapnel.

The only Steamers sailing for the land of promised Delights were laden with contraband, and Correspondents who wore Khaki and signed their Stuff.

It was a cruel disappointment to the would-be Pilgrim. He heard the clarion call of the full-page Advertisers, who told him to See America First; but when a True Sport has got himself all keyed up for the ravishments of Vienna and Budapest, he does not care to have any rhetorical Passenger Agent come along and try to slip him St. Louis as a Substitute.

While he was in deep grief over the dishing of his Plans, he met at his Club an elderly

Grouch who had traveled so much that he had begun to look British.

The perennial Rambler had specialized on Food and Drink in every Capital of Europe and knew all the Monarchies by their first Names.

The poor Chap who had been denied the Transatlantic Holiday sat down with the fish-eyed Veteran and began to weep into his Bronx.

It seemed that he had his Steamer-Shawl and the Phrase-Book and the Letters of Introduction all packed, and was ready to yo-heave-ho, when the Blow-Off came.

"Control yourself," advised Mr. Grouch. "All is not lost. I know the dear old Stamping-Ground from the North Cape down to the Blue Grotto. I have seen countless hordes of first-time Cookies going through the deadly Routine. If you will follow my Directions, you may duplicate all the essential Items of a visit to Europe without yielding up your entire Fortune or suffering the pangs of Nostalgia. In other words, I will bring the Old World right to your own Threshold."

It sounded foolish and unlikely, but the Traveler persisted that he could deliver the Goods and even volunteered to draft a set of Rules for putting the usual experiences of a Foreign Tour within the reach of any Poor Family.

That afternoon he scanned his Travel-Notes and dictated a mess of Notes to the human Secretary. Next day he sought out the dejected Wimp who was hungering for the Eastern Hemisphere.

"Go to it," said the Veteran, passing over a Screeed very neatly typed. "If the Game of Golf and Vocal Music can be taught by a Correspondence School, there is no earthly Reason why one should not take

an extended Journey while remaining Stationary."

The Directions were as follows:

#### EVERY FELLOW HIS OWN EUROPE

**SCORING FOR A START**—In order to duplicate the Joys of a Grand Tour without venturing beyond Sandy Hook, the first Task is to attend several going-away Dinners.

As soon as you are feeling logy and oppressed, begin packing.

Collect all of your Wearing Apparel into a mound at least four feet high and then crowd the whole Layout into a low-browed Steamer-Trunk with baffling Partitions.

**HOW TO BE SEEN OFF**—You are now ready to sail. In order to experience the usual delirium of getting away from the Dock, stand in the main entrance of a Department Store for one hour during the most turbulent period of Shopping. Surround yourself with superfluous Friends and Relatives and have them repeat over and over: "Bon Voyage! Bon Voyage! Bon Voyage!" Carry a bouquet of Killarney Roses and promise to Write.

**OUT ON THE BOUNDING**—You are now ready for the Ocean Voyage, always recommended by Doctors who wish to get shut of troublesome Patients.

Select a medium-sized Closet, entirely boxed in except for a single Opening about the size of a Griddle-Cake. Along one side of the dim Cubby-Hole build a Shelf, or Berth. Measure yourself and make the Bunk two inches shorter.

Put the Steamer-Trunk under the Sleeping-Trough. Then install a Wash-Stand and Wardrobe in the remaining Corners, so that, when the Trunk is pulled out from the dim Recess under the Sarcophagus, the occupant of the Cell must crawl into Bed in order to reach down and unpack a pair of heavy Socks. This sounds intricate, but it will work out unless your Closet happens to be larger than the ordinary Stateroom.

While at sea, you are supposed to rest. For six days you will spend most of your time on a cylindrical Mattress in the dusky Cavern described above. Every hour or so have a clammy and unsympathetic Stevedore in the Costume of a Street-Cleaner come into your little Vault and tell you that the Weather is clearing.

Each day you must rally for a time and venture forth. This is called "Taking the Air." Put on some damp clothing, climb to the roof of your House, and lie horizontally, facing the Sky. A convincing Detail, tending to heighten the Verisimilitude, would be to accept a Sea-Biscuit every little while from a so-called Steward. Anyone with the wrong kind of Mustache can impersonate a Steward. No matter how often he appears, you must inquire of him as follows: "When do you think we will land?" He will give an evasive answer, after which you are supposed to take a Nap.

Possibly no one ashore has ever voluntarily gone in for Shuffleboard. Still, if you crave Realism, borrow a Crutch and try to propel wooden Disks so that they will pause within a rectangular Area bounded by Chalk Marks. Do this in Private, or some one may ask to have a Conservator appointed.

Hang a large Bell just outside your Cabin and arrange to have some one beat it with a Hammer every fifteen minutes. Each time you hear the Bell, look at your Watch.

**GREAT BRITAIN'S WELCOME TO THE STRANGER**—After one week in the Closet, you must imagine that the Good Ship is lying off the British Coast, which is blurred with Fog and lacking in Detail.

You are now ready to travel by railway up to London. This unusual Experience may be duplicated if you will consent to crowd yourself into a Pullman Compartment with five Total Strangers and refrain from Conversation.

Having disembarked in Merrie England, you are at once entitled to the Knowledge, carefully withheld from the General Run of People by all Travelers, that England is just as merry as the side view of a Hearse.

**CUTTING LOOSE IN LONDON**—In order to imagine yourself in the Modern Babylon, you should first of all go to a Tailor off in a Side Street and order a \$15 Suit with the Trousers fitting snugly under the Arms and plenty of Excelsior in the Shoulders.

Then drink a large slug of the Aromatic Spirits of Caledonia diluted with tepid Water.

Ride in a Taxi until you are dizzy, after which retire to a Cold-Storage Warehouse.

Arrange to have your Dinner served in a



Deaf and Dumb asylum. By closing your eyes, you can imagine yourself in the very liveliest corner of a large Apartment overlooking the Thames.

Probably you have been honing for years to go rollicking about London night after night, dropping in at the Halls and the Revues. Just sit in a cloud of Tobacco Smoke and have some one feed last year's Ragtime into a Talking Machine, and you will get most of the Sensations awaiting you at the Pavilion or the Oxford.

**CROSSING THE CHANNEL**—This is something you will want to talk about for a long time to come, so do it right. Doubtless your Steam Laundryman will give you permission to ride for an hour in one of his restless rotary Receptacles.

**SETTLING DOWN TO A SYSTEM**—Assuming that you are the Typical American Traveler, doubtless you will wish to clean up all of Europe in about Six Weeks. This will call for a lot of Hard Work and a very compact Schedule, which can be enacted in St. Joe, Missouri, or Upper Sandusky, Ohio, just as easily as in Rotterdam or Marseilles.

Arise every

morning and rub yourself casually with a damp Sponge.

Eat a hard Roll coated with Shellac, and be sure that your Coffee is sufficiently modified by Chicory and drowned in Hot Milk.

Spend an hour in packing everything that you unpacked the previous Afternoon.

Hurry out to a City Ticket Office. After you have elbowed your way to a desirable Frontage, claim the attention of the frigid



— McCUTCHEON

Every hour or so have a clammy and unsympathetic Stevedore in the costume of a Street-Cleaner come into your little Vault and tell you that the Weather is clearing

Lad with the striped Shirt and talk him to a Standstill. Remember that five per cent. of all the time spent in Europe must be given over to the painful consideration of Time-Tables.

Each day you must buy a stack of Post-Cards, done in passionate Colors. Address them to distant Relatives. Also to the Neighbors you dislike, so as to make them envious. Write something sappy along the border of each Card.

Don't forget your Tipping. To make sure of upholding your country's Reputation and to observe all Precedents, push a small Piece of Silver toward everyone who deigns to notice you.

At least once a Day retire to a stuffy Apartment billed as a Salon, and carefully read a Boston Newspaper about three Weeks old. Also peruse eight pages of microscopical Printing in a red Guide-Book.

What with the packing and unpacking, the mad gallop to the Booking Office, the fluttering uncertainty over the selection of the Carte Postales, the prolonged endeavor to remember all of your remote Kin, the Tipping, the Table Dotty, the customary search through the Reading-Room for something recent, the devotional hour with Baedeker, and the attempt to select a Train by which to escape to the next Jump, the Day will become so crowded that you will not have to waste much time on Galleries, Cathedrals, Museums, and Shops.

**HOW TO RECOVER FROM THE CHAUTAUQUA FEVER**—For the first fortnight of this supposititious flight across the Continent, you should endeavor to churn up a frothing interest in the educational features of the Tour. Two weeks will be long enough. Most of the Students who have taken a preliminary Course of Reading, so they will understand everything they see, begin to stall and lay off after about four days. The more violent the early Attack the more rapid the Recovery, after which you will be Immune.

**ART**—Any collection of Paintings with Gold Frames will serve as a substitute for a famous Gallery. When you discover that you cannot discriminate between a Notable Canvas and the kind displayed in every good Buffet in Atlantic City, you will be shamed and discouraged, and begin looking for an Exit.

Even if you pump up a genuine interest, you will be google-eyed after you have studied some zoo Masterpieces. Be on the level with yourself. If you will not walk across the Street in your Native Town to look at the real Specimens of Art imported by some generous Millionaire, don't kid yourself into thinking that you will blossom into a Ruskin Fan when you go abroad.

No matter how many Miles a Man may travel, he will never get ahead of Himself.

**MUSEUMS**—The passion for Museums will evaporate ever so rapidly. If you want to know what it feels like to visit a famous Museum, walk rapidly through the Crockery Department of any large Retail Establishment and you will get all of the Thrills.

**ARCHITECTURE, ETC.**—We come now to the noble Edifices. Let us see if we can find close at hand something Colossal and Ornate which will cause us to throb. A man of ordinary Physique is good for only about two large Throbs in one day. Why not stand in front of a gigantic Railway Station in New York City and remove the Hat? Then have some one remark that the Façade was built by Spinkadelli in the Thirteenth Century. Emit a sigh of Admiration, replace the Hat, and you will be just as well off as if you were in Milano.

By this time you are scoffing at my Instructions. If you think that the Average Traveler retains anything valuable or lasting from his jumble of hurried Impressions, why not make Casual Inquiry of some Highbrow Friend who took the Mediterranean Trip last winter? Ask him about Rome—the recognized headquarters for impressive Antiquities. He will tell you that he paid \$7 a day for his Room and had to walk down the Hallway to get a Bath.

**PICKING UP ODD LITTLE THINGS**—Regarding the Shops, I am compelled to confess that, by diligent search through the smaller Establishments of the Strand, Regent Street, Rue de la Paix, and Friedrichstrasse, one may dig up almost any Article of Merchandise listed in our own Sunday Papers.

**GUIDES**—If it is your first ride on the Merry-go-Round, you will ask for a Guide at each Halting-Place. An unexaggerated Replica of the Continental Guide may be

found in any Community. Hunt up a shabby Confidence Man with an imperfect Knowledge of English. Follow him about in a shamefaced Manner and submit weakly to his brazen Dictates, and you will know just how it feels to be nagged through the Streets of Naples.

**COLLECTING COINS**  
—This is important. Don't fail to take in a few pieces of Bad Money each day. Preserve as Souvenirs.

**USEFUL EMPLOYMENT OF SPARE TIME**  
—Assuming that the Tourist has foundered himself on Cathedrals, Birth-places, and Mountain Scenery, and that the packing and unpacking, the low-comedy Inscriptions on the Post-Cards, &c., &c., do not take up all of his time, and that, at

favorable Intervals, he can elude the Guides, what may be regarded as the regular and steady Avocation of the homeless Wanderer?

All courageous Itinerants have the same Finish. After a few heartfelt Days among the Memorial Statues and the Mildew, they are content to put in Hour after Hour gazing blankly at Window-Displays or haggling with fluent Banditti.

Remember it is not necessary to travel

4000 miles in order to loaf in front of Shop Windows or slather the Express Orders on Junk.

**HOW TO GO ASTRAY**—We come now to the Gay Life. Let us assume that you are

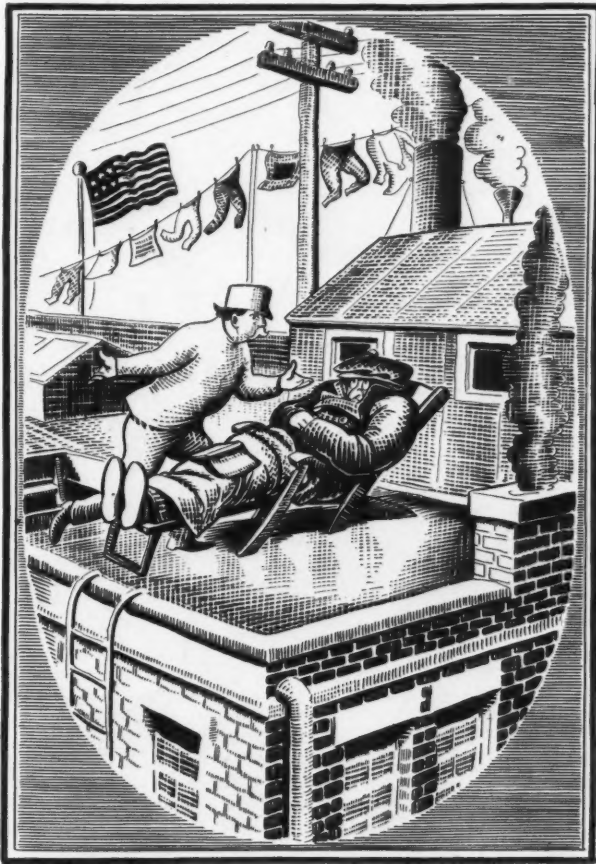
in Paree, although any town in which you are totally ignorant of the Language or the local Devices of the Criminal Element will insure you the same opportunities as a Producer.

If you will observe the following Routine (remembering that you are to use the Sign-Language a t a l l times), you can garner the same unalloyed Delights in Pittsburgh as if you were in the mad whirl of some place really Wicked.

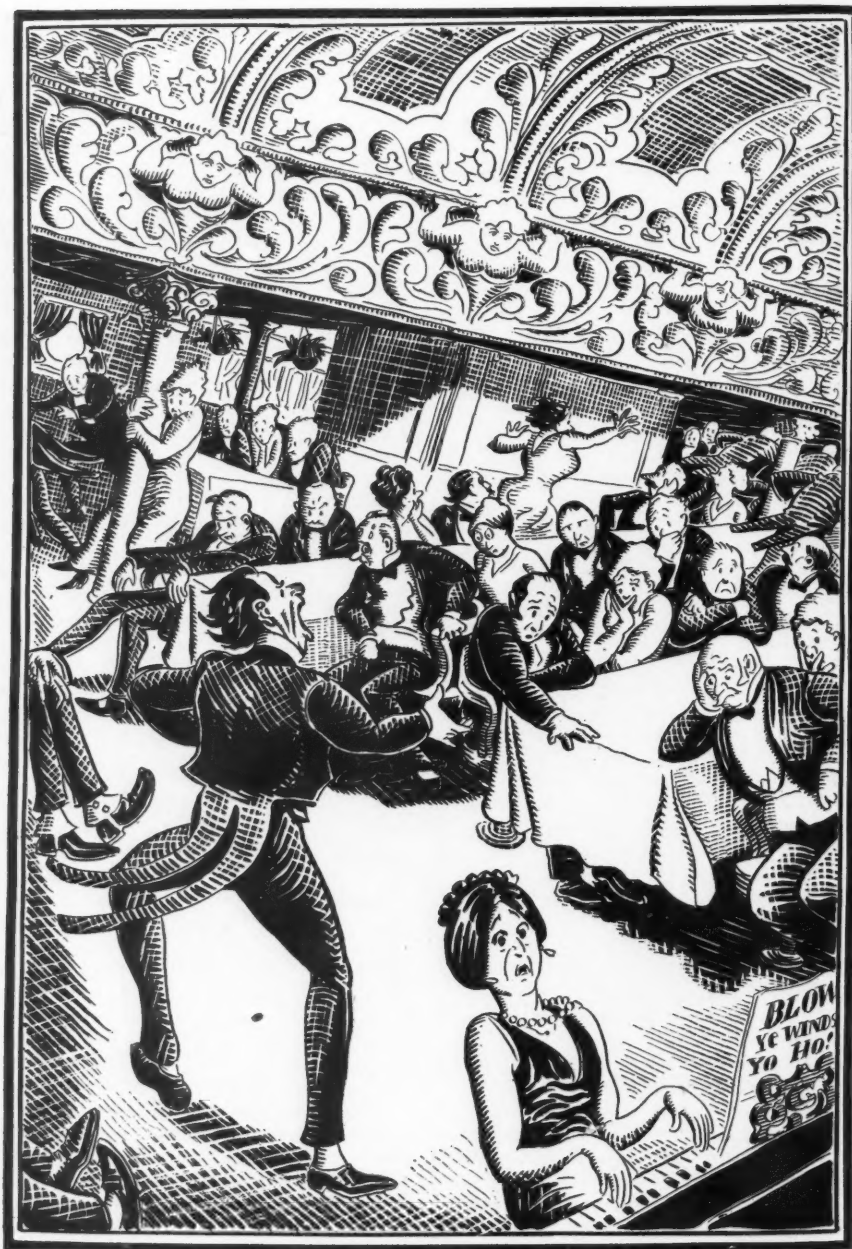
First of all, spend

several hours seated at an Iron Table in the Open Air, sipping a weak imitation of Maple-Sirup. While decanting the sticky Compound into your surprised Interior, smoke the lowest-priced Stogie obtainable at a Grocery Store. You never can get into the real Atmosphere of the Old Country if you carry good Cigars.

This Ceremonial of sitting at the Iron Table and watching the crowds move by is



No matter how often he appears, you must inquire of him as follows: "When do you think we will land?"



MCCUTCHEON

The Ship's Concert, including the jovial Army Officer who can't sing but does



known as "Getting Into the Café Life," and is about the most tingling experience that awaits the impressionable Pilgrim.

While you are seated at the Table, arrange to have several Human Reptiles in glistening Frock Coats come up and furtively submit for your approval the kind of Photographs that no Man who expects to drop dead would care to have on his Person.

After you have remained at the Iron Table until you feel that you are really getting into a close relationship with the very Soul of the Native Population, you must dine at a famous Restaurant. You can get the same Environment here at home as on the Other Side, because, in either instance, you will be surrounded by loud-talking Yankees.

Be sure and demand a Cocktail. I agree with you that the Wise Bird who wishes to shield his early morning Hours from a case of Nervous Quivers will duck on the ruby Concoction, but not when he is on a Foreign Shore and wishes to proclaim his Nativity. It will be a dreadful Affair, curdled with strange Bitters, but you must fly at it, just to sustain a popular Tradition.

Furthermore, in order to exhibit easy Familiarity with the Vintage mysteries, you had better order something puckery and high-priced, with Cobwebs on the outside. Slip in a remark about the "Cuvee," and possibly no one will suspect that for thirty years you have been training on Well Water.

In the Evening you would go to the Teatro. If you want to know how it feels to sit through the Drama far from home, go into any Show Shop, tip the Usher, and sit in the back row wearing Ear-Muffs.

Do not bother with the Opera. All the high-priced Thrushes will be warbling in New York.

As for Cabaret Stuff and sitting next to the Hungarian Noise-Makers until 2 A.M., do you fancy that any Country on the Map can give us Pointers on Disorderly Conduct?

**TOURING DE LUXE**—Let us not forget the Motoring. No doubt you have dreamed of spinning through Normandy or surfeiting yourself on the Rural Landscapes of the Shakespeare Country. Be assured that all you can derive from Motoring, either at home or abroad, is an acute Vertigo. Touring in all countries is now done at Top

Speed and is seemingly planned for the entertainment of the Chauffeur. The Passengers go with him to ballast the Car and pay for Tires.

**USEFUL HINT**—Before I forget it, here is a Daily Exercise which will help to create the Illusion that you are a regular Traveler. Whenever you go into the Street, take with you a Camera, a Rain-Coat, a pair of Binoculars, and a Guide-Book. Shift them frequently without dropping anything.

**HOMEWARD BOUND**—If you will observe the Daily Routine, as roughly indicated, for several weeks, eating Strange Food all of the time, you will be overjoyed when you can go back into your Closet and spread yourself out on the Shelf for the Return Voyage.

At the end of a Week have a suspicious Stranger overhaul your Luggage and regard you as a Smuggler. He will be justified in doing so.

**ADDENDA**—Get some Labels and paste them on your Boxes and Bags.

Sort out the Curios and Gimcracks and give them away before they Pall on you.

Hurry to your own Bathroom and the Spring Mattress, and be thankful that you lasted through it.

I almost forgot to add that in taking this Home Treatment you will escape:

The Ship's Concert, including the jovial Army Officer who can't sing but does.

The human Megaphone with an American Flag on his Lapel.

The Fluff who wants a Partner for Bridge.

The Monarch of the Seas who has crossed forty-two times.

In conclusion, I don't expect you to follow Directions, even if they are spoken from the Heart.

#### THE END

When the unhappy Stay-at-Home concluded the silly Document, he knew that the Writer was a cheap Iconoclast with a jitney Intelligence.

He still believed all that he had read in those wonderful Syndicate Letters prepared in the Reading-Room of the Public Library.

*Moral: Many are wise to Europe, but few have the Manhood to speak out.*

The next *New Fable in Slang* will be *The Fable of What the Best People are not Doing*.



# Shadows of Flames

A STUDY IN IMPERFECTION

By Amélie Rives

Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "World's End," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

**Synopsis**—Sophy Taliaferro, a girl from Virginia, has, when the story opens, in 1890, in London, been married over three years to Cecil Chesney, younger brother of Lord Wychcote. Wychcote, who is sickly and unmarried, is devoted to his American sister-in-law. The young wife, however, finds little favor with Cecil's mother, Lady Wychcote, who hates Americans and is also greatly displeased with her able and brilliant younger son because he has flouted the pronounced Toryism of the family and become a radical; he has, moreover, spent some time in India and in African exploration against his mother's wishes. Chesney, usually an affectionate husband and father (there is one child, a boy of two years), has become subject to ugly fits of temper, often followed by quite unaccountable illnesses. He declares that these attacks are due to the effects of jungle-fever, and he will have no physician called, depending entirely upon the ministrations of his faithful valet, Gaynor. Before long, the latter comes to Sophy and advises her to see a specialist. She, quite unknown to her husband, consults Doctor Carfew, a celebrated neurologist. He makes it plain that Chesney is a victim of both morphine and cocaine, and recommends a sanatorium, but Sophy knows that Cecil will never consent to this. Although not of that faith, she goes to a Roman Catholic priest who is famous for his advice to people in trouble. Father Raphael bids her do all in her power to save her husband, but in case of failure to take her child and return to her old home.

It is finally decided, after consultation with Lady Wychcote and the family physician, to take Cecil to Dynehurst, the Wychcote estate in the north of England, and attempt a cure with the aid of an experienced nurse. To this plan Chesney, now in fear of Carfew and a sanatorium, consents. But it proves a failure. Chesney has an extra supply of morphine, and when deprived of this begins drinking and becomes very violent. Finally, the nurse, Anne Harding, declares that she will give up the case unless Carfew is sent for. He comes, and so frightens Chesney that he agrees to go to a sanatorium.

Just before this climax, little Bobby has a bad attack of croup, and the Dynehurst physician orders him to a warmer climate, recommending Lake Maggiore in Italy. Sophy hears this with peculiar emotion, for here is the home of the Marchese Amaldi, an Italian nobleman whom she has met in London and deeply admired, and upon whom she knows that she has made a strong impression. The marchese's mother is an American, and he himself is separated from an unfaithful wife, there being no divorce-laws in Italy. Sophy leaves for the Continent as soon as Carfew arrives at Dynehurst. At Milan, on the way to the lake, she runs into Amaldi, who is in the city on account of his mother's visit to the dentist. The Amaldis take her in charge and accompany her, with her child and servants, to Maggiore, where they will assist her in settling herself. The marchesa has realized the strong influence that Sophy has over her son, and, in the practically hopeless circumstances on both sides, resolves to speak to him at the first opportunity.

**W**HEN they reached Baveno, the marchesa insisted on getting out and going up to the hotel with Sophy to see that she was given nice rooms.

Something about the young woman, all alone with her little son, went to her heart. The marchesa herself had not been very happy in her marriage. Her fullest life had been lived as the mother of her two boys. Thus, Sophy and Bobby touched her very nearly. Amaldi went up with them. He stayed on the terrace while the two women inspected rooms and interviewed the *padrone*. Sophy did not come down again.

"She seems quite worn out all of a sudden, poor child," said the marchesa. Without apparently looking at her son, she saw the quick change that came over his face when she said that Sophy seemed worn out. He said nothing. He made the mechanician sit in the stern, and himself steered the swift little craft all the way to

Le Vigne. He talked very little on the way home, chiefly about the farm and the weather. He was afraid it might be going to rain to-morrow.

"Then you'll have to put off your villa-hunt with Mrs. Chesney," he said. He said this very naturally, pronouncing the name without the least self-consciousness. The marchesa felt that her task was going to be very difficult indeed. She, too, lapsed into silence, now watching the marvelous sky—she was a great lover of stars and clouds—now glancing at her son's dark, nervous hands as they turned the little wheel slightly from time to time. Passionate hands they were. The marchesa had been of a passionate nature herself. Like Socrates, she thanked the gods that time was past, but she remembered. She could feel with Marco as well as for him.

They were a long time on the homeward way, even with the swift launch to carry them. Le Vigne, or the Castello Amaldi, as it was sometimes called, lay on the Lom-

bard shore of the lake not far from Angera. It had been one of the old hunting-lodges of the Amaldi in more sumptuous days. It made a delightful summer home, standing close to the lake shore and surrounded by a farm of some two thousand acres. It was of white stucco with thick, ancient walls. A terrace along the front led, by long, shallow steps, to the lawns and gardens, which reached to the water. Behind, in the buildings enclosing the court, were kitchens, laundry, carpenter shop, stables, and so forth. Big-arched ways led from the *cortile* into the kitchen-garden and the open country beyond.

When the *marchesa* had come to Le Vigne as a bride, forty years before, she had regretted that it did not lie in the mountainous portion of the lake, near Stresa. Now she had grown to love this wistful, reedy shore more than any other part of Lago Maggiore. She stepped out in the big wet dock with a sigh of pleasure, and walked across the lawn, stopping to put a spray of white oleander in her belt.

Marco and his mother dined on the terrace at a little table set with old Lodi ware. There was a bowl of white oleanders—the *marchesa's* favorite flower—in the center. Its fragile blossoms gave off a perfume strangely heady and spiritual at the same time—a faint, sweet perfume as of blossomed peach kernels.

The dusk came on gradually, spangled with stars and fireflies. All the clouds had melted from the sky.

"No rain for to-morrow, my dear," said the *marchesa*, as she and Amaldi sat smoking companionably after dinner, each in a long chair. "I can go villa hunting with your charming friend beyond a doubt."

"Yes; that's good," said Amaldi.

The *marchesa* glanced at him. He was smoking contentedly, with a very tranquil expression on his face. It was still light enough to see even the colors of flowers quite plainly. The *marchesa* put her own cigarette back between her lips. Then she took it out and looked at it, smiling.

"You haven't noticed my new *splendore*, Marco," she said, waving the gold-tipped cigarette toward him.

"Eh?" he said, as though rousing suddenly.

"These gilded luxuries," said his mother, indicating the cigarette between her big, handsome fingers.

"Why, Baldi, what swagger!" he laughed, taking in the cigarette. This name of "Baldi," by which both her sons sometimes addressed her, had arisen from the fact that, as a bride, she had arrived in Italy with a severe cold in her head, and had pronounced her new name "Abaldi." Her husband had begun to call her "Baldi" for fun, in the honeymoon days. Later on, the children had taken it up. She associated it more with her boys than with her husband, and liked them to call her so. Only when very serious did they say, "*maman*."

"Yes; don't you wonder how I came by such gorgeousness?" she now asked.

"I do, indeed. I thought you scorned such vanities."

"I do, as a rule, but that dear thing pressed them on me so prettily that I hadn't the heart to refuse. Mrs. Chesney, I mean—she is a dear thing, Marco."

Her son's voice at once became on guard, as it were.

"Yes; I thought you would like her," he said. "You know I told you so."

"You didn't tell me half, my dear. She is a very unusual woman indeed—girl, I feel like saying. Really she seems amazingly girlish to have been through those bitter experiences you told me of."

"Yes; that does strike one."

The *marchesa* smoked for a few moments. It seemed odd to be smoking Sophy's cigarettes as an aid to what she intended saying, no matter how difficult Marco's extreme reserve might make it.

"Does she seem very *éprise* with her husband?" she asked, at last.

"I haven't seen them together more than twice—I couldn't say. I haven't seen much of Mrs. Chesney herself, you know."

"I didn't know," reflected the *marchesa*; but matters seemed to her all the more serious because of that statement. If she, his mother, could see in a few hours the strong influence that Sophy had upon him, and if this influence had resulted from such a slight acquaintance, then it was more necessary than ever that she should speak. She decided not to follow Mephisto around his bush any longer. She threw away her cigarette and leaned back.

"*Caro* Marco," she said, "I'm going to do a thing that I've rarely done. I'm going to do it because I think I ought to, though I dislike doing it very much. And I want you to be indulgent to Baldi—eh?"

Now Amaldi was really on his guard. Something seemed actually to click in his breast. It was the lock of his heart snapping home. It is a way that the heart-locks of some folk have of doing at the least touch. They seem set to so delicate a spring that, while they may on rare occasions open of themselves, they close at the lightest outside touch. His voice was very gentle and courteous as he said,

"Dear Baldi, you know very well that you can speak to me in any way whatever that you wish."

"*Aiel!*" thought the *marchesa*. "He's gone under the boat like a pike! What a dear, fine, provoking boy to be sure! He *should* close up like a clam on such a subject, but it's pretty hard on poor me!"

"Well, then, Marco, I'll come to the point at once," she said, in a frank, practical voice. "But first I must ask you if you don't really think that I've trespassed very little on private ground with you since you've been grown? Even when your marriage was in question, I said nothing, after giving you my honest opinion when you asked for it—isn't this so?"

"Yes, *maman*; it is perfectly true," said Amaldi.

This "*maman*" fixed the *marchesa* in her opinion that Marco was going to make things as difficult as possible for her. She was no longer his intimate Baldi; she was the revered *maman*.

"Very well, dear; I'm glad you admit that so frankly," she continued, taking her courage in both hands, "because it makes me feel that you will be lenient if what I'm about to say jars on you very much. It's this, my son: I want you to be very, very careful about your attitude toward this lovely, unhappy woman. I see real danger for you there, Marco, unless you are on your guard every moment of the time you are with her. A woman feels such things intuitively—and intuition is a very sure force, no matter what skeptics may say of it. I want you to open your mind's eye wide, my dear boy, and look this possibility squarely in the face. Will you?"

Amaldi sat perfectly still. The only sign that he was moved in any way was the cigarette, which went out between his fingers and which he put to his lips, now and then, as if unaware that it was out. His mother waited, rather nervous. Then he said quietly:

"I was just trying to see exactly what you meant, *maman*. Do you mean that you fear I may compromise Mrs. Chesney by undue attentions?"

The *marchesa* felt discouraged, but her will upheld her.

"Not that alone, Marco," she said firmly, "though that might be one of the consequences of what I fear for you. What I meant, in plain language, since you force me to it, is that you may come to care too much for her. There would be no issue to such a thing, Marco. You must see that for yourself. I do you the honor," she added quickly, "of supposing that your feeling for such a woman would be a serious one."

"Thanks!" said Amaldi. His tone was perfectly respectful, but there was a crisp note in it that hurt his mother. He was, in truth, deeply indignant, not with her but with himself, at the idea that his love for Sophy was so transparently evident to observing eyes, when he had thought it hidden in the utmost depths of his being.

The *marchesa*, in the mean while, was thinking very hard indeed. She was years in advance of her day in many respects. Grant Allen, in England, had not yet written "*The Woman who Did*," or George Meredith his theory of trial marriage. Ellen Key was little known. The New Woman was only just learning to toddle between the strong arms of some bold nurses of ideas, who, along with other scientists, were being pronounced anathema maranatha by the Churches of all lands. George Eliot had become Mrs. Cross. Only a few dauntless free-lances, advance-guards of the mighty future army whose members were mostly still in their cradles or even in the womb of time—only these occasionally "*did*" what the woman in Grant Allen's tale dared to do, and with such piteous consequences. (But then, even the most erring woman is seldom cursed with such a wretch of a child as the Dolly of that story.) These things all being as they were, it is no exaggeration to state that the *marchesa* was far in advance of her day in some respects. For instance, she believed that a serious union between a man and woman devotedly loving each other—and determined to be true to that love—is as sacred and worthy a thing, as really and wholly a marriage, as any union made by priest or law. The law of one's highest being, she considered

the highest law of all. To the marriage of true hearts and bodies, as well as that of true minds, she would not admit impediment. But she realized that for the man and woman of her day to enter upon such a marriage was also to enter upon a *via crucis*. The massive, sometimes crushing weight of such a yoke was not to be accepted in any light, joyous spirit of newly kindled passion. Over the gateway of that stern temple of Love was written the implacable, well-nigh impossible mandate of the Delphic oracle—"Know thyself."

Moreover, in her view of the question, the man and woman who would enter on such an engagement must be quite free from certain ties—preeminently the tie binding a mother to her children.

The *marchesa* admitted the forsaking of all in the world for a great love—except the child that a woman had borne into the world.

Marco, despite his luckless marriage, from which, as an Italian, he could not with dignity escape—both he and she scorned the idea of his becoming naturalized in another country in order to obtain a divorce there—Marco, she considered free to form a new and serious relationship if he so desired. They had frankly discussed the possibility. She, in her fearless, large-minded large-heartedness, had even consented, in such a case, to receive the woman of his choice as his wife.

Therefore, it was not the question of the possible irregularity of his future relations with Sophy that dismayed her. It was that she did not consider Sophy free—even should she leave her husband or be divorced from him. She had her son. Never would she receive as Marco's wife the woman who had deserted her child for him. But then, merely glimpsing Sophy as she had done, she felt



"What I meant, in plain language, since you force me to it, is that you may come to care too much for her"

instinctively that she was incapable of such an act.

Remained then only the possibility of a dark tragedy of unavailing love and the odious quagmire of scandal.

And, thinking as she did, and knowing that her son was well aware of her opinions, this "Thanks!" of Marco's hurt her deeply. It seemed to say, "I am glad that at least you do me that much justice."

It was she, however, who broke the silence that followed.

"My son," she said, rising, "I shall not allude to this subject again. This once I felt that I had to speak—no matter how much I hurt or offended you—only this once—"

"*Maman*, I beg of you; I beg—" he murmured, in a colorless voice.

"Yes; that I had to do," continued his mother firmly, "for, as I said, there is no issue. Mrs. Chesney has her son. Should you ever care for her, should she ever care for you, her son stands between you. If she were to desert her boy for you, she would not deserve your love. If you wanted her to desert him, you would not deserve hers."

"*Maman*, I entreat you!" cried Amaldi, springing to his feet. She could see his face, white as silver in the heavy dusk. His brows made a straight line across it.

"I have finished, my son," she said, with dignity. "You will never hear me allude to this again." And she left him.

### XXXVII

THE finding of a suitable villa for Sophy proved to be quite an undertaking. Three days did the kindly *marchesa* devote to helping her in this quest. And as they chugged about the lake in the little launch, Sophy grew more and more impressed with the hideousness of the houses that man had thrust upon this lovely nature. Only a few villas, here and there, were simple and attractive in architecture, and these were always old buildings, rather despised by the present Lago Maggiorites.

And the insides of these houses! It seemed to Sophy that if people had pondered day and night for years to invent sordid hideousness, they could not have succeeded more completely.

She was in despair. She thought she had better remain at the Hotel Bellevue or slip over to the Eden Hotel, in Pallanza.

But the *marchesa* never gave up an idea once she had determined to accomplish it. So, finally, they found in the Villa Clelia, near Ghiffa, what even Sophy admitted was the very thing.

The villa had been laid out by a Russian who loved rare trees above all things. It ran along the shore on high ground, just back of the road, for about half a mile. There were two houses—chalets—divided by the whole length of the gardens. The Italian family who owned it now lived in the "big chalet"; it was the "little chalet" that Sophy rented for six months for the sum of one thousand francs.

It took her two weeks to get settled—to have the walls whitewashed and to cover the frightful furniture with slips of chintz. She was so busy over this that she had no time to feel lonely, though Amaldi and his mother only came to see her once during that period. The letters from Anne Harding were very encouraging. Bobby looked like a bit of brown bisque, and had already gained in weight. It was wonderful, after the day's bustle, to sit on the broad, flagged terrace that overlooked the lake. Two huge cypresses towered on either side. At the foot of the priestly trees, two oleanders, in full bloom, spread their pinky skirts, like court ladies kneeling in perfumed humility before stern spiritual directors. Their heady fragrance streamed through the night, stirring vague desires and regrets. The stars swung low plaques of quick gold. The grim Stone of Iron, across the lake, had changed to tourmaline—reddish at one end, dusky violet at the other, as the glow from the lime-kiln at Chaldee lit it to the east and the soft starlight to the west. Yes; this, too, was Italy. And there came to her a strange, elusive sense as of heart-break for sorrows long forgotten when a nightingale began its desperate, sweet cry of passion, forever unfulfilled.

One morning, just as Sophy was beginning to wonder a little sadly why her only friends in Italy seemed to have forgotten her, Luigi, the little Milanese butler, brought her Amaldi's card.

She ran down to greet him in her white-linen skirt and blouse, forgetting to take out the oleander flower that Bobby had stuck over her ear as they played together that morning on the terrace. The pink flower with its dark, spiky leaves, thus nestled against her shaded hair, gave her a



coquettish, festival look that was delightfully new to Amaldi. His heart quickened. It was hard to keep his eyes steady under the look of frank pleasure with which she met him.

"How nice to see you, *Marchesel*!" she cried, giving him both hands. "I thought you and that dear mother of yours had quite forgotten me."

"*Ma no; si figuri!*" murmured Amaldi.

"But it's been a long time—nearly two weeks," Sophy said, smilingly reproachful. "You can't think how often Bobby has asked for you."

She went to the door and called to Miller to bring the child in from the garden. Amaldi flushed as she did so, then paled. He had come to regard Bobby with very mingled feelings. As a child, the child appealed to him. As the symbol of division between him and Sophy, it was acutely painful to him to come in contact with the boy. It was strange to think of Nemesis as a sturdy little lad, but, to Amaldi, Bobby represented the dark goddess.

However, Bobby was too preoccupied with a kitten that the gardener's son had just given him to take much notice of Amaldi. He soon trotted out again, stomach to fat stomach with the little beast, and Amaldi hurriedly explained that his mother had sent the launch to fetch Sophy to Le Vigne for luncheon, if she cared to come.

"I should love to!" she cried. Then she glanced down at herself. "But I hate to keep you waiting—" She hesitated. "I can't go like this."

"Oh, Mrs. Chesney, why not?" smiled he.

"And could I really come like this?"

"Why, it's the very thing. You will want to see something of the place—won't you?—the gardens and the farm."

"Then I'll just get a hat and a sunshade. I won't keep you a minute."

"My mother begged that you would bring the boy if you wished to," said Amaldi, as she was rushing off. But she called back over her shoulder:

"Thanks, no! I'm afraid he might get tired, and fret."

The morning was wonderful—too bright and unveiled for an artist's pleasure, but not for that of mere human beings with youth and joy in their blood. The tramontana was still blowing—a brisk wind it was, straight from the Swiss Alps. The whole lake was aflutter with it. The launch sped onward between jets of foam. Peder, the

young mechanic, grinned with the wavelets as an occasional spray-shower flew past him. But Sophy did not mind. Rather she loved it. She had tied a long gray veil over her white *beret*, and rolled up the sleeves of her nainsook blouse, American fashion. She sat laughing, and catching at the flying foam-caps with her ungloved hand. There was intoxication in this glorious air, so hot with sunlight, so cooled by snow at one and the same time.

Amaldi pointed out different spots that might interest her as they swirled through the excited black-blue water. There, on a flank of the Sasso di Ferro, was an old burial-ground made during the Great Plague. It had never since been used. Sophy had read "*I Promessi Sposi*." She shivered. She could see the train of gruesome dead-carts arriving at that white-walled spot on the green mountainside. That tall, obelisk-like stone, pricking from the water at the Sasso's foot, had been a target for the Austrians. Sophy shivered again. Whenever she remembered the *Risorgimento*, she hated the Austrians anew. There, to the right, was the Franzosini villa. In old days, the Austrians had had its *seigneur* tied to wild horses and killed. Opposite, on that green point of land, the big gray ruin was an old Austrian fortress. "Don't tell me any more about the Austrians!" she pleaded.

But, all the same, as they rounded the point of Il Fortino, she fell in love with it.

"Oh, what a wonderful place one could make of it!" she cried. "How I should like to own it, and build a dream-palace there!" The trees growing on the top of the old fort fascinated her. "I should leave the trees, I think," she murmured. "Think of having a house with trees on its roof!"

"You would like to live in Italy?" said Amaldi.

"Yes—yes!"

She caught her breath, holding it with that trick she had when much moved. Amaldi sat gazing back at the gray mass of the Fortino on its lovely, natural lawns. He was there with Sophy in her "dream-palace"—he and she alone. He kept gazing, gazing at the fort as it receded. He did not dare look at her just then.

Out from Stresa they saw some white sails tilting.

"How lovely! They always remind me of white magnolia petals blown over the

water," Sophy said. Amaldi named them to her. The two larger ones had belonged to the Duke of the Abruzzi. The small ones were *monotipi*—shallow racing boats with centerboards.

"I'm very keen on sailing myself," he said. "I've a nice little sloop. I hope you'll let me take you out in her."

"I should love it! What is her name?"

"I only bought her this spring. I haven't yet named her. She's called the Elisa at present."

Sophy laughed gaily.

"It sounds better in Italian than in English," she said. "But it's a poor name for such a fairy thing as a sailboat."

"Yes; so I think. Italians like to give English names to their boats. It's the *mode*. If you would rechristen the Elisa for me, I should be very grateful."

"Yes, I will. I've always wanted to have a little yacht of my own and call her the Windflower. You may have that name, if you like it."

Amaldi was delighted.

"I'll go to Stresa and order it to be put on to-morrow," he said. "Thank you so much!"

They passed Santa Caterina, where the miraculously poised stone was still in place at that time.

"I must climb that wonderful cliff some day," said Sophy, gazing up at it.

"I'm at your service whenever you wish to," said Amaldi.

Now the shores grew less steep—ran off into low hills, sparkling with little villages. The horizon of the lake toward Angera was like the sea. Noon came, hushed and breathless. The tramontana had dozed off on its midday siesta.

"How suddenly the wind has fallen," Sophy said, looking in surprise at the silken smoothness of the water which had grown pale as pearl. Then Amaldi showed her a dark-blue line, far away toward Angera.

"That is the *inverna*—the south wind," he explained. "It always springs up when the tramontana dies away—after twelve o'clock. See—how quickly it is coming!"

Through the soft violence of the south wind, over waters once more blue, the launch sped on to Le Vigne.

### XXXVIII

THE *marchesa* was waiting for them on the terrace. She had seen the launch com-

ing when it was but a little dot, far away toward Belgirate. She gave Sophy a little nosegay of white oleander and stephanotis and kissed her cheek in greeting. Sophy thought what a dear she was, and yet that she might be very stern and awe-inspiring, should she choose to be. She was very thankful indeed that the *marchesa* seemed to like her so much.

Glancing from her to Amaldi, she remembered how he had once said to her in London, "No; I am not the least like my mother." It was true, as far as looks went, yet Sophy felt that there was something very much alike in them, all the same—that latent sternness, perhaps. She felt that Amaldi, also, might be very stern under provocation. She remembered the hard look on his face when she said that a priest had been kind to her.

The *marchesa* took her up-stairs to her own bedroom to remove her hat and veil. It was a large room, with three windows looking out over the lake. Sophy started. Here again were the three windows in connection with Amaldi. She had not thought of it of late. Now she colored in spite of herself—biting her lip. But the *marchesa* was pushing back one of the Venetian blinds, which the *inverna* had blown to, and did not notice. There were no curtains to the windows. The *marchesa* had a manly love of glare. "It comes from living so long only with boys," she used to say. She detested shaded lamps and candles. The fine old chandelier of wrought iron in the drawing-room always flared in the evening with untempered acetylene gas. Sophy noticed that the *marchesa's* bed was narrow and severe, like the cot of a soldier.

They lunched on the western terrace under a pergola of star-jasmine. Its perfume recalled to Sophy the *bastioni* and that first nightingale's singing. She felt strangely and rather unquietly happy—as if something were going to happen. But she was very hungry. The homely act of eating steadied her. It was such fun to eat from a plate dappled with little sun-flecks. Everyone had silvery reflections from the white table-cloth playing over their faces. It made Amaldi look pale and strange, somehow.

Sophy thought that, after luncheon, she would be taken to see the farm and gardens, but the *marchesa* said that she must not go out into the sun directly after eating. In-

stead, they went into the big, cool drawing-room, and the *marchesa* taught her a game of double patience. While they were doing this, Amaldi strolled in with his pipe. It seemed odd to Sophy to see him with a pipe; it didn't suit him, somehow. Yet he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

"Why don't you lay the tarot cards for Mrs. Chesney, Baldi," he said, standing over them.

"Isn't he a sly boy," said the *marchesa* to Sophy, laughing. "He's really in awe of my tarot cards; yet they fascinate him. He's always anxious to have me 'lay' them for some one else—but he positively refuses to have it done for himself."

Sophy was interested at once. Old or young, one always rouses at the idea of having one's "fortune" told.

The *marchesa* laid out the quaint cards—a very old pack, with the rich coloring of stained glass. She told Sophy several rather queer things, but she did not tell her all that the tarots said. The *marchesa* was very superstitious despite her strong intellect. After forty years of Italy, among other things she believed firmly in *la fatalità*, and *la jettatura*. She also (though laughing at herself) believed in the prognostications of the tarots.

She swept the cards into a heap suddenly saying that they were "*stupidissimo*" today. But the fact was that "*il prete*" and "*la morte*" kept falling together in Sophy's "fortune," and this meant a death near at hand. If she had known of Sophy's broken mirror, she would have been doubly sure this misfortune was hovering over her.

Then she sent Amaldi off to order the pony-carriage. She was going to drive Sophy over the estate, herself. As he went, she called after him:

"Is your study in order? I want to show Mrs. Chesney the view from the tower before we start."

"I'll send Peder up to report," said Amaldi.

His "study" was in the top of a square tower. It was lined with books and maps and pierced by four windows. A heavy, antique table, covered with papers, ran across one side, and on the other was a grand piano. Sophy's eyes went from this to the papers on the table, many of which were manuscript music.

"I didn't know that the *marchese* composed music," she said, "though I've heard, of course, what a wonderful musician he is."

"Marco is even greater as a composer than as a musician," replied his mother, pride in her voice. "The world will hear of him some day. But he's such a student of other things, also, that it rather hampers him, I think. Young as he is, he's already one of the authorities on the history of the *Risorgimento*; and no one in Italy knows more than he about our architecture and art. He predicts a rising of iconoclasts within a few years—haters of beauty—so he's preparing for them in his own way. He has very original ideas."

Then she broke off suddenly, extremely vexed at her own garrulity on this subject. It was certainly far from her wish to interest this eager-eyed girl in the attainments of Marco.

"What a fool I am!" she said, within herself, as she led the way from the big table, where Sophy was gazing with respectful admiration at some beautiful architectural designs in aquarelle.

"Did the *marchese* make those lovely drawings?" she asked, as she followed his mother to one of the great windows.

"Yes; he draws quite nicely, I believe," replied the *marchesa*, with some primness.

Sophy felt the change in her manner, but only thought that she had withdrawn her interest from Amaldi's work to the marvelous view that spread below them—all the Lombard plain outrolled like the fecund floor of a vast temple to Ceres whose roof was the blue dome above.

As they recrossed the room on their way back, Sophy's attention was caught by the photograph of a blond youth, strikingly like the *marchesa*.

"Oh, is that your other son, *Marchesa*?" she asked. "What a handsome boy—and so like you!"

"*Grazie mille*," said the *marchesa*, laughing. "Yes, that is Nano—my younger son, Giovanni. He is a good-looking scamp, as you so kindly observed, my dear. Much better looking than Marco—but Marco is our strong one. He has more character in his little finger than that lovable imp."

Again she broke off, biting her lip severely this time. What ailed her? It was like some perverse obsession—this constant harping of hers on Marco's fine qualities.

"Come, my dear," she said quite sharply; "if we dawdle, the teams will be stabled. I want you to see our white oxen in the late sunlight."

Sophy turned away from Nano's attractive, roguish face, and followed the imperious lady with great meekness. She felt that, for some inexplicable reason, she was getting on the *marchesa's* nerves. She was very sorry, but examine her conduct as she would, she could not find where she might have transgressed. She looked so subdued and cast down, when they reached the lower hall, that the *marchesa*, as impulsively kind as she was imperious, turned suddenly and kissed her cheek again.

"Don't mind if I was curt, dear," she said very sweetly. "I suppose it's old age that makes me snappish, sometimes, after eating."

But, at this excuse, Sophy pealed with laughter. She couldn't help it. The *marchesa* was so far from anything like old age in every respect. The lady was charmed, despite herself, by this spontaneous compliment.

"The *marchesino* has gone ahead on horseback, *Eccellenza*," said the old butler, stepping up as they reached the hall.

"Does he mean your son, by the '*marchesino*'?" asked Sophy, frankly curious.

"Yes; the old servants—Carletto here, and Marco's nurse, Nina—were used to calling him the *marchesino* for so many years—before his father died, you know—that they can't seem to say '*marchese*.'"

"*Marchesino*," repeated Sophy softly. "I like it—it sounds so nice and affectionate. Something like the way our Virginia servants go on calling us 'miss' after we're married. I'm always 'Miss Sophy' at home—never 'Mrs. Chesney.'"

The *marchesa* found herself wishing heartily that her guest were "Miss Sophy at home" that very instant—she looked so discouragingly lovable and appealing as she murmured the word "*marchesino*" in that wistful voice. The *marchesa* felt fretful again. She began to be afraid that she ought not even to have asked Sophy to lunch—Marco would be always remembering her about the old place now. And yet it was only a bit of the barest civility. No; she did not see how she could have avoided asking her. But she was rather silent during the drive over the estate.

Sophy never forgot her first sight of the big white oxen, four to a plow, sturdily plodding against the westering sun. Their white hides in shadow were pearly blue; where the sunlight glanced along their backs, they

seemed outlined with silver fire. Their great horns gleamed like agate. Their ears, suffused with the sun, showed a lining of dusk-rose. Semidivine creatures they looked, as they moved with calm, majestic patience against the background of earth and sky—gleaming offspring of Europa's Olympian bull, by Hathor, goddess-cow of Egypt.

It was nearly six o'clock when Carletto reported that the launch was awaiting them.

The *marchesa* had persuaded Sophy to stop for tea, and now she made her accept the loan of a warm cloak. It could be very chilly on the lake at this hour, she said—even in midsummer. Carletto had heaped the launch with baskets of fruit by her orders—dark peaches, and the delicate golden plums called "*nespole del Giappone*" which cannot be exported. The *marchesa* came with them to the dock.

"Where is Peder?" she asked rather sharply, as Amaldi got in and held out his hand to assist Sophy. He looked up at his mother.

"I promised Peder last week that he should go to see his *nonna* at Belgirate this afternoon," he said composedly. "I lent him the dinghey after luncheon. But I am an excellent mechanic. Mrs. Chesney need not feel nervous."

What was there to say? The *marchesa*, at least, could think of nothing.

She stood in silence while Marco pushed off with one of the oars kept in the launch in case of the engine's failing.

Sophy looked up smiling. She waved her hand, kissed it to the *marchesa* as the launch slowly glided out of the dock into the open lake.

"Thanks! A thousand thanks!" she called back, her voice sounding strangely clear and sweet over the water. "I shall never forget my first day at Le Vigne."

"What absurdly innocent eyes she has!" thought the *marchesa* irritably. "A married woman has no business having such innocent eyes as all that."

But she waved her hand in reply, and called, "*Buon divertimento!*"

Then she went back to the terrace, and sat with her "sailor's eyes" fixed on the launch as long as it was in sight. The *marchesa* felt very angry with Marco, with herself, with poor Sophy, with fate. She did not know which she was most angry with—yes, perhaps with Marco.



## XXXIX

THE launch rushed straight toward the sunset like some little water-creature magnetized by light. On either side of the wheel, opposite each other, Sophy and Amaldi sat gazing at the gorgeous, cloud-suffused sky. They had both thrown aside their hats. His face had a new, boyish look with his hair thus blown back by the wind. It was still so warm in the mellow glow from the sunset that he had also taken off his coat. Sophy liked his slight figure thus freed of the dark-blue coat. It, too, looked boyish, somehow. This pleased her. Sometimes his grave stillness almost made her nervous—as that night on the *bastioni*. There seemed to be so much at work under the smooth surface.

Now his face looked eager, joyous—the face of one who could be a delightful companion. His eyes seemed to have dismissed more serious thoughts.

The sun, with disk hidden behind a mass of purple clouds, sent forth vast spokes of light on every side; and this immense, fiery wheel, whose axle was the hidden sun, whose tire the extreme round of pale-blue air, made Sophy cry out:

"There 'tarry the wheels of his chariot!' Apollo's revealing himself to me because I'm a good pagan!"

"Are you a 'good pagan'?" said Amaldi, smiling. "Then you shouldn't have dealings with the priesthood that have stolen his rays to set round the vessel sacred to another god."

She shook her head at him, smiling too.

"No, no; I won't let you quarrel with me to-day. It has all been too beautiful."

"I couldn't quarrel with you," he said, "even if you let me—even if you insisted on keeping a pet priest. Or, yes—then I might be tempted to quarrel—though I'd have no right to."

"Friendship gives rights. We agreed to be friends long ago—in England," answered Sophy happily.

Then she looked again at the golden wheel that filled the west.

"The clouds are beautiful—but do you think they mean rain?" she asked rather anxiously.

"So our peasants say," replied Amaldi. "They have a rime that goes:

"*Sol che varda in dree,  
Acqua ai pe.*"  
(A sun that peeps backward,  
Water over the feet.)

"Oh, I love this dialect. Would it be very hard to learn?"

"But you should learn Italian, not dialect," he said, smiling.

"I should like to know both. I'd love to talk to the people in their own language. Is that very hard to do? Steering, I mean. May I try?"

He showed her how the wheel worked, indicating a white house far away as a point for her to steer by.

"Oh, how nice! How well she answers—like a little water-horse to a bridle!"

She was charmed to feel how the launch glided this way or that at the lightest touch. They had now reached a part of the lake, near Santa Caterina, where, at this hour, there is no faintest stir of air. The water spread beneath them so still, so clear that it was almost as if they were rushing through a golden vacuum. Only the arrowy silver of the launch's bow-waves showed that the element through which they fled was water and not air. Suddenly, the Intragnola—the land breeze that blows from shore near Intra—met them full. The sky was fast fading.

"Hadh't you better let me get you that cloak?" said Amaldi. As she turned to let him put his mother's big, gray cloak about her shoulders, his heart flashed hot on a sudden. Just so might he be folding a wrap of his mother's about her—if she were his wife. It seemed subtly, wildly sweet to him, somehow, to see her nestling there in that cloak so intimately associated with his mother—with his daily, familiar life.

"She is so sweet—your mother," said Sophy, looking down at the warm folds. "It was so dear of her to think of lending me this cloak. I almost envy you your mother."

"And—yours?" asked Amaldi softly.

"She died when I was very young."

"That is very sad," said Amaldi, but the tone of his voice was better than the most flord words of sympathy.

All at once Sophy started. She had given him back the steering wheel some time ago. She clasped her hands under the folds of the gray cloak.

"*Marchese!* Your dinner! How will you get your dinner?" she cried regretfully. "I am so selfish—I had forgotten all about your dinner! There will be nothing—nothing at all for you to eat at—at my villa. I told Luigi not to order dinner—just to have some milk and bread and fruit for me."



Amaldi reassured her, smiling.

"There are dozens of places where I can dine capitably," he said. "The Isola Pescatori—just ahead of us to the left there—that is a famous place to dine. You must go there with us—Baldi and me—some-time—that is, if you'd care to—"

"Oh, I should—of course! But I can't think of anything now but that you'll be hours late for your dinner. It's miles and miles yet to Ghiffa."

"We shall be there in half an hour—easily," he consoled her. He glanced at his watch. "It's not yet half-past seven."

But Sophy felt very worried. She was essentially the old-fashioned woman where the regularity of masculine meals was concerned. In regard to food, men impressed her as machines that would run down or collapse altogether unless stoked, so to speak, at exact intervals. Women were flightier, more happy-go-lucky creatures when the solemnities of eating were in question. She had been thoroughly grounded in this conception of the matter by her husband. Amaldi guessed as much.

"My dear lady, if only you could know how often I make a meal off of rye bread and cheese when I'm out for a day's sailing!" he said. "Really, my dinner hasn't the gigantic importance for me that your kindness imagines."

He spoke rather stilted English, sometimes, when he was serious, as now, but Sophy loved it, because he was trying to make her feel less self-reproachful.

"It's very, very good of you, *Marchese*, to want to make me feel less dreadfully selfish," she now said. "But"—her tone was mournful—"these hours on the water have made *me* dreadfully hungry. So I can imagine what *you* are feeling."

Amaldi laughed, but the next moment he stopped laughing rather abruptly. The engine had begun to slow down, began to run irregularly.

"Why—what's happened?" said Sophy.

"That's what I'm going to see now," replied Amaldi. His voice sounded worried. He hastened to add, "There's not the slightest danger, of course."

He stopped the engine, and the launch, as though fast asleep, rocked slightly on the irised ripples. The stoppage made them suddenly aware of the intense, soft, evening stillness. It pressed in upon them—a dream, a spell. From Laveno came the

sound of bells etherealized by distance—sweet, serious, melancholy, echoed in faint and ever fainter tones by the bells of other villages more distant still.

They sat listening for a moment before Amaldi went aft to examine the machinery. Sophy came and sat near while he worked.

When he found that the throttle-valve was leaking badly, he did not at once say so. It was so intensely sweet and homely to be pottering there, over the cranky engine, while Sophy crouched beside him, wrapped in that familiar gray cloak.

He had obeyed a certain glowing obstinacy which was the basis of his nature in thus arranging to be alone with Sophy for these two hours. He had little spurts of acquiescence to the opinions of others, sometimes, which always ended by dying down like fitful flames upon those embers of obstinacy which formed the still hot, basic strength of his nature. It could hurt no one, he had thought—her, least of all—if he secured for himself the subtle, exquisite, desired pain of two isolated hours alone with her.

"I wish I could help. Can't you find what it is?" Sophy asked anxiously, as he still fumbled with the machinery.

"Yes, yes; it's a valve." He stood up, frowning in perplexity. "I shall have to row," he said. "I'll make for Taroni's—the shipyard—where it can be quickly repaired."

"Then it won't take long?" she asked.

"Oh, no; I shall look out for a boat that may give us a tow in."

He drew out the two oars, and, standing up, began to row fisherman-fashion. Some moments went by.

"Can't I help—please?" asked Sophy.

"Thanks; but the boat is too heavy."

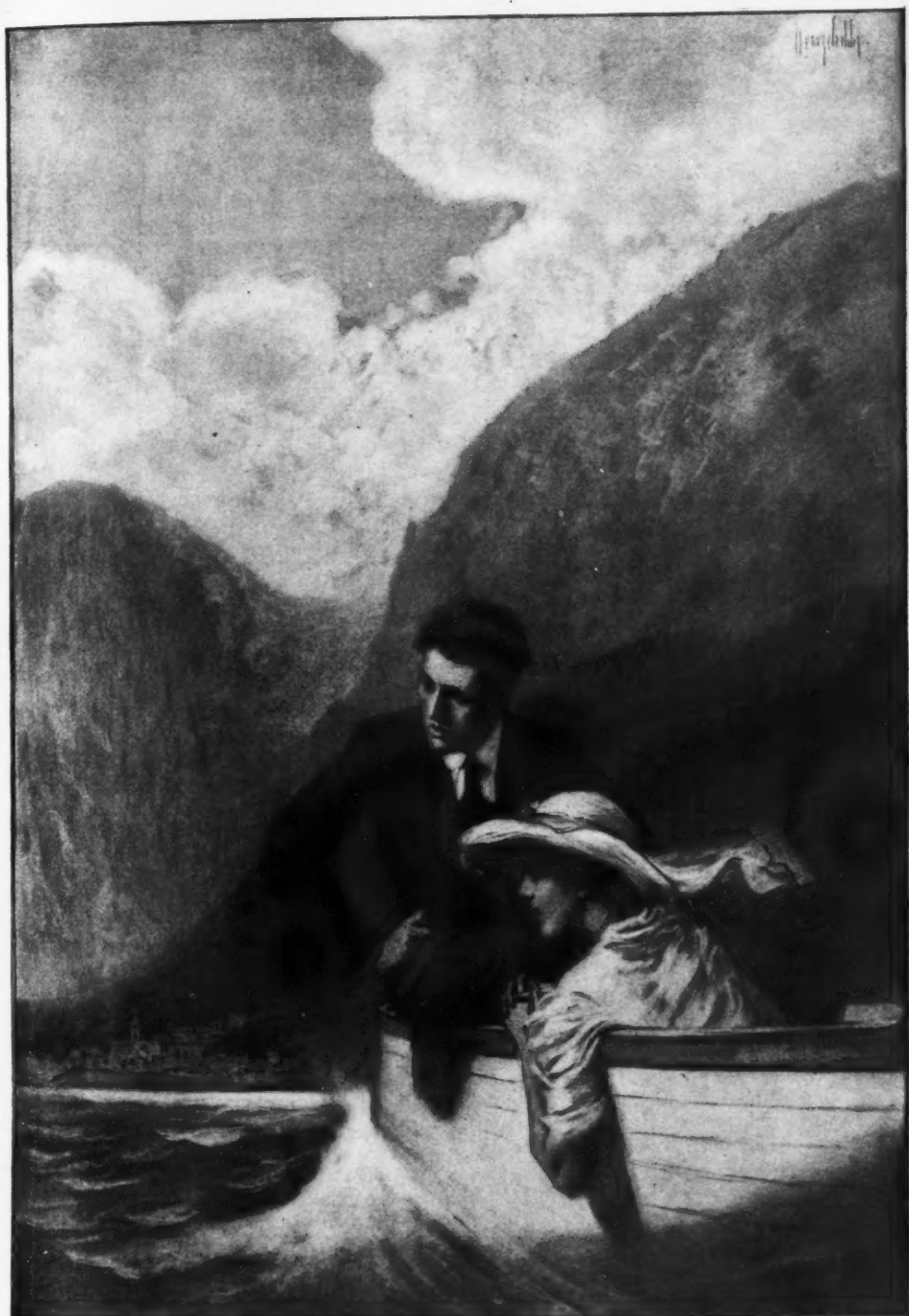
"I wish I could help in some way," she said regretfully.

"You do," he said, "by being so very kind and patient about it. It's an abominable thing to happen."

"Oh, no; I don't mind it—not the least," said Sophy, "if—if it won't take *too* long."

Amaldi was terribly upset, though he did not show it. He was doubly vexed, because he did not know what Sophy might be thinking of him. When she said in that wistful tone, "If it won't take too long," he replied with a note of sharpness in his voice, very like his mother:

"Why? Do you think your servants will grow anxious about you?"



DRAWN BY GEORGE CLEGG

There was intoxication in this glorious air, so hot with sunlight, so cooled by snow at one and the same time

"No; I told them to go to bed—that I didn't know exactly when I'd be back. It's only—" She stopped, then added quaintly, "I seem to be so dreadfully hungry all of a sudden!"

Amaldi leaned on his oars and laughed out. The relief was so great. Then self-reproach overcame him. How could he have thought, for an instant, that her clear, simple nature could harbor unworthy suspicions of anyone? At the same instant, he had a veritable inspiration. He would not have dreamed of suggesting it to an Italian woman. They had such totally different ideas of such things—such tiresomely fixed opinions of the relations between the sexes. But Sophy was an American—different—how refreshingly and admirably different American women could be he knew from his intimacy with his own mother. Still leaning on his oars, he looked eagerly down at her, as she sat there muffled in his mother's cloak, her face wistful with the frank yearning of healthy hunger.

"I'll tell you what we can do—if you approve," he said. "The Isola Pescatori is just over there to our left. I could row there in half an hour. We could land, have an excellent dinner, and, while we were eating it, I could get some one to take the boat over to Taroni's and bring it back. Would you care to do that—since you're so hungry?"

"Oh, what fun! I should love it!" she cried, without an instant's hesitation.

Amaldi could have kissed her feet. He was not demonstrative, even as a lover, but he could gladly have kissed each of Sophy's slim white shoes, because of her taking him in this way—for so beautifully "thinking no evil."

"*Vivo Dio!*" he cried, like a boy. "I shall have the joy of introducing you to *tanca in carpiung* and *frittura di pesce persico!*"

Sophy said that this sounded thrilling, and made her hungrier than ever.

"Good," he exclaimed; "one ought to carry a good appetite to the Isola Pescatori!"

Amaldi had been rowing a good while. It was now after eight. The purplish dusk was velvet overhead, and silken smooth below. Stresa, to the left, and Pallanza, far away to the northeast, fretted the twilight with points of orange. The Intragnola brought the scent of wet grass and flowers across the water. A fisher-boat overhauled

them. Amaldi hailed it, asking to be towed.

Soon the launch was sidling through the water in the wake of the black, flat-bottomed boat, and the wind now brought them the raw, oily smell of fresh fish. Amaldi had seated himself near Sophy. The cloak slipped from her shoulders, and he put out his hand to replace it for her. His hand met hers. He felt all his body sing with this light touch like the plucked strings of a violin.

Night was drawing close. Between the scudding clouds, stars flitted in and out like fireflies. There was the soft, orange glow from a rising moon behind the Sasso di Ferro. Its huge, crouching bulk seemed steaming with phosphorus.

Now they were under the lee of the little island. Sophy saw the clustered homes jutting above her, and a wide terrace, brightly lighted, under its pergola of grapevines. People were eating there at little tables. She could see their heads above the wall. They had dined already, for it was fruit and nuts that they were lifting to their mouths. It seemed droll to see these greedy heads peeping above the terrace. She laughed softly.

"It is jolly, isn't it?" said Amaldi.

"Yes; I—I am happy," she said, with a sort of surprise in her voice. "I can't get used to this—to Italy."

## XL

THEY got out on the rough-stone quay, Amaldi grasping Sophy's hand firmly to steady her as she stepped over the side of the launch. And again the touch of her cool fingers sent that sweet dazzle through him. The fishermen agreed to tow the launch over to Taroni's and bring her back when the slight repairs had been made.

"You'd better take my arm. This bit of beach is very rough," said Amaldi. She put her hand on the arm he offered. She was used to Cecil's huge muscles. This arm felt strangely slight yet steely. It seemed delicate yet strong, like Amaldi's face. They climbed a little stone stairway and found themselves on the terrace. It was very gay, with electric lights hung from the lattice of the pergola. Half the terrace was uncovered. Sophy hoped that they would sit at one of the tables out there under the violet-blue, star-freckled sky. The *padrone*

came forward, followed by one of his daughters. He was a much-traveled man—had been a head waiter in Vienna, London, New York. The daughter had a sweet, long, pensive face under a big black pompadour.

He greeted Amaldi with respectful effusion. How well the *marchese* looked! He had not seen the *marchese* for some years, but truly the *marchese* seemed to grow younger. And was this the *signora marchesa del marchese*? He had the honor to felicitate—

"*Babbo! Babbo!*" whispered the daughter. She had caught hold of her parent's coat. She gave it two agitated but peremptory jerks as she spoke. Her "*babbo*" had been so long away from home that he did not realize that the young *marchese's* "*signora*" was most unlikely to be with him. The *padrone* retreated backward saying: "Pardon! Pardon!" confusedly.

Amaldi, also, was painfully embarrassed. He would have much enjoyed bustling the effusive *padrone* over the terrace into the lake. When he turned to Sophy, the flush still on his face, he found her consumed with silent laughter. Her eyes, looking at him over the handkerchief that she had pressed against her mouth, were full of mirthful tears. He, too, began to laugh. They laughed and laughed, like two children caught in mischief. But she was so adorable, giggling in this way like any madcap girl, that he longed to snatch her in his arms and hold her tight—tight—till he felt her laughter die out on his breast. His head swam a little.

"Where will you sit?" he asked, in rather a muffled voice.

Sophy thought this the result of laughter. She was charmed that he could laugh so heartily over a bit of nonsense. He had always seemed a little severe in his reserve. Now she felt much nearer to him. One who could laugh like that would be a perfect companion. And, oh, how long it was since she herself had laughed in that deliciously foolish, light-hearted way! She chose a table close to the edge of the terrace, near a big terra-cotta vase filled with scarlet geraniums.

The meal that followed was veiled with poetry for them both—for Amaldi, because he loved her; for Sophy, because she loved Italy. They were also very hungry, and it is odd how it increases sympathy for two

young and hungry people to eat together. Sophy felt that she had known Amaldi a long, long time when they rose from the little iron table on the terrace.

The launch had not yet returned, so they went for a stroll through the village. A narrow, very crooked street ran back of the *albergo*. They followed it to the left, and came out upon a rocky shore. The moon had risen as they dined. Its tranced splendor, breaking over them again as they emerged from the dark street, had something panic in its beauty.

"It is like cold fire—it burns," said Sophy breathlessly. She stood gazing at the great languid moon that had lain her shining breast against a cloud as though weary with her own splendor. Her reflection on the lake was not silver but golden—the water fluttered with it as with blown flakes of flame.

From the terrace they had left came the sound of mandolins and concertinas and a boy's voice singing "*Margherita*." Amaldi winced, but Sophy held up her hand and listened, smiling. To him, it was merely an old, every-day nuisance, until he saw that it pleased her; to her, it was just another bit of Italy. When it was over, she said coaxingly:

"I know it's tiresome, and you disliked it—but I loved it! It's all new—charming!"

"Shall I fetch him and have him sing more for you?" asked Amaldi meekly. Nothing could have been a greater proof of his love for her. But she said, "No;" that it was the distance that made it so delightful.

They walked entirely round the little island, passing under great archways where the fishers' nets were drying, gazing, charmed, at the picturesque huddle of houses, whose gay tints shone clear in that amazing refulgence of the Italian July moon.

There was a grassy campus on the northern end of the island, set with big linden trees. They stood for some moments in silence under the soft seething of the breeze-stirred leaves. And, suddenly, Sophy had again that sense as on the *bastioni* at Milan, of Amaldi's being close to her in some occult way—almost as if he could withdraw from his body like an Eastern yogi—and touch her with his subtler essence. She took a few quick steps—this feeling was so strange. She wanted to get away from it.

"What is the time?" she asked, her voice a little hurried. "I'm afraid it's very late."

Amaldi consulted his watch by the moonlight.

"Only a quarter to ten," he said quietly.

Sophy was walking on ahead of him.

"And how long will it take to get to my villa?" she asked, over her shoulder.

"About half an hour—we turn to the right here," he ended, coming up to show her the way.

They were again in the little crooked streets. They passed the village church. Sophy hesitated, then entered. He followed, and they stood side by side, glancing about them at the touching, tawdry interior. Three peasant women and a man were kneeling on the dark benches. The women glanced up at the strangers, frankly curious—only the man kept his anxious, faded blue eyes on the image of the Virgin that, life-sized and brightly tinted, held out compassionate hands toward the supplicant. His lips moved rapidly, without ceasing. Sophy imagined that he was pleading for the life of some one dear to him—a little child, maybe. She just touched Amaldi's arm, and they went out.

"I'm afraid it jarred on you—my going in there," she said softly, looking up into his face in the gloom of the narrow street. "But the places where the poor worship always draw me—they seem so real. I can't explain—but they move me deeply."

"I understand," said Amaldi. "It is so with me, too."

"But I thought—" She broke off.

"The faith of the simple-hearted is always moving," he said. "It isn't the faith of the people I question. It is the good faith of the Church toward the people."

"I see," Sophy said thoughtfully. Then she turned to him again.

"You are so much more serious about it than the other Italians I've known who were anticlerical. They seemed just to shrug their shoulders over it—took it half laughingly."

"A man shouldn't take it with a shrug or half laughingly that the women of his country are under the thumb of a hierarchy," said Amaldi, with some vehemence. "There is a great hour coming for women all over the world—a time of enlargement, of freedom—yet a true Italian can't wish this for his countrywomen as long as their fuller

power would be just another weapon in the hands of priests."

"You look far ahead, *Marchese*. Your mother told me to-day of another movement that you foresaw—something about 'iconoclasts.'"

"Yes," he said; "lands that have been saturated with beauty, as Italy has, must precipitate some reactionary movement sooner or later. First, we have the mere inertia of saturation, the numbness to beauty, the incapacity to produce or even appreciate it—see these ugly houses that have distressed you so much. Next, there will come the positive reaction—the rise of the image-breakers. What queer name they will call themselves by, I can't divine—but I can forefeel their rising."

Sophy walked on in silence for a moment.

"It must be wonderful," she then said, "to have such a country as Italy for your birthright, and to love it as much as you do."

"Yes; I love it," said Amaldi. But he was thinking how much more than any country he loved her.

When they reached the terrace again, the *padrone* came rather timidly forward to say that the launch had returned from Taroni's. Signorina Rosalia hovered near all the while her *babbo* was saying this. Evidently she was still nervous over his *faux pas* of an hour ago. She kept glancing quickly from Amaldi to Sophy with her soft, ingratiating black eyes. When they left, she accompanied them down to the little quay.

With Sophy and Amaldi aboard, the launch swiftly backed away from Isola dei Pescatori and spun round toward Pallanza.

"Buona sera, Signora! Buona sera, Signor *Marchese*!" called the *padrone's* daughter in her high, fluting voice. She stood on the little quay in the moonlight till they were some distance out upon the lake. "*Gli amanti; gli amanti!*" she was thinking sentimentally. She stood there thrilled with the romance that she felt rushing away from her into the ecstatic moonlight. Romance had vanished into the moonlight. This was reality.

And out there, in the soft magnificence of the summer night, Sophy and Amaldi sat silent. They felt that unearthly sense of exhilaration that comes from being close to the prow of a boat speeding low on the water; they were so intimately breast to breast with the vastness of air and lake.

Sophy leaned toward Amaldi suddenly.





DRAWN BY GEORGE CLINE

The meal that followed was veiled with poetry for them both—for Amaldi, because he loved her; for Sophy, because she loved Italy

"Need we go quite so fast?" she said. "It seems dreadful to hurry through such beauty."

Her obvious entire faith in him gave him joy and pain at the same time. If she had felt one hundredth part for him what he felt for her, she could not have suggested so simply a thing that meant their being longer together.

"I was just thinking that, too," he said. "The launch isn't meant for such a night as this. She's made for the hurry-scurry of catching trains and steamers."

As he talked, he reduced the speed of the engine. Thus checked, the boat chugged gently through the listless water, as though glad to dawdle pleasantly.

They had passed Pallanza, and were running near enough the shore to see the ghostly loveliness of white roses and oleanders pouring above the walls of villa gardens. Where the shore was wild and overgrown, tangles of honeysuckle showered them with its reckless, voluptuous fragrance. Now and then a flower of saffron light glowed among the thick trees.

"It seems wicked to go to sleep on such a night as this," said Sophy, after a long silence. "I think I shall stay all the rest of it on my terrace."

"Yes; one feels like that," replied Amaldi.

"And I thank you so, so much, *Marchese*, for your delightful idea—about our dining at Isola Pescatori—do I say it right?"

"Quite right."

"I never enjoyed anything more—never in all my life. I shall never forget it—or this wonderful night."

"Nor I," said Amaldi.

Now they had passed Intra. The dark, thickly massed foliage of the Villa Clelia came into view.

"Oh, why should such lovely hours have to end—when they need not?" complained Sophy. "I hate convention when it lops off such hours as these, like a grudging old Procrustes. Don't you hate the sheer tyranny of convention, *Marchese*?"

"Indeed, yes!" said Amaldi.

Glancing back at their evening together as he spoke, Sophy thought that he had been unusually taciturn. He was not a talkative man, but it really seemed to her, now that she thought of it, that he had been almost oddly silent most of the time. She

wondered if he were worried about something. She hated to think this. She felt sure that he would not worry over trifles.

As they drew near the little wharf, straddling like some quaint water-insect in the ripples, she fixed on him her eyes so mysteriously dark in her moonlit face.

"*Marchese*," she said, "I—I feel as if something were troubling you. Whatever it is—I—am sorry. We are friends, you know, *Marchese*. Don't think me prying, or—forward to say this, will you? It is only that I know so well what it means to be—oh—to be—*anxious*—"

She paused, looking at him wistfully.

"Dear lady—" began Amaldi. Then he, too, paused. "You touch me very deeply," he ended, in a low voice.

She was silent—troubled and distressed herself for the pain that she now saw plainly in his quiet, pale face. But there was nothing that she could say. High up above the thirty-foot retaining wall, the "little chalet" was pouring forth a stream of light from its open door. The faithful Luigi was evidently sitting up for her. Yes—there he came, trotting swiftly down the pathway.

Amaldi had stepped upon the wharf. He held out his hand to her. Luigi ran up and steadied the launch while she got out. Sophy was close to Amaldi on the narrow plank of the wharf. She left her hand in his a moment, looking at him earnestly.

"Thank your mother for me, please, *Marchese*," she said gently, "for the lovely day she gave me, and for her cloak."

She slipped it from her shoulders as she spoke and put it, all warm with herself, into Amaldi's arms. He shivered as he felt the warmth of the folds under his hands. She went up the little pathway, followed by Luigi. Some one came from the trees to meet her. Amaldi heard her exclaim: "Why, Tilda, naughty girl—I told you to go to bed!" She turned and waved her hand to him as she entered the doorway in the terrace wall. The clock in the campanile of San Maurizio, on the hill above, began slowly striking midnight. Amaldi stood until it had finished, then started the launch's engine. He sat with one hand upon the wheel, the other grasping the folds of the gray cloak. Suddenly he bent and pressed his face upon it. It was still warm, and this warmth gave forth a faint scent of citron.

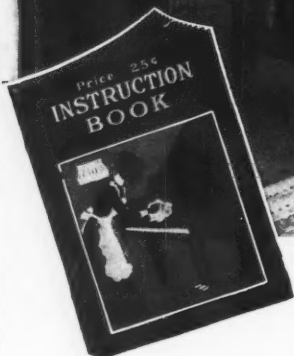
The next instalment of *Shadows of Flames* will appear in the June issue.

# TIFFANY & Co.

PEARL NECKLACES  
DIAMONDS PEARLS  
JEWELRY  
WATCHES NOVELTIES  
GOLDWARE  
CLOCKS BRONZES  
SILVERWARE  
CHINA GLASS  
STATIONERY

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK GIVES PRICES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK



*We will send you postpaid  
a can of*

## JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

—enough to polish a small floor, a piano, an automobile or several pieces of furniture. **Johnson's Prepared Wax** is a complete finish and polish for all floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, pianos, and for the body, hood and fenders of automobiles, limousines and electrics. It is very clean and easy

to use. Gives perfect results over any finish—varnish shellac, oil, etc. Imparts a perfectly hard, dry, artistic finish of great beauty and durability. It is impervious to water, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, dust, etc. and can easily be kept in perfect condition.

## JOHNSON'S WOOD DYE

for the artistic coloring of all wood. With it inexpensive soft woods may be finished so they are as beautiful as hard wood. Made in seventeen shades including *Mahogany, Mission, Early English, Fumed, etc.* Johnson's Wood Dye penetrates deeply—

is economical—dries quickly and is very easy to use. It has no equal for finishing new furniture, woodwork and floors and for doing over old work of this character—for staining basketry, etc.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

I enclose 10c for Instruction Book on Home Beautifying and a can of Johnson's Prepared Wax—sufficient for a small floor, an automobile, a piano or several pieces of furniture.

Name.....

Address .....

City or State.....

KS5

### Free Instruction Book

Best paint dealers are supplied with our 25c color booklet "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." Ask yours for a free copy—if he hasn't one, we will send it free and postpaid upon request. This booklet is the work of famous experts—it is full of valuable ideas on home beautifying, beautifully illustrated in colors.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON**  
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"  
RACINE, WIS.



## ARTICLES AND FEATURES

Vanity—Cover Design . . . . .	By Harrison Fisher	
Tastes . . . . .	By Dr. Frank Crane . . . . .	609
The essentials of right living	Decoration by Vincent Aderente	
His Last Letter (Poem) . . . . .	By Ella Wheeler Wilcox . . . . .	624
	Decoration by Vincent Aderente	
The Man-Screen . . . . .	By Richard Washburn Child . . . . .	647
An article that every employer and employee will want to read	Photographic illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller	
The Stage To-Day . . . . .		676
Illustrated sketches of four footlight favorites		
Paying Up Oneself . . . . .	By George J. Whelan . . . . .	699
The head of a great corporation tells of the business man's highest reward	Photographic decoration by Lejaren A. Hiller	

## SERIAL STORIES

The Little Lady of the Big House . . . . .	By Jack London . . . . .	626
In which the most characteristic type of American is seen in the making	Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	
Athalie . . . . .	By Robert W. Chambers . . . . .	682
A wonderful girl finds that her waiting has not been in vain	Illustrated by Frank Craig	
Shadows of Flames . . . . .	By Amélie Rives . . . . .	720
A story with a deep problem of the heart	Illustrated by George Gibbs	

## SHORT STORIES

A Daughter of New York . . . . .	By Owen Johnson . . . . .	610
Ottie and her troubles will make a big hit with every reader	Illustrated by Harrison Fisher	
Penrod's Busy Day . . . . .	By Booth Tarkington . . . . .	650
One of the funniest of the best series of boy-stories ever written	Illustrated by Worth Brehm	
Rosanne Ozanne . . . . .	By Cynthia Stockley . . . . .	660
The extraordinary life-experience of a girl in South Africa	Illustrated by George Gibbs	
The Sixth Sense . . . . .	By Arthur B. Reeve . . . . .	701
Craig Kennedy performs a miracle of science in the interests of his country	Illustrated by Will Foster	
New Fables in Slang . . . . .	By George Ade . . . . .	712
The greatest fabler since Æsop tells of a man who yearned for foreign travel	Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon	

G. L. WILLIAM, President.

S. B. CARVALHO, Treasurer.

GEORGE FOR UVASST, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

**\$1.50 A YEAR**

CANADIAN POSTAGE, 50 CENTS EXTRA; FOR OTHER COUNTRIES, \$1.00 EXTRA

**15 CENTS A COPY**

Published monthly by International Magazine Company. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail-matter. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed, we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. If you wish to renew your subscription to begin any number of months in advance, state the month. The expiration date of current subscriptions is always shown on the wrapper.

**Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York**



# THE NEW 1914 Revised and Enlarged Edition of the Celebrated CENTURY DICTIONARY and CYCLOPEDIA THE WHOLE ENGLISH VOCABULARY

*Words as well as the FACTS for which  
words stand, besides 55,000 Proper Names—*

**REVISED, CORRECTED and ENLARGED**

This New 1914 Edition, upon which \$250,000 was expended, was necessitated by the Progress of Science, the Growth of Industry, the Study of Philology and by the Addition of Thousands of New Words from Foreign Languages—not only from Europe but from Asia and Africa.

**20 Per Cent. New Matter Is The Publishers' Estimate  
For The Contents of This New Edition**

Those Puzzling Questions  
Those Hard Words  
Those Strange Allusions  
Those Queer

Scientific Terms  
Those Familiar

Quotations  
Those Difficult

Proper Names  
Those Out-of-the-Way

But Essential Facts

**Anything and  
Everything**

You May Want to  
Know in a Hurry—  
Can be found in  
the New 1914

**REVISED AND  
ENLARGED  
CENTURY**

The Great Word Book  
The Great Fact Book  
The Book that  
Answers Questions

**T**HE CENTURY DICTIONARY, first published in 1889-91, was the first really complete dictionary of the whole English language that had ever been made, and was also the first exhaustive dictionary of words that was also a cyclopedia of facts. It was then acknowledged to be the only really adequate dictionary and cyclopedia of our language—and it was America's greatest literary enterprise.

Dictionaries had previously been issued in one volume, because it was supposed that the public would pay only a few dollars for such a book; so to keep down the expense of production it had to be made in one volume. A dictionary built on such a plan was necessarily abbreviated—it could not do full justice to the English language. THE CENTURY, however, was built without regard to expense, the object being to define and explain in a series of volumes, all the words that have ever been used—to include everything—not only the common words of literature and the arts, with word histories, synonyms, etc., but all technical, scientific, trade and slang terms, together with all essential information, as well as illustrations, associated with these words and terms. This early edition of THE CENTURY defined and explained in this unique manner more than 120,000 English words not in other works. But the world has moved since THE CENTURY first appeared. *New sciences* have been created; *invention* has been remarkably fertile; *investigation* has made prodigious strides in all directions; *exploration* has opened up new lands and old countries have come under modern influences. The language used by the English-speaking peoples has grown in volume; the study of philology has given us new etymologies, new senses. *New words* have been invented by experts to describe *new ideas, new processes, new appliances, new theories*. The older sciences have yielded a crop of new words, the arts have contributed thousands, while the many radical changes which have affected our practical every-day life within 20 years have also helped to swell the vocabulary. There have now been added to THE CENTURY more than 100,000 new words, as the result of an intellectual activity not surpassed by any other age of equal length.

## A DICTIONARY OF WORDS—A CYCLOPEDIA OF FACTS

But this is only half the story of the New 1914 CENTURY. Not merely as a dictionary of words is THE NEW CENTURY abreast of the age, but as a treasury of essential information as well. For unlike any other work, THE CENTURY is both a *Word-Book* and a *Fact-Book*—a lexicon of all the words in the language, as well as a condensed cyclopedia of universal knowledge.

It contains more than 100,000 concise encyclopaedic articles. In this new edition of 1914 all of these articles have been revised and corrected in accordance with the most recent research and experience. THE CENTURY is therefore up-to-date in its definitions of all the words in the language, and also in its explanations of the facts for which words stand.

May 1915

Cosmopolitan Magazine

# In A Revolutionary New Format PRINTED ON INDIA PAPER

The NEW 1914 CENTURY appears in a new and most attractive form—printed on the same strong but opaque India paper that has done so much to popularize The Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition. THE CENTURY has hitherto been printed on thick paper, and in this form the ponderous volumes were difficult to hold and therefore difficult to refer to. Its one great drawback has been its extraordinary bulk and weight.

## Note The Enormous Saving In Weight

What the use of India paper for this new edition has done to make The CENTURY more attractive and therefore more useful is best illustrated by the fact that

**TWO VOLUMES** of the  
old edition printed  
on thick paper

**TWO VOLUMES** of the  
new edition, printed  
on India paper, but  
bound as one

**Weigh Almost 16 lbs.**

**Weigh Only 4½ lbs.**

In other words a reduction in weight of almost 75 per cent.

## Our Prices Average 60 Per Cent. Off The Publishers' Prices

We offer The CENTURY printed on our Britannica India paper at a remarkable bargain. A short time ago if you had bought this work from The Century Co. in its heavier, bigger form—more bother to handle, more trouble to shelf—you would have paid more than twice as much as we offer it for now—for a brief period.

We supply the same work, printed from identically the same plates on expensive India paper, and you need pay for these 11 volumes, (bound as six) only \$33.50 to \$58.70 a set according to the binding—a discount from publishers' prices

**\$1.00  
Down**

averaging 60 per cent. We send you the volumes on receipt of only \$1.00 down (if you prefer not to pay in cash); the balance to be paid in 12 monthly payments of \$3.00; \$3.75; \$4.50 or \$5.25. We do not include the Atlas volume, because the world-wide war will necessitate many changes in the maps.

The reason for this sweeping cut in the price is this: We made a very favorable contract with The Century Co., as they wished to place The CENTURY in the hands of as many as possible of our 75,000 Britannica subscribers. We then decided to offer the work, also at greatly reduced prices, to the general public. Owing to the present stagnation in the book trade, we secured very low figures for the manufacturing.

We guaranteed large orders to printers and binders, because we knew the public would buy a good book in large quantities even in war time, provided it is sold at a low price.

## A Bargain for Those Who Act Promptly

In this attractive new form, the Century (11 vols. bound as six) occupies only 10 inches of shelf, as against 27½ inches for the old edition printed on thick paper, yet it contains 9848 pages; 600,000 definitions; 300,000 quotations; 50,000 synonyms; 55,000 Proper Names; 10,000 illustrations; 42 full-page plates (16 in color); every page and every line of the latest 1914 edition as published by The Century Co.

If you wish further information about The Century, use this form.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CO. Cos. May-'15  
120 West 32nd Street, New York

Please send specimen pages and specimen illustrations of THE CENTURY, together with an account of the work—without any obligation on the part of the inquirer.

Name.....

Address.....

If you know The Century and wish to order a set, use this form.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CO. Cos. May-'15  
120 West 32nd Street, New York

Please reserve for me a set of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPEDIA, printed on India paper. Send me an order form and full particulars of the bindings.

Name.....

Address.....



Two Century  
Volumes printed  
on thick paper,  
1700 pp; weight  
almost 16 lbs.

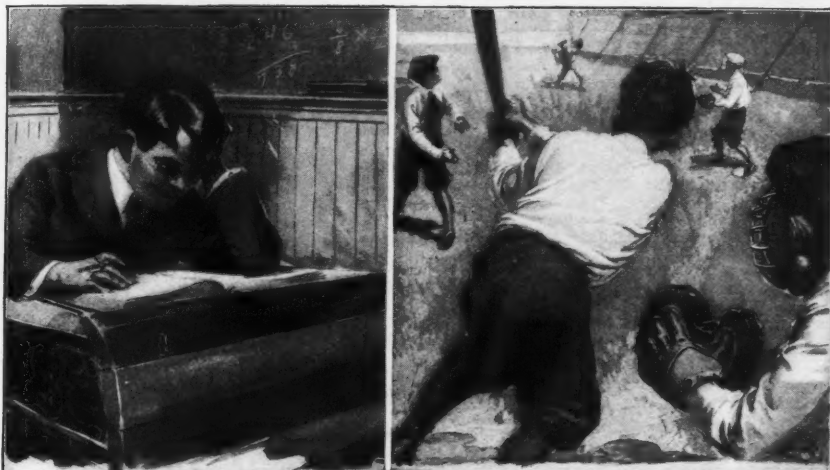
The  
same  
Two  
Volumes  
printed on  
India paper, but bound  
as one, 1700 pp.,  
weight, 4½ lbs.

**STOP! Heed that! History is written in the raw right there! Precedent is pinned down! ★ ★ ★ The Pioneer is the darling of history. A thousand sea captains do what Columbus did, but HE did it first. Cosmopolitan is the FIRST magazine to reach and hold the million mark; it is the Columbus of the millions, a prodigy of circulation power! ★ ★ ★ To build a business that gathers and grips a million people is a super-eminent deed! It parallels the greatest Automobile success; the greatest Financial success; the greatest Clothing success; the greatest Construction success! It ranks with such outstanding triumphs as are implied in their lines by the names of Steinway, Tiffany, Winton, Kodak, Packer. ★ ★ ★ With full regard for the pledged truth of the printed word, we state:—no magazine holds higher tension of reader interest than Cosmopolitan, and reader interest is twin to buyer interest. It is the richest mintable ore the Advertiser can dig into. In a country highly developed in magazines, the fact that Cosmopolitan is first choice with more than a million magazine readers, is the public's pledge of its worth to you. It is one publication that rings the entire library table. It is the most borrowed publication on earth. It has established an endless-chain-waiting-list unique in publication annals, which gives each issue of Cosmopolitan a long time circulation that totals high up between the five and six million mark. Any business mind that buys keenly must consider Cosmopolitan as one of the first two choices in the American Advertising world. Grapple it to your Advertising bosom with hooks of steel, and bind it with an unbroken tie of agate lines.**

*The A-B-C of the best things made—that they shall be the things best known.*

<b>Automobiles, Accessories, Etc.</b>	PAGE	<b>Cameras and Supplies</b>	PAGE	<b>Educational—Continued</b>	PAGE
Colorado Tire . . . . .	100	Anso cameras and Films . . . . .	111	Detroit School of Lettering . . . . .	13
King Motor Car Co. . . . .	78	Eastman Kodak Co. . . . .	50	Dickson Memory School . . . . .	31
Sandbo Starter . . . . .	64	Goerz Lenses . . . . .	93	Evans School of Cartooning . . . . .	31
		Premo Camera . . . . .	63	Federal School . . . . .	30
		Seneca Camera . . . . .	102	Funk & Wagnalls . . . . .	71
				Home Correspond. School . . . . .	31
<b>Banking and Investment</b>		<b>Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.</b>		Hopkins, Earl . . . . .	30
Babson Statistical Organization . . . . .	90			Illinois College of Photography . . . . .	29
Citizens' Savings & Trust Co . . . . .	91	Lucky Strike Tobacco . . . . .	107	International Correspond. Schools . . . . .	31
Dellenbarger, C. E. . . . .	101	Omar Cigarettes . . . . .	81	Landon School of Illustrating . . . . .	31
Pease Mfg. Co. . . . .	98	Riz La Croix Papers . . . . .	86	Language Phone Method . . . . .	30
Volusia Develop. Co. . . . .	98	Velvet Tobacco . . . . .	55	La Salle Extension University . . . . .	60-80
		Warner Cigars . . . . .	77	Lewis, Geo. A. . . . .	30
<b>Books and Periodicals</b>				Modern Correspond. School . . . . .	30
American Pub. Co. . . . .	102	<b>Classified Advertising</b>		National Press Association . . . . .	12
Century Co. . . . .	79			Nat. Salesmen's Training Assoc. . . . .	14
Century Dictionary . . . . .	4-5	Pages 72 to 77 (incl.)		National School of Chiropractic . . . . .	14
Harper & Bros. . . . .	82			Patterson Civil Service School . . . . .	31
Merriam Co., G. & C. . . . .	30	<b>Cosmopolitan Educational Guide</b>		School of Applied Art . . . . .	31
Ogilvie Pub. Co. . . . .	97			Tulloss School of Typewriting . . . . .	12
Pelton Pub. Co. . . . .	13	Pages 16 to 30 (incl.)		University of Chicago . . . . .	30
Pictorial Review . . . . .	70			Washington School of Art . . . . .	14
Puritan Pub. Co. . . . .	98	<b>Educational</b>			
Review of Reviews . . . . .	15	Amer. College of Mechano-Therapy . . . . .	12	<b>Food Products</b>	
Shuman & Co., Geo. L. . . . .	11	Anderson Shorthand Typewriter . . . . .	31	Barrington Hall Coffee . . . . .	108
Thompson Co. . . . .	10-14	Atlas Pub. Co. . . . .	12	Campbell Soups . . . . .	49
		Blackstone Institute . . . . .	12	Evans' Ale and Stout . . . . .	68
<b>Building and Construction</b>		Bryant School for Stammerers . . . . .	30	Listerated Pepsin Gum . . . . .	68
Alabastine Co. . . . .	94	Chautauqua School of Nursing . . . . .	31	National Biscuit Co. . . . .	109
Cabot Shingle Stains . . . . .	67	Chicago Correspond. School . . . . .	31	Postum . . . . .	53
Harris Bros. Co. . . . .	90	Chicago Correspond. School of Law . . . . .	14	Shredded Wheat . . . . .	7
Lewis-Built Homes . . . . .	94	Chicago Examiner School Bureau . . . . .	31	Stewart Food Co. . . . .	100
Pratt & Lambert Varnishes . . . . .	85	Chicago Dly. News School Bureau . . . . .	30	Swift & Co. . . . .	3rd Cover
Sherwin-Williams Paints . . . . .	87	Christensen School of Music . . . . .	12	Whitman's Candy . . . . .	60
Standard Stained Shingle Co. . . . .	95	Columbia Correspond. College . . . . .	31		
Stillwell House Plans . . . . .	64	Cortina Academy of Languages . . . . .	31		
Yoho Bungalow Plans, Jud. . . . .	99	Cosmopolitan Educ. Club . . . . .	65-101		

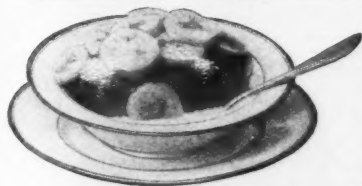
## The Well-Balanced Boy



Maintaining a nice balance between Brain and Brawn in the building of a Boy calls for intelligent caution and care. Boys are not built with books or base-ball alone. They are the product of intelligent feeding combined with rational outdoor exercise. The best food for growing boys and girls is

## Shredded Wheat

It has all the tissue-forming, bone-making, brain-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. The crisp shreds encourage thorough mastication which aids digestion and develops sound teeth and good gums.



Shredded Wheat is made in two forms—BISCUIT and TRISCUIT—the biscuit for breakfast with hot milk or cream, or with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples or other fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese—a delicious substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

## The A-B-C of the best things made—[Continued]

Health Promotion		Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.		Sporting Goods—Continued	
	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Anti-Kamnia Chem. Co.	96	Baroda Co.	100	Elco Motor Boats	89
Brooks Appliance	92	Basch & Co., Diamonds	65	Evinrude Boat Motor	51
Cocroft, S.	93	Burlington Watch	100	Ferro Motors	64
Farwell & Rhines	99	De Roy & Sons, Jos.	93	Gray Motor Co.	100
Lashneen Co.	100	Elgin Watches	61	Iver Johnson Arms & Cycles	58
Morley Co.	98	Harris Goar Co.	92	Koban Mfg. Co.	99
Morton Co., T. B.	101	Intern. Silver Co.	Back Cover	Mead Cycle Co.	12-77-101
Philo Burt Mfg. Co.	92	Loftis Bros. & Co.	65	Michigan Steel Boats	98-105
Plapao Laboratories	94	Maher & Grosh Knives	65	Mullins Boats	62
Sanatogen	9	Nagle Re-Blade Knife	95	N. W. Motor Co.	105
Saxolite	100	Remoh Jewelry Co.	98	Old Town Canoe	101
Walter, Dr. J.	100	Tiffany & Co.	1	Palmer Motors and Launches	101
Way, Geo. P.	101			Ross Rifle	104
Willard, Dr. F. W.	69			Vitalite Bicycle Tires	95
House Furnishings		Miscellaneous		Toilet Articles	
Brooks Furniture	77	Amer. Telephone & Tel. Co.	110	Baldpate Hair Tonic	92
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.	71	Barton, Hiram	64	Durham-Duplex Razor	91
Burrowes Co., E. T.	98	Classified Advertising	72	Carmen Complexion Powder	93
Come-Packt Furniture	103	Cosmopolitan Print Dept.	66	Jap Rose Talc Powder	102
Gilbert & Bennett Screening	84	Cosmopolitan	64-80	Lyon's Tooth Powder	90
Ideal Fireless Cookstove	66	Gregory, J. F.	100	Marineilo Co.	62
Karpen Furniture	106	Hanson-Bennett Mag. Agency	98	Mulhens & Kropff	97
Kathodion Bronze Works	99	Japan Seed Co.	98	Odorno	103
Kroehler Davenport	89	King Co.	98	Pebecco Tooth Paste	96
Monroe Refrigerator	90	Mills, M. F.	100	Pompeian Massage Cream	65
Simplex Ironer	94	National Spawn Co.	101	Reiger's Flower Drops	101
Sterling Furniture	67			Woodbury's Facial Soap	57
Vantine & Co.	103	Musical Instruments		Travel Resorts, Etc.	
Wallace Electric Lamp	67	Lyon & Healy	101	Delaware & Hudson Lines	101
Weis Furniture	78	Victor Talking Machines	32	Cunard Line	100
Western Electric Co.	56	Office Equipment		White Pass. & Youkon Route	99
White Frost Refrigerator	67	All Makes Typewriter Exchange	65	Wearing Apparel	
Household Supplies		Amer. Writing Machine Co.	98	B. V. D. Underwear	53
Icy-Hot Bottle	62	Babson Statistical Organization	90	Bryant, Lane	100
Johnson's Wood Dye	2	Calculator Sales Co.	103	Boston Garters	91
Old Dutch Cleanser	2nd Cover	Press Co.	95	Chalmers Poroknit Underwear	59
Old English Floor Wax	88	Spencerian Pens	105	Fuld & Hatch Underwear	104
Sterno Canned Heat	95	Typewriter Distributing Syndicate	100	Florsheim Shoe	65
3-in-One Oil	88	Sporting Goods		Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes	123
Valentine Varnishes	114	Amer. Engine Co.	98	Richman Bros.	91
White Tar Bags	96	Arrow Bicycle	101	Shirt Garter Co.	98
Insurance		Brooks' Boat	99	Wilson Bros Underwear	54
Aetna Life Insurance Co.	83	Calle Perf. Motor	99		
Prudential Insurance Co.	112	Detroit Canoe	62		
		Detroit Motor Boat	99		

## Buy Now and Boost Business!



**PROSPERITY** in America is largely dependent on our internal trade. If you "buy now" whatever you need of luxuries or necessities, you will contribute to your own welfare by contributing to the general prosperity of the United States. Taking the Advertising section of *Cosmopolitan* as your guide, check over all your personal, household, or property needs, and **BUY NOW!** That prices are lower than they will be again

for years, is the judgment of commercial prophets. All saving and no spending makes times a dull cloy. Economy is praiseworthy, but with things as they are now, the best economy you could practice is to buy for your "needs," make all the improvements you had in mind before the war started, and to fill all the necessities that have arisen since. Buy now and please mention *Cosmopolitan*, and get a little better service.



## You, too, would write such a letter!

SOMETIMES when you read letters like this from Col. Watterson and other noted men of affairs who have endorsed Sanatogen, you cannot help but wonder—"Why did they write such letters?"

And truly, it *is* remarkable—for such men rarely endorse any article. And yet, even though YOU were one of the world's leaders, you, too, would write just such a letter!

For imagine yourself in such a man's place—at the height of your powers, but handicapped by stubborn ill-health that threatens your very career.

And then, suppose that you begin to take Sanatogen, and as it *feeds* and *rebuilds* the impoverished nerve cells, you *FEEL* the old-time vitality return, with a new vigor of mind and a new elasticity of body—

Wouldn't you be grateful? And wouldn't you be willing, ay, even eager, to tell others the good that Sanatogen has done for you just as Col. Watterson and scores of other noted people have done?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

# SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

## Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 30 E Irving Place, New York

# 10 Volume Set of De Maupassant GIVEN AWAY

To Cosmopolitan Magazine readers who fill out and return coupon below at once, we will give free, this splendid 10 Volume Set of Guy De Maupassant with each order for the 18 Volume "Library Edition" of Balzac's Complete Works.

**G**UY De Maupassant is King of all Short Story Writers. His stories, never dull, deal with Human Passion in both its comic and tragic aspects. Stories of Passions, Stories of Youth and Polly, Stories of Happiness and Good Cheer, Tales of Adventure, Tales of Strange Medical Experiences, Tales of Parisian High Life and of that Mystic "Other Side" of the Seine—the "Latin Quarter"—all this marvelous array from his magic pen is to be found in this splendid Set which is yours free, as a "Premium" with your order for the handsome 18 Volume "Library Edition" of

## BALZAC TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH—UNABRIDGED

**N**OWHERE in the literature of any country on the face of the globe are there any books like Balzac's. The most brilliant name of his day in the literature of France, Balzac reached the very pinnacle among the world's greatest writers. His marvelous imagination, coupled with his intimate knowledge of life, enabled him to scale every height and sound every depth of human passion. Of himself, he said (and said significantly): "*I am the Secretary of Society.*"



**I**F you would read the great book of life, with its countless thousands of lights and shadows, portrayed by the hand of a master, then you must read Balzac. But if you would read only that which is superficial, then do not read Balzac, for he deals with things not

as they should be, but with things as they are and his university is the Great University of Human Experience. Balzac's stories literally burn themselves into your brain and memory; they read as though they were his own actual personal experiences, and such is their master-grip and hold upon you that to read them is to live them for yourself. Volumes measure 8¼ by 5¼ by 1½ inches and are bound in deep blue genuine Imported "Library Cloth." Here is your chance to get these wonderful books—at a bargain.

THE THOMPSON  
COMPANY  
1127-29 Pine St.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for examination, one set of Balzac's Complete Works in 18 volumes Library Edition. If I am satisfied with the books, I will send you \$2 as first payment, and \$2 a month thereafter until the special price of \$20.50 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books I will notify you in 7 days and the books are then to be returned at your expense. In consideration of my prompt reply, I am also to receive free, as a "Premium," the 10-Volume Edition of De Maupassant as offered Cosmopolitan Magazine readers.

### MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

TO introduce this handsome "Library Edition" of Balzac's Complete Works we will accept orders for our \$54 Library Edition at only \$20.50, on terms of \$2 a month. We do not ask you for any deposit or any guarantee. Just tear off and mail coupon and we will ship you the complete Set of 18 Volumes for 7 days' examination. You can then examine each Volume carefully, and if the books are satisfactory and you wish to keep them, then send us only \$2 as first payment and \$2 a month until the special price of \$20.50 is paid.

To those who answer promptly, we will give as a "Premium," the 10-Volume Edition of De Maupassant, free of charge. So mail coupon immediately.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## Balzac and De Maupassant

### Both for the Price of One

WE were fortunate in being able to procure a limited number of Sets of the 10 Volume Edition of Guy De Maupassant at a very reasonable figure. The regular price of this Set is \$9.00, but we do not want to sell these books. Our plan is to give them away as "Premiums" to those ordering our handsome 18 Volume Library Edition of Balzac, as an inducement to prompt action. When the small number of Sets of De Maupassant on hand is exhausted, this offer will be withdrawn, but if you fill out and mail coupon at the right promptly, we will see to it that you get one of the free Sets of De Maupassant along with your Set of Balzac. But remember, that in order to get the De Maupassant free, you must fill out and mail coupon at the right at once.



## Successful Men

Have the Power of Convincing Speech

Salesmen, lawyers, professional or business men—in every line of endeavor—lift themselves above the ordinary by their ability to express themselves *forcefully* and *intelligently*—by their power to command and hold attention either by the spoken or written word. In the wonderfully interesting volumes of

## MODERN ELOQUENCE

you'll find countless specimens of the finest examples of English expression in existence—models of style and rhetoric that will enable you to acquire a splendid command of language, to increase your vocabulary, to express yourself clearly and interestingly both in business and social circles. The most famous efforts of the world's greatest speakers, the brightest thoughts, the wittiest sayings of the great minds of the Nineteenth Century—epoch-making speeches that moved not only audiences but Nations are all here just as they were delivered by these distinguished speakers.

### 300 After-Dinner Speeches

by Joseph H. Choate, Benjamin Disraeli, James G. Blaine, Wm. M. Evarts, John Hay, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Henry Irving, Chauncey M. Depew, Henry Ward Beecher, Mark Twain, Henry W. Grady, Joseph Jefferson, Robt. G. Ingersoll, Seth Low, Albert J. Beveridge, Woodrow Wilson, etc.

### 150 Great Addresses

by Lyman Abbott, Charles Dudley Warner, William Cullen Bryant, Rufus Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, Arthur J. Balfour, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Edward Eggleston, William E. Gladstone, Charles Francis Adams, John L. Spaulding, Joseph Chamberlain, Grover Cleveland, Fisher Ames, Lawrence Barrett, Henry Drummond, Hamilton Wright Mabie, William Jennings Bryan, etc.

### 60 Classic and Popular Lectures

by Charles A. Dana, Robt. J. Burdette, Russell H. Conwell, Cannon Farrar, John B. Gough, Andrew Lang, Wendell Phillips, Josh Billings, John Tyndall, Geo. William Curtis, Artemus Ward, Paul DuChailu, John B. Gordon, Newell Dwight Hillis, John Morley, John Ruskin, Henry M. Stanley, Wu Ting Fang, etc.

### 2,000 Short Stories and Anecdotes

by Mark Twain, Chauncey M. Depew, Horace Porter, Champ Clark, Joseph H. Choate, John M. Allen, etc.

### If You Are Ever Asked to Write an Address or to Make a Speech

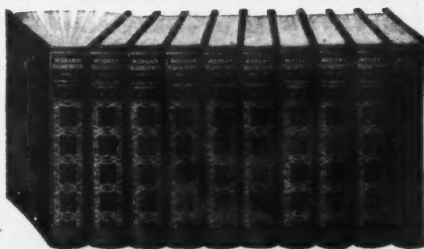
you will find these volumes the greatest help imaginable, because they contain nearly every variety of good pattern for the various classes of oratory. Many an inexperienced banquet chairman, toastmaster or honored guest, casting helplessly about him for a good story or appropriate remarks, has found here just the inspiration needed. 10 beautiful, richly bound volumes comprising

Offered at an *insignificant price* that you can easily afford to pay. Send us the attached coupon by return mail and we will name this price and tell you how you can get the books on *easy monthly payments*. We will also send you a beautiful descriptive booklet and our

### Book of Famous Speeches FREE

Containing specimen addresses by Woodrow Wilson, Champ Clark, Thomas Huxley, Russell Conwell, Lord Kitchener, William Jennings Bryan, Henry M. Stanley, Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain, Robert Ingersoll, Wendell Phillips, etc. Sending the coupon places you under no obligation to buy. Tear it off and send it NOW. Don't wait. The offer is limited.

### A Wonderful Bargain



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE LECTURE

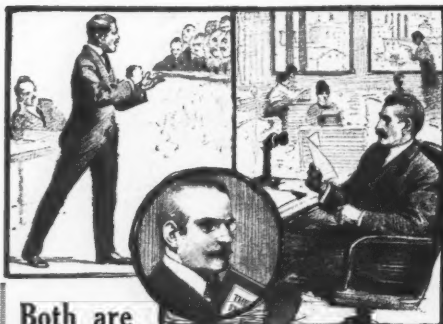
GEORGE L. SHUMAN & CO.,  
Dept 149, Ohio Building, Chicago.

Cor. 5-15

Please send me free book and full description of Modern Eloquence with special prices and terms.

Name .....

Address .....



Both are

## Law-Trained Men

One is the *successful manager* of a group of mills. He controls the expenditure of millions of dollars without losing a dollar, because his contracts *bind*. His "yes" or "no" is final and *fair*, because he is a *law-trained man*.

The other is a *successful lawyer*. Able to *convince* because able to analyze, assemble and *forcefully present the facts*. Skilled in argument, powerful in persuasion—the trusted adviser of corporations.

You can successfully *fill either picture*, through the opportunity now presented by the

### Modern American Law Course and Service of BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE

For the first time you can secure, through the BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, a reading course in law which furnishes the exact legal information needed by the busy executive or by the man who wishes to become one—as well as the comprehensive features required by the man who wishes to prepare for the bar examination or practice law. For all who are unable to attend a resident Law School, the BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE furnishes the first satisfactory and complete Law Course. The Course and Service in Law is prepared and conducted by judges, lawyers and teachers whose names, records and qualifications are themselves a sufficient guarantee of the merit and value of the BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE Course and Service. Eminent legal authorities including

Chief Justice John B. Winslow, LL.D., Sup. Court, Wis.  
Hon. Geo. C. Holt, LL.D., ex-Judge U. S. Dis. Court, N.Y.  
Hon. Paul S. Reinsch, Ph.D., LL.B., U. S. Minister to China  
Judge A. L. Sanborn, U. S. Dist. Court, Western Dist., Wis.  
Dean O. A. Harker, College of Law, University of Ill.  
Dean H. H. Ingersoll, College of Law, University of Tenn.

and 54 others. Your copy of "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," a 128-page bound book, is *free* and you will do well to send for it today. It will tell you how you can become a *practicing lawyer*; or how a knowledge of law will help you to *biggest business opportunities and rewards*. This remarkable book is *invaluable* and *invaluable* to those who are *ambitious and in earnest*. Tell us your present occupation and send for the book today, to



**BLACKSTONE  
INSTITUTE**

20-S Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 20-S Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me, without cost or obligation, a copy of "The Law-Trained Man."

Name .....

Address .....

Position .....

## Typewrite The New Way



80 to 100  
Words a  
Minute  
Blindfolded

A revolutionary new method, totally different from anything known heretofore, *quadrupling and trebling salaries* of typists in all parts of the country. Already hundreds formerly earning from \$8 to \$15 a week, are drawing \$25, \$35 and even \$50 weekly and their work is easier than ever before. A wholly new idea. Greatest step since invention of typewriter itself—based on *Gymnastic Finger Training!*

### Amazingly Easy for Anyone

Increases speed from first day's use. Entire system quickly learned at home in spare time, in 15 minutes a day or less. No interference with regular work. Speed and accuracy are what business men want and they will pay worth-while salaries only to those who have them. This new system enables *anyone* to write 80 to 100 words a minute blindfolded without a single mistake. So certain are results that we offer the entire course on trial. Costs nothing unless you're fully satisfied.

### VALUABLE BOOK FREE

Send for big illustrated 48-page book explaining system, telling all about the wonderful *Gymnastic Finger Training* and containing letters from hundreds of graduates whose salaries have already been increased \$20, \$30 and up to \$2,000 yearly. Write for free book today—a postal will do no obligation—we'll send it by return post. But don't delay, this announcement may not appear again.

TULLOCH TYPEWRITING SCHOOL, 1655 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio



### Delivered to You Free

A superb 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL and free riding test.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED**—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. B-33 CHICAGO

### LEARN TO PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

I'll teach you personally by mail. 14 years' successful teaching. Big field for men and women. You can earn \$18.00 to \$45.00 a WEEK (Scholarship \$20.00), write us. "You are the only school that really teaches." Send for details.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING  
HANS J. BERG, Founder. Dept. 106, Detroit, Mich.



### WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence Course Not Required. Past experience and literary ability unnecessary. DETAILS FREE.

Atlas Publishing Co., 701 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

\$50  
EACH

### MAKE MONEY WRITING

STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL. MSS. critiqued, revised, and typed; also, sold of commission. Our students sell stories to best magazines. Free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how, gives proof. National Press Association, Dept. 62, Indianapolis, Ind.

### RAG-TIME CHRISTENSEN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

917 Christensen Bldg., CHICAGO

### New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing

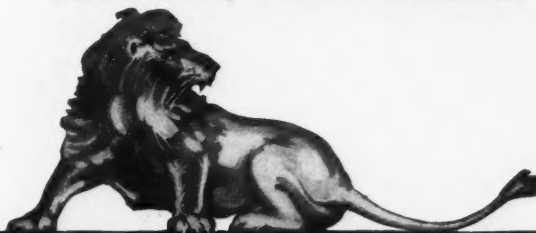
(MECHANOTHERAPY)  
**FREE** Not one cent to pay, either now or later—no obligation; just your simple request brings you this valuable illustrated Book and beautifully colored Anatomical Charts by return mail. **Without Cost. Doctors of Mechanotherapy \$2500 to \$6000 a Year Easily Earn**  
If you want an established profession that is remarkably profitable—then send for the free Book and Charts and see what Drugless Healing has to offer you. Remember—This Offer is Limited! Write now for free Book and Charts. Get the facts. Send letter NOW.  
American College of Mechanotherapy, 81 W. Randolph St. Dept. 161 Chicago.





# Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL



## Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking. The Four Factors on which it depends.  
How to develop analytical power.  
How to think "all around" any subject.  
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.  
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.  
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.  
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.  
How to guard against errors in Thought.  
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.  
How to follow lines of thought with keen, concentrated Power.  
How to develop Reasoning Power.  
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.  
The secret of Building Mind Power.  
How the Will is made to act. How to test your Will.  
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.  
What creates Human Power. The Six Principles of Will training.  
Definite Methods for developing Will.  
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.  
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power.  
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception. Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.  
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.  
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.  
How to become aware of Nerve Action.  
How to keep the body well-poised.  
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.  
How to exercise the nerves.  
How to throw off Worry.  
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous System.  
How to secure steady nerves.  
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body health.  
A complete list of contents would nearly fill this page.

## Anyone Can Have An Indomitable Will

It has long been known that the will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—by intelligent exercise and use. The trouble with almost every one is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life.

"Power of Will," by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., M. S., is a scientific course in Will-Training which has helped over 50,000 people. This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

## For Master-Men

"Power of Will" provides the shake-up that ninety-nine out of every hundred people need. Master-Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty Gen'l of the U. S.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, Vice-President Art Metal Construction Co. are owners—and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them—read, use and praise "Power of Will."

Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a goad to old and young alike. It has re-awakened ambition in men and women who have turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambitions into consummation.

## Is YOUR Will Dormant?

Look back upon your life. Once upon a time, no doubt, you weaved great dreams of what you were going to make of yourself. Are they accomplished now? Why are they not accomplished? Is it not because you lacked a strong, powerful dominating, inflexible WILL? You allowed others to control and influence you to their ends, instead of controlling others yourself. You let insignificant daily incidents everlastingly turn you from your purpose. Gradually—like so many of us—you allowed this God-given faculty of will to become scotched and DORMANT in you. Dr. Haddock has a message for you—a real message of emancipation from the blasting human curse of indecision and blind habit—a message which every man from 20 to 60 years old should get.

## Send No Money—Examine Book First

The price of the book—although it is really a complete course in Will-Training—is only \$3.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon on the right, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn this page.

**PELTON PUBLISHING CO.**  
85 Pelton Bldg. Meriden, Conn.

## What Readers Say

"I hand you \$3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get \$300 to \$50,000 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"The character of 'Power of Will' is such that he who reads and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd."—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Assn., Councils, Neb.

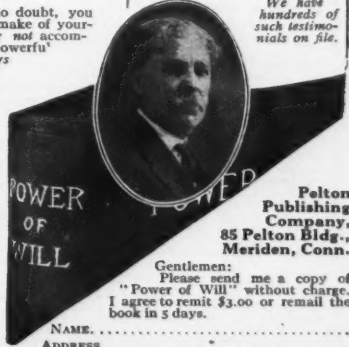
"Will-power is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$900.00—cost \$3.00; profit \$897.00."—J. W. Heislend, 910 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

"In my judgment 'Power of Will' is wonderful."—Owen J. McCaughey, Secy. of Corp. Securities Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"The first thing I happened upon when I opened this book was 'Some Diseases of the Imagination,' and I tell you that chapter alone is worth ten times the price of the book. I wish such a volume had come into my possession 25 years ago."—Thos. O'Connor, 270 Precinct Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

"You could not buy it for one hundred times the amount I paid for it, if I knew I could not get another copy."—R. E. Seay, Pascagoula, Miss.

We have hundreds of such testimonials on file.



**Pelton Publishing Company,**  
85 Pelton Bldg.,  
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" without charge. I agree to remit \$3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....



## This Complete Library of **LAW** IN 6 HANDY VOLUMES Only \$1 a Month

### "Ignorance of the law excuses no man"

THAT'S LAW. You can't always "guess" the law. You may not have time to "study" law. Lawyers come high—especially some of them. **BUT YOU MUST KNOW LAW.**

THIS splendid little handy LIBRARY OF LAW is prepared for the average man—the business man—the doctor—the teacher—the minister—the man who works for others—the man who works for himself—the man who writes—the man who has money and the man who has not—EVERY MAN. This Library is a work to read at odd times and a reference work combined. The language is simple, direct, plain, and it covers every subject you need to know about. Here are just a few of them. "Wills"—"Mortgages"—"Deeds"—"Farm Laws"—"Landlord and Tenant"—"Leases"—"Copyrights"—"Trade Marks"—"Partnerships"—"Letters of Credit"—"Trusts"—"Corporations"—"Stockholders"—"Dividends"—"Marriage"—"Parental Relation"—"Employer and Employee"—"Assault"—"Defamation"—"Libel"—"Criticism"—"Self Defense"—"Automobile Laws"—"Patents"—"Contracts"—"Fraud"—"Damages"—"Negotiable Paper"—"Indorsements"—"Promissory Notes"—"Checks"—"Bills of Exchange"—"Bonds"—"Agents"—"Banks"—"Bankruptcy," etc. Also has complete series of "Legal Forms" of all kinds.

### HERE IS OUR SPECIAL OFFER

(5-15) I can't begin to tell you all about this splendid set of books, so we are not going to try. We want to send you the books themselves—the complete set of 6 handy volumes, measuring 6-3/4 by 4-1/2 by 7-9 inches, so that you can examine all the volumes and decide for yourself if they are just the books you want and need. If you decide to keep them, just send us \$1 as first payment and \$1 a month thereafter for 8 months. But if you do not wish to keep the books after seeing them, then you may send them back at our expense. That's fair. Isn't it?

Send me for examination, one set of your handy LIBRARY OF LAW in six volumes bound in buckram. If I am satisfied with the books I will send you \$1 as first payment, and \$1 a month thereafter until the special price of \$9 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you in seven days, and the books are then to be returned at your expense as offered Cosmopolitan readers.

Name .....  
Address .....

## Become Independent As A Doctor of **CHIROPRACTIC**

### Easily Learned in Spare Time at Home and in Class Our Students Surprisingly Successful

Do you seek financial independence and social prominence? Why depend upon a mere job—work for others—and never rise above the level of a wage or salary earner when you can easily capitalize your spare time now by fitting yourself to become a Doctor of Chiropractic?



### The New Drugless Healing Science of Spinal Adjustment

More Scientific, More Simple, Easier to Learn Than Osteopathy. There are 37 million people in this country who believe in drugless healing, and the number is constantly increasing. They are to be found in every community. Splendid openings for Chiropractors everywhere. It's a profession that is far from overcrowded. Immensely lucrative. Dr. Walter, a graduate, made \$500 the third month after starting. E. M. Johnson added over \$3,000 a year to his income. Vern Sharpsteen makes \$40 a day. We taught these men by mail and in class. You can do as well or even better. Treat members of your own family free—earn handsome fees for treating others.

Our simplified home study course, profusely illustrated, and with 14 big free charts and a spinal column, makes it easy to acquire a thorough, practical knowledge of this dignified, profitable profession in a surprisingly short time. A common school education is all you need—our absorbing, easy-to-learn lessons will do the rest. It means financial independence, social position—a profession that is looked up to, for you.

**FREE** sample lesson sheets, big illustrated book, names and addresses of successful students, and a fine book by Elbert Hubbard, "The New Science," mailed free on request. Write today—a lucrative practice awaits you.

**NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC**  
Dept. Q5 421 So. Ashland Blvd. CHICAGO, ILL.



## Learn to Draw

Illustrators—Cartoonists—Designers are in demand. Many of our pupils obtain paying positions before completing the course. Personal instruction by artist of 15 years' experience. Correspondence and local school. Send sample of work for free criticism, and 66 in stamps for illustrated book. Artist's outfit **FREE** to enrolled students. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART** 922 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



## BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience required to get one of them. Write today for list of openings offering opportunities to earn Big Money while you learn and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 623 **NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION** Chicago, New York, San Francisco

## Central West Schools

The Chicago Morning Examiner has a School and College Bureau that in 1914 handled 6000 requests from prospective students for information as to the most suitable and best schools in the great Central West, which comprise one-third of the population of the United States.

Each request was promptly and accurately answered. This Bureau service, in addition to the Chicago Examiner's circulation of a quarter of a million Daily and over half a million on Sunday, makes the Chicago Examiner the most responsive medium for school and college advertising in this big territory.

Special school advertising rates furnished on application. Address Educational Bureau, Chicago Examiner, Chicago, Ill.



## AND THEY WENT THREE WAYS FOR 20 YEARS

After this tragic moment these three did not meet again for twenty years—and then—It's a wonderful story of hot-headed mis-understanding and loyal love—told by O. HENRY.

### A World Record for **O. HENRY**

O. Henry has made another record. Up to the day this page goes to press, 1,200,000 volumes have been sold—1,200,000 volumes all over the world, over a million in the United States alone. So big is O. Henry's power—that these books have piled up set on set, volume on volume—reaching steadily and quickly far above the sale of any other short stories in the history of the world.

Will you let this man with his power for laughter and tears take his treasure to others

and not to you? Will you let this chance go by and later pay a big price for the set? Or will you send this coupon now and join the millions who have wept and laughed and felt better for the reading of these warm, kindly, joyous, tragic pages of life? Will you send this coupon now and be one of the thousands who get the books at half price and little payments? Send only the coupon today without money. Make up your mind after you get the books.

#### 18 Volumes Vivid with Life

22 volumes of O. Henry, 274 stories, one long novel, in dark green cloth, illustrated, gold top, gold back, 6 volumes of Kipling, 169 stories, poems and a long novel. Bound in red cloth and gold tops, gold backs.

clothes on, and "Gunga Din" recalls the deathless heroism of plain men in battle. Now is the time to read Kipling. Kipling above all knows the soldier—understands the lust of battle. French or German, Austrian or Hindoo or British—these stories of war and love are true of all men regardless of nation or flag.

### The Two Sets Free on Approval

We pay all charges both ways. If you don't like the books send them back at our expense. Otherwise three cents a day pays for them. Send the coupon today for the Kipling free. Send the coupon today for O. Henry at half price—Don't wait and be too late. Send today.

#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

30 Irving Place - - New York

### Kipling FREE

Not only do you get "O. Henry," but you get free 6 volumes of Kipling—the best he wrote—Kipling who knew the British soldier as no one ever did or will again.

"Tommy Atkins" is dying today in the trenches. The Taking of Lungtungpen when the British soldiers fought naked as they were born, gives a hint of what they may do today with a few

French or German, Austrian or Hindoo or British—these stories of war and love are true of all men regardless of nation or flag.

Cos.  
5-15

#### REVIEW OF REVIEWS 30 Irving Place New York

Send me on approval charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling bound in cloth. If I keep the books I will

remmit \$1 per month for 12 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name

Address

Occupation

This beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change above to \$1.50 a month for 12 months.

# Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

## Summer Schools & Vacation Camps



Two Complete Camps in one.  
24th year.

### FIRST THINGS

Development of character.  
Cultivation of good manners.  
Idealizing of purity of mind and body.  
Vigilance for safety.

Juniors, 7 to 13 years.  
Seniors, 14 to 17 years.

7½ miles of lake shore.

Your boy deserves the best—  
Idlewild provides it.  
300 acres. Fleets of canoes and motor boats.

Thirty-two page Illustrated Descriptive Booklet on request.

## CAMP IDLEWILD

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.  
Long Lake, Maine.

### EXPERIENCE COUNTS

Twenty-three years of camp life.  
Over fifteen hundred boys in camp.  
Not a single serious accident.  
Mr. Dick's personal supervision for twenty-three years.

Half summer in N. H.  
Half summer in Maine.

Address JOHN N. DICK, B.D., 345 Exchange Bldg., Boston

### Camp Katahdin

In the Maine woods. 14th season. The place to make boys manly. Pure spring water. Good food. "Safety first" in sports and exercise. Illustrated booklet.

GEO. E. PIKE, B.S., Duxbury, Mass.  
R. I., Providence, P. O. Box 587 CLIFTON W. LOVELAND.

### Camp Vermont

For Boys. Grand Isle, Vermont. On an island in Lake Champlain. House, tents and club house. 36 ft., 24 h.p. cabin cruiser. All land and water sports. Resident physician. Address VERMONT, Rutland, 17 Lincoln Avenue. E. N. GERRISH.

**Thorn Mt. Tutoring School** and camp for boys. Jackson, N. H. Altitude 1600 ft. Big log cabin. All outdoor sports. Mountain climbing, woodcraft and tutoring. A unique combination of play and study. G. A. BUSHEE, A.B., B.D., Director. A. H. SMITH, A.B., Asst. (Browne and Nichols School). MASSACHUSETTS, N. Cambridge, 19 Huron Ave.

**Camp Ken-Jockey** For girls. In the wooded hills of Vermont. Bungalows and tents, horseback riding, swimming, boating, all out-of-door sports. Camp provides linen. Counselors' positions filled. Address VERMONT, South Strafford: Mr. and Mrs. JAMES W. TISON MASSACHUSETTS, Hingham: Miss E. F. STRINGER

**Camp Winneshewauka** For Girls. In the region of the Presidential range of the White Mountains. Overlooking Neal's Lake. Bungalows, Lodges and complete equipment. Water sports. Horseback riding over mountain trails. All activities supervised by experts. Address for illustrated Booklet, VERMONT, Lunenburg. KARL O. BALCH, Resident Manager.

**The Tela-Wauket Camps** For Girls and Young Women. Roxbury, Vt. Large rustic bungalow, with fireplace, pool table, piano, etc. Sleeping bungalows, private pond, athletic field, clay tennis courts. Free use of saddle horses. Riding master. Terms \$125, nine weeks. No extras. Booklet. MR. and MRS. C. A. ROTZ. MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 10 Bowdoin Street.

**Aloha Camps** Lake Morey & Fairlee Lake, Vt., & Lake Katherine, N. H. 11th season. For Girls. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handicrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. New assembly hall. Board-floor tents. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet. MR. and MRS. E. L. GULICK. MASSACHUSETTS, Brookline, 17 Claflin Road.

### Aloha Hive

Offers your younger daughter all the benefits of camp life adapted to her age, including sports, crafts, pots, a charming location, with happy but not too strenuous activities and individual mothering. For booklet address

ALOHA CAMPS above.

## WYNONA CAMP

For Girls Fairlee, Vt.

In pine grove overlooking Lake Morey. Canoeing, motor-boating, sailing, and swimming under safe restrictions. Hiking, mountain climbing, basketball, tennis, golf, archery and horseback riding. Resident physician and nurse. Music, drawing, handicraft, nature study. Pure water and farm food. For catalogue address

THE DIRECTOR, Clyde and Summer Sts. Fitchburg, Mass.

### Kineo Family Camps

Wilton, Maine. Remarkably successful unique plan for families with children for profitable summer vacation, 10th season. A refined, restful place for mothers and fathers. Happy solution of children's care and training. Kindergarten play school. Separate recreation camps for boys and girls. NEW YORK CITY, Hotel McAlpin. IRVING D. McCOLL.

### Wyonegonic Camps

For Girls. Moose Pond. Fourteenth Season. Three separate camps (ages 9 to 21). For illustrated Booklet address

MAINE, Denmark.

MR. and MRS. C. E. COBB.

### Camp Winnecook

For Boys. Unity, Maine. 13th season. Your boy's nature demands woods, water, fire, healthy rivalry of sports, and tribal life. Your "don't" and "stop" must be changed to our "do." Pine forest. 1500 feet on lake. Address HERBERT L. RAND, Director.

MASSACHUSETTS, Salem, 35 Shore Road.

### Winona Camps

For Boys. Moose Pond. Two camps graded (ages 8 to 16). For illustrated Booklet address

Eighth Season.

C. E. COBB.

MAINE, Denmark, Denmark Inn.

### Kineowatha Camps

For Girls. Separate camps for younger and older girls in the Maine woods. Little bungalows, modern plumbing. All sports, mountain trips, nature work, arts and crafts, dancing, theatrical, etc. Supervision insures safety and proper training. Illustrated booklet. ELISABETH L. BASS, B.A.

MAINE, Wilton.

### Quanset—The Cape Cod Camp

For Girls. 11th season. Swimming, canoeing, sailing, taught under safest conditions. Exceptional training in Land Sports. Pageant. Musical comedy. Riding. Separate camp for little girls. Illustrated booklet. MRS. E. A. W. HAMMATT.

MASSACHUSETTS, Newton Centre, 16 Water Street.

### Camp Chequesset

For Girls, on Cape Cod. Advantages of sea-shore and woodland, sailing, canoeing, motor launch trips, water sports, trailing, athletics, tennis, handicraft. Group system—limited registration. Booklet. ALICE H. BELDING, A. B., Phy. Dir. at R. M. W. College, College Park, Va.

R.I., Providence, R.I. Normal School. WM. G. VINAL, A. M.

### Mrs. Norman White's Camp

For Girls. Cape Cod, Orleans, Mass. All pleasures of life by the sea. Outdoor sleeping in well protected cabins. Limited to 35 Girls. Season from July 1st to Sept. 1st, \$150.00. Long distance Phone. Booklet. Address

MRS. NORMAN WHITE.

NEW YORK, New York City, 424 West 119th Street.

## Sargent Camp For Girls



PETERBORO, N. H.

Dr. D. A. SARGENT, President

Finest plant and equipment in America. 1100 feet above the sea level. All field and water sports. Tramping, nature study, arts and crafts. The safety and health of our campers is the first consideration. For illustrated booklet address

The Secretary, 14 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

## Summer Schools and Vacation Camps

**Camp Chenango** For Boys. On Otsego Lake, Cooperstown, N.Y. Boating, swimming, mountain climbing, tennis, baseball—all sports. Best of food. Moderate rates. NO EXTRAS. Tutoring. Write E. L. FISHER, B. A., South Side High School, Newark, N. J. W. H. JAMES, 600 West 142nd St., N. Y. N.Y., Brooklyn, Commercial High School, A.E. LOVELAND, B.S.

### Camp Pok-O'-Moonshine

Adirondacks. Unquestionably one of the finest camps in the country. Ages, 9-12. 10th season. \$15,000 equipment. Rates absolutely inclusive. 114 boys, 1914. Address: Dr. C. A. ROBINSON. New York, Peekskill, Peekskill Academy.

**Repton Camp** For Boys. On Lake Champlain. Port Henry, Essex Co., N.Y. June 30th-Sept. 1st. Boating, swimming, all outdoor sports. Cruising on motorboat, organized hikes through Adirondacks, etc. In personal charge of Headmaster of Repton School. For illustrated catalogue address: O. C. ROACH. New York, Tarrytown, Box C-2.

**The Raymond Riordon School Camp** For Boys. Permanent tents. Healthful. Among the hills. Constructive work. Canoeing, swimming, fishing, rowing, tramping, tennis. 300-acre farm. Use of school's manual training shops and library. July and Aug. Terms \$175. Parents accommodated at Inn. Write for catalogue. New York, Highland, Ulster County.

**Kyle Camp** For Boys. Catskill Mountains; near Rip Van Winkle's Rock. Model bungalows—no damp tents. All land and water sports. Rifle range; bowling alley. Amusement hall with piano and billiards. Illustrated booklet. Dr. PAUL KYLE, Kyle School for Boys. Est. 1890. New York, Irvington-on-Hudson, 22 miles from N.Y., Box 504.

**Camp Champlain** Ideal Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. 1st Year. Every convenience for safety and comfort. Water-proof tents with floors. Land and water sports. Leaders carefully chosen. Best of food. Camp physician. No mosquitoes or malaria. Long-distance phone. Number limited. Booklet upon application. New York, New York City, 270 W. 72d St. Wm. H. BROWN.

**Keoka Camp** For Girls. On beautiful Long Lake near Naples, Me. Bungalow with fireplace. Modern sanitation. Jewelry work, nature study, music, all athletics, fleet of boats and canoes. Bathing guards. Trained nurse. Experienced counselors. References. Booklet. Directors: Mrs. FRANCIS H. THROOP, 1542 E. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. N.Y., B'klyn, 169 Columbia Hgts., Miss EDITH C. PUTNAM, M.A.

## Camp Farwell for Girls

WELLS RIVER, VERMONT

Typical tent scene



For a summer in the open among the pines of a mountain lake. Cottage well built and comfortably equipped, but the life of the camp is distinctly outdoors. Open-air sleeping optional. 24 hours a day of pine-scented mountain air—a wonderful tonic. Sports, swimming and music. Spring water; best country food. Telephone. Until June 1st address

Miss J.H. FARWELL, "The Castle," Tarrytown, N.Y. After June 1. Wells River, Vt.

**Pine Tree Camp** For Girls, on beautiful Naomi Lake. 2,000 feet above sea in pine-laden air of Pocono Mountains. Midway between New York and Philadelphia. Bungalows and tents. Experienced counselors. All outdoor sports. Tutoring if desired. Endorsed by mothers and girls. MISS LLANCHIE D. PRICE. PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, 905 So. 47th St.

### Halcyon Camp

Fern Ridge, Pocono Mountains, Pa. A camp for girls. Tents, if preferred, board floors. Tennis and nature study. Instruction, if desired. Address: THE MISSISS METCALF'S SCHOOL. New York, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.

**Camp Wyndcroft** For Girls 10 to 16. At Kingsville, Lake Erie. Sleeping tents; main building with modern conveniences. Tennis, hiking, horseback riding, handicraft. Swimming and canoeing in creek under safe restrictions. Address: Mrs. A. B. LUCE. New Jersey, Glen Ridge, 44 Hamilton Road.

**Camp Indianola** For Boys. On Lake Mendota, Wisconsin. Unquestionably one of the best conducted, best equipped, most sanitary, and most reasonable camps in the country. Numerous advantages and attractions. Free booklet. Address: THE DIRECTORS, Camp Indianola, Madison, Wisconsin. ILLS, Chicago Office, 1515 Masonic Temple, Tel. Central 3902.

# An Unrivalled Summer for Your Son

A summer at one of the Culver Schools means a vacation that will put any boy on his feet physically and give him a wonderfully good time. Military training under the men who have made the Culver Military Academy regarded as the finest private military school in the country. Enough study to help the backward boy and keep the others from getting mentally rusty. The recreative features modeled after a boy's own heart. The NAVAL SCHOOL is the most successful boys' summer school in America, attracting boys from almost every State. The CAVALRY SCHOOL gives each boy his own horse and a splendid training in horsemanship. The WOODCRAFT SCHOOL offers boys as young as twelve an extraordinary training in wood- and camp-craft under Dan Beard. Board and tuition, \$150 (\$200, including use of horse, in Cavalry School). Uniforms and equipment: Woodcraft, \$25; Naval, \$38; Cavalry, \$39.50. Send for catalog of whichever School interests you. Address: Headquarters CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS CULVER, INDIANA (On Lake Maxinkuckee)

# CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS

ASK COSMOPOLITAN to assist you in the selection of the right school or college



## Summer Schools and Vacation Camps

### Camp Topanemus

For boys 8 to 15. On Little Lake Sunapee, Sunapee, N. H. Elevation of 1200 feet. Tents and administration building. Boating and swimming under safe restrictions. All field and water sports. Fresh farm food. Address J. D. HOLLENBECK, NEW JERSEY, Freehold. Freehold Military School.

### Camp Wachusett

For Boys. Lake Asquam, Holderness, N. H. Thirteenth season. 7 buildings. Boating, canoeing, swimming, fishing, water and land sports. Instruction in Natural History. Tutoring if desired. No tents. Fishers huts. Booklet. REV. LORIN WEBSTER, L.H.D. NEW HAMPSHIRE, Plymouth, Holderness School.

### Winnetaska

"Place of Pleasant Laughter." Lake Asquam, N. H. A camp that makes girls vigorous, self-reliant, democratic. Tramping, camping and canoeing trips. Nature study, Handicrafts, all sports. Address DR. and MRS. JOHN B. MAY, MASSACHUSETTS, Waban, 446 Waban Ave.

### Summer Camp

Bantam Lake, Litchfield Hills, Conn. Ninth Season. 1100 feet altitude. Splendid facilities for all aquatic and athletic sports. Coaching under supervision of Head Master of Irving School. Address J. M. FURMAN, A. M. NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box 915.

## Schools for Boys and Girls

# TILTON SEMINARY

In foothills of White Mountains. Seven buildings, including a \$30,000 gymnasium and new dining hall. Separate dormitories for young men and women. Athletic fields. Prepares for college or business. Music, Art, Elocution, Manual Training. Special courses for high school graduates. Home Economics, including Sewing, Dressmaking and Domestic Science. Moderate rates.

### CHASE COTTAGE FOR YOUNG BOYS.

Entirely distinct building. Number limited. All advantages of Seminary faculty, gymnasium and athletic fields. House mother. Endowment permits moderate terms. For information of either department address GEORGE L. PLIMPTON, Principal, 32 School Street, Tilton, N. H.

### Grand River Institute

Strictly high-grade school. Board, Room and Tuition only \$200 per year. Large endowment makes this possible. Academic, Music, Shorthand, Art, Oratory, Manual Training, Domestic Science. New Dormitory and Gymnasium. OHIO, Austintown. EARLE W. HAMBLIN, President.

### Wayland Academy

Est. 1855. Certificate privilege. Christian home school. Both sexes. 8th grade to 1st year college, all courses. 6 buildings; 20-acre campus; athletic field; half-mile track; large lake offers recreation. Endowment \$250,000; expenses \$300. Piano, violin, vocal music, elocution, stenography. EDWIN P. BROWN. WISCONSIN, Beaver Dam, P. O. Box E. B.

### Shenandoah Collegiate Institute

College preparatory. Certificate admits to University of Virginia, and all leading colleges. Music, business, elocution, art, piano tuning, orchestra, band and pipe organ. Terms, \$175 to \$250. No extras. Address S. C. I. VIRGINIA, Dayton, Box 101.

### Eastern College

Co-ed. 30 miles from Wash., D. C. Mt. Vernon and Arlington. A 20th Century College. Fine new bldgs. Degree courses in Arts, Science, Literature, Pedagogy, Music, Expression, Commerce and Dom. Science. Also Academy for boys and girls. Health record unsurpassed. \$275 a year. Opens Sept. 29th. DR. HERVIN U. ROOP, Pres. VIRGINIA, Manassas, Box C. (The Battlefield City.)

### Starkey Seminary

Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. Real country, pupils have room and air. Endowed. For both sexes, eleven years and upward. Prepares for best colleges and business. Advanced courses in Art and Music. N. Y. State Regents Standards. Secure rooms early. Rates, \$250 to \$300. MARTIN SUMMERBELL, LL. D., NEW YORK, Yates Co., Lakemont, Box 433. President.

### The Wheeler School

A country school for boys and girls, offering college certificate privileges, domestic science and general courses. Modern buildings, athletic fields, tennis courts, baseball diamond. Endowment permits low expense of \$35 a year. Address ROYAL A. MOORE, A. M., Principal. CONNECTICUT, North Stonington.

## Conservatories of Music

### New England Conservatory of Music

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music. Practical and theoretical instruction with highly efficient teachers. Free Concerts and Lecture Courses. For particulars and year book, address GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director. MASSACHUSETTS, Boston. RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

### Institute of Musical Art

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. Endowed school. Frank Damrosch, Director. Thorough and comprehensive musical education in all branches. Equipped to give highest advantages to most exceptional talents, removing the necessity of going abroad. Correspondence invited. Address NEW YORK CITY, 120 Claremont Ave. SECRETARY.

### The Weigester Studio of Vocal Music

A complete education for the singer. Superior instruction at moderate rates. Summer term at Elmira, N. Y., July 5th to August 28th. Eight weeks. Write for booklet "T." F. G. WEGESTER, Director. NEW YORK, New York City, Carnegie Hall.

### Dana's Musical Institute

Daily, private lessons in all branches of music. Orchestra, band and chorus daily for ensemble work. Faculty devote entire time to school. Modern dormitories. Natural medicinal waters. Degrees granted. 47th year opens Sept. 13th. For catalog and Blue Book address OHIO, Warren. WILLIAM H. DANA, R.A.M., President.

### Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

Founded in 1867 by Clara Baur. Faculty of artists of international reputation. Music. School of Opera, Expression, Languages, Public School Music. Residence department with superior equipment. MISS BERTHA BAUR. OHIO, Cincinnati, Highland Ave. and Oak St.

### Combs Conservatory of Music

30th year. All branches taught. Individual instruction. Personal supervision. Degrees conferred. 4 pupil recitals a week. Pupils' Symphony Orchestra. Dormitories for young women. Reciprocal relations with Univ. of Pa. GILBERT RATNOLDS COMBS, Director. PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, 1319 S. Broad Street.

## Schools for Boys

### The Tome School

An Endowed Preparatory School. Illustrated Book on Request.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, Ph.D. MARYLAND, Port Deposit.

### Greenbrier Presbyterian Military School

An up-to-date military boarding school for 100 boys. Instructors—all college graduates. Bracing mountain climate, 2300 ft. altitude. On Main Line, C. & O. R. R. Athletic field. Terms \$285. Catalog. COL. H. B. MOORE, A. M., Prin. WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Box 15.

### Old Dominion Academy

At Berkeley Springs, renowned summer and health resort. Ideal school for many boys 8 to 20. Prepares for University and Business. Close train service with Northern cities. Ideal climate, scenery, home life. Rate \$200. Catalog. Upper and Lower School. Students from 20 States. WEST VIRGINIA, Berkeley Springs, E. E. NEFF, Ph.D., Prin.

### Kemper Military School

Designated as Honor School by the War Dept.—the highest rating given. A teacher to every ten boys. Modern buildings and extensive grounds. All athletics. Fine Gymnasium. Army officer detailed. Manual Training. Business Courses. 72nd year. For catalogue address T. A. JOHNSTON, Supt. MISSOURI, Boonville, 712 Third St.

### Tennessee Military Institute

The School with a National Patronage. Students from 35 states. Thorough preparation for college or for business life. Modern buildings and equipment. Campus of 30 acres. Charges, \$360. Illustrated catalogue on request. MAJOR CHAS. N. HULVET, Commandant. TENNESSEE, Sweetwater.

### Riverside Military and Naval Academy

Highest standards. No Southern Military School ranked (1914) higher. Year round out-door life; mountain location. Small classes, tutorial system. Splendid athletics. Lake with Gov't Naval Equipment. Magnificent equipment. Cadets enter any time. GEORGIA, Gainesville, Box 11.



## Schools for Boys

### WENONAH Military Academy



12 miles from Philadelphia, in a residential town with no factories or saloons. Its peculiar combination of individual and military training has won high praise. Pres. Woodrow Wilson, before becoming Governor of New Jersey, said Wenonah was one of the best equipped academies he knew. Healthful outdoor life produces unusually successful athletic teams. Only N. J. preparatory school under U. S. Army detail. Special school for Juniors. For catalog address:

Dr. Chas H. Lorence, President  
Clayton A. Snyder, Ph.D., Supr.  
Box 403 Wenonah, N. J.

**Blair Academy** Very liberally endowed. 67th year. 60 miles from New York. Prepares for any college or technical school. Beautiful, healthful location. Fine buildings. 100-acre campus. Two gymnasiums. Illustrated catalogue on request.

JOHN C. SHARPE, A.M., D.D., Principal.  
New Jersey, Blairtown, P. O. Box 8.

**Bordentown Military Institute** Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, comfortable buildings, healthful location, careful supervision of athletics, military discipline that develops character. Address R. V. T. H. LONDON, A.M., D.D., Prin. Col. T. D. LONDON, Commandant.  
New Jersey, Bordentown-on-the-Delaware.

**Kingsley School** For Boys. In the New Jersey hills. 22 miles from New York. Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. Individual attention in small classes. Separate residence for younger boys. Gymnasium and extensive grounds for athletics and sports. For catalogue address J. R. CAMPBELL, M. A., Headmaster.  
New Jersey, Essex Fells, Box 5.

**The Lakewood School** In my home boys can receive, individually, my help in study and my personal instruction. Tutoring in preparatory and college subjects. Outdoor life, golf, tennis, riding, boating and skating. Healthful climate. In the pines. References given and required.  
ELMER E. WENTWORTH, A.M.  
New Jersey, Lakewood, 317 First Street.

#### Montclair Academy

For Boys. Orange Mountains. Correspondence or, better, a personal visit invited from those desiring the best. Booklet "Your Boy and Our School" will interest you, no matter where your boy is educated. Address JOHN G. MACVICAR, A.M., New Jersey, Montclair, Box 45. Headmaster.

**Rutgers Preparatory School** For Boys. Est. 1766. Prepares for all colleges. A teacher for every ten boys. Resources permit moderate charges. Physical development carefully supervised. All sports. New location—accessible, healthful. Separate lower school. House Mother. Catalogue.  
New Jersey, New Brunswick, Box 138. W. F. KELLY, A.M.

**Princeton Preparatory School** College preparatory school for boys over 14. Rapid progress. Limited number of pupils (60) and freedom from rigid class organization. Excellent equipment and facilities in way of buildings and grounds. Special attention given to Athletics and moral welfare. 42d year. For year-book, address  
New Jersey, Princeton. J. B. FINN, Headmaster.

**Boys' School** Do you wish our assistance in the choice of a school? If you do not find one suited to your requirements advertised in the magazine write to us. Give location, approximate amount you are willing to spend, age of prospective pupil and any information you see fit. No charge—now or later. COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL CLUB.  
New York, Times Square Station, Box 155, H. P.

**St. Albans National Cathedral School** For Boys. College preparation for boys over 12. 25 acres of campus. Athletic fields. Outdoor sports. Country school, cultural advantages of Capital. One resident master for four boarding pupils. Bishop of Washington, Pres. of Board of Trustees. Catalogue.  
D.C., Washington, Mt. St. Alban. E. L. GREGG, Headmaster.



### Pennsylvania Military College



With Preparatory Department



Nearest of all colleges to the discipline, physical training and education of West Point. Age limit 14 years and upward. Total enrollment limited to 150. Degrees granted in Civil Engineering, Chemistry and Arts.



For Catalogue Address



Col. CHAS. E. HYATT, President,  
Box 505 CHESTER, PA.



**Bellefonte Academy** Ideal home school for boys. Prepares for leading universities or business. Subjects selected to suit chosen career. New buildings. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Athletic field. 109th year. Send for catalog.  
JAMES R. HUGHES, A.M., Headmaster.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Bellefonte, Box 2100.

**The Spiers Junior School** (For boys 8 to 16). Faculty chosen, home life with headmaster, work and play planned for the young boy—to give him right start and foundation for his future life. Number limited, enabling masters to study and cultivate each boy into a worker. In exclusive suburban section near Philadelphia.  
PENN., Devon, Box 250. MARK H. C. SPIERS, Headmaster.

**Harrisburg Academy** A country school founded 1786. Modern buildings, large campus. Small classes and individual instruction. Thorough college preparation. Rate \$400; \$450 for single room. Supervised athletics. Separate school for younger boys. We invite closest investigation. Catalogue. ARTHUR E. BROWN, B.A.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Harrisburg, Box C. Headmaster.

**Cedarcroft School** For 40 Boys, 9 to 18 years. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Manual training. One teacher to six boys. Flexible courses. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Expert faculty athletic supervision. Electric light, steam heat, spring water. 125 acres. Catalogue.  
JESSE EVANS PHILLIPS, A. M., Principal.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Kennett Square, Box 200.

#### Yeates School

Established 1854. Enviably record for scholarship. Boys taught how to study. Two athletic fields, track, new gymnasium and pool. Over one hundred acres of field and stream. Number limited. For catalogue apply  
PENNSYLVANIA, Lancaster, Box 529. HEADMASTER.

**Mercersburg Academy** Offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Under Christian masters from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. New gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog. Address WM. MANN IRVINE, LL.D., PENNSYLVANIA, Mercersburg, Box 108. Headmaster.

**Swarthmore Preparatory School** For Boys. A thoroughly efficient home school for boys. Near Philadelphia. Modern buildings. Remarkable health record for twenty years. Supervised Athletics. Unusually adequate preparation for college. Junior School for smaller boys with separate dormitory. Address  
PENNA., Swarthmore. A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster.

#### Ohio Military Institute

High, beautiful location. Military drill subordinate to academic work. Lower school for younger boys. Certificates admit to colleges. Athletics.  
A. M. HENSHAW, Superintendent.  
OHIO, College Hill, Box 44 (near Cincinnati).

**Miami Military Institute** Thorough college preparation and courses leading to degrees. Also business course. Individual instruction and personal care. Commandant U. S. Army officer. Essentially military. Modern buildings. Gymnasium. Athletics. Catalog.  
ORVON GRAFF BROWN, Pres.  
OHIO, Germantown (near Dayton), Box 66.

## Powder Point School for Boys

Duxbury, Mass.

By the Sea

Modern buildings, new concrete residence, new gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Large athletic field. Cinder track. Safe boating and swimming in landlocked Plymouth Harbor, on which school grounds border. Summer camp. Thorough preparation for college or business. The spirit of the school develops individual responsibility. Non-military. Upper and Lower Schools. For illustrated catalog apply to

RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster, 71 King Caesar Road.

The right school? ASK COSMOPOLITAN to help you find it.

# PEDDIE—

## A School That Boys Like

All colleges admitting on certificate accept Peddie graduates without examination. It is an endowed school and offers at \$450 to \$550 more than the rates indicate. Equipment includes 60-acre campus, lake, gymnasium, cinder track, pool, diamond, gridiron, library, observatory, laboratories, fire-proof dormitories, etc. Peddie is located at Hightstown, N.J., on the Pennsylvania R. R., between New York and Philadelphia.

**THE LOWER SCHOOL** for boys of 11 to 14 is a strong supplement to the school proper. It fits the boy to master preparatory work in an able manner. It affords opportunity for continuous study in one institution. Separate dormitories and personal care are provided. Pupils of the Lower School have all the advantages of the Upper School—advantages that can be had only where two such schools are combined. 50th year. For full information of either school write

ROGER W. SWETLAND, Headmaster, Box 5-K, Hightstown, N.J.

### Massee Country School

Individual attention. Rapid preparation for college. 2 years' work in 1. 15 miles from New York. New Gym. and Dormitories. All sports. Man. training. Junior Dept. for young boys—6 years up. Unusually successful record.

NEW YORK, Bronxville, Box 100. W. W. MASSEE, Ph.D.

**New York Military Academy** Near West Point. Four the most complete fireproof Military School plant in the U. S. Army Officer in charge of drill and discipline. Special course for West Point Candidates; Infantry, Cavalry, Cadet band. Junior Dept. Summer Session. For Catalogue address

NEW YORK, Cornwall-on-Hudson. THE COMMANDANT.

**Cascadilla School** For Boys. A Fitting School for Cornell. Able faculty of specialists. Extensive up-to-date equipment. Athletic field. Recreation building and boat house. Gymnasium; rowing shells. Terms \$675 to \$775. Send for Catalogue.

NEW YORK, Ithaca. C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Principal.

**The Manlius Schools** Beautiful country location. St. John's School-College and Business Preparatory. Beneficial Military Training. For ten years ranked by U. S. Govt. as "Distinguished Institution," the supreme honor granted. Verbeck Hall—separate school for boys from 8 to 14. Catalogues. Address

NEW YORK, Manlius, Box K. W. M. VERBECK, President.

**Mohegan Lake School** Thorough preparation for College, Technical School or Business, with certificate privileges. Average number of pupils to a class, eight. Modern buildings. Healthful location. Physical Culture and Athletics under competent director. Booklets.

A. E. LINDER, A. M., CHAS. H. SMITH, A. M., Principals.

NEW YORK, Mohegan Lake, Westchester County, Box 85.

**The Holbrook School** For Boys. "A school that is better than the catalogue." 500 ft. elevation, commanding a 40-mile view of the Hudson. 30 miles from New York. Complete equipment. All sports. College preparatory. Character references required. Catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

**Mount Pleasant Academy** 100 years old. Prepares for college, scientific school or business. Rationalized military system. Manual training. Mount Pleasant Hall is for boys under 13. Summer Camp in the Berkshires, under Mr. Brusie's personal charge. Send for catalogue. CHARLES FREDERICK BRUSIE.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson, Box 513.

**St. John's School** For Manly Boys. Special opportunities for quick college preparation. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Athletic field. Manly sports encouraged. Junior Hall, a separate school for boys under 13. Summer Session. Catalogue. REV. W. A. RANNEY, A. M., Pd. B., Principal.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

**Woodland School** For Boys. In the heart of the Catskills. Ideal location for health. Preparatory. Work of best Grammar and High Schools. Boys taught how to study; how to plan time and work. Attractive home life. Trout fishing, skiing, snowshoeing, scouting. Address

NEW YORK, Phoenicia. THE HEADMASTER.

**Review Academy** Summer term begins July 5th. Prepares for college. Lower school for younger boys. Individual training. Tutoring and coaching for conditions. Expenses moderate. Exceptional opportunities for self help to capable young men of high character. Catalogue. CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., LL.D.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 655.

**Iring School** For Boys. 25 miles from New York, in the beautiful, historic "Iring" country. 78th year. 24 years under present Headmaster. Modern equipment. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic field. Swimming Pool. New Gymnasium. J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Headmaster.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box 915.

### "Military, but not Reformatory"

#### Freehold Military School

For Boys 7 to 13. Rates \$450 to \$500

#### New Jersey Military Academy

For Older Boys. Rates \$475 to \$550

MAJOR CHAS. M. DUNCAN, Box 54, Freehold, N. J.

#### TWO DISTINCT SCHOOLS

Half a mile apart; each complete in itself and independent of the other. Both are under the SAME MANAGEMENT. Each limited to 50 cadets; individual care and instruction only possible in a small school. Preparation for college or business; beautiful location, 42 miles from New York, 66 from Phila. Modern equipment, gymnasium, athletic fields. For catalogues address

**Boarding School** Do you wish our assistance in the choice of a school? If you do not find one suited to your requirements advertised in the magazine write to us. Give location, approximate amount you are willing to spend, age of prospective pupil and any information you see fit. No charge—now or later. COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL CLUB.

NEW YORK, Times Sq. Station, J. F., Box 155.

#### Kentucky Military Institute

For Boys. The School with a Winter Home in Florida. 71st year. Preparatory and collegiate courses. Only Secondary School in South ranked Honor School by War Dept. in 1914. New science building. Catalogue. Address

KENTUCKY, Lyndon. THE SECRETARY, K. M. I.

#### Western Military Academy

All applicants could not be accommodated at any one time during the present school year. Room assignments for next September are now being made. Booklet, "Reasons Why," with other information will be supplied on request.

ILLINOIS, Alton, Box 22. COL. A. M. JACKSON, A. M., Supt.

**Todd Seminary** For Boys. 1000 feet above the sea. Absolutely healthful. 67 years of successful training of boys 7 to 16 years old. Every graduate has proved himself a man. Highly commended by mothers. Our ideal—"For Every Todd Boy a Good Citizen." Write for book and information about Northern Summer Camp. Noble Hill, ILLINOIS, Woodstock. (1 hour from Chicago.) Prin.

**Lake Forest Academy** For Boys. Non-Military. Honor Ideals. Aim distinctively educational. Sharp attention to preparation for Yale, Harvard, Princeton, etc. Also diploma admits to certificate universities. Modern buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Golf. JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster.

ILLINOIS, Lake Forest, Box 113. (28 miles from Chicago.) Prin.

**St. John's Military Academy** The American Rugby. Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Situated on high, well-drained ground, in the beautiful Waukesha County lake region. Extensive equipment. Gov't rating, "Distinguished Institution." Catalogue.

WISCONSIN, Waukesha County, Delafield, Box 2-P.

#### Racine College School

"The school for manly boys"—Chief Justice Winslow. Location near Chicago. Modified military system. Special provision for younger boys. Athletics. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Diploma admits to leading colleges. Catalogue. REV. W. FRANCIS SHERO, A. M., Ph.D., Warden and Headmaster.

WISCONSIN, Racine.

#### Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

A select school with a high standard of Academic work, supplemented by the physical, moral and social benefits of a Military and Naval life. Limited enrollment; references required. Catalogue. Address COL. R. P. DAVIDSON, Superintendent.

WISCONSIN, Lake Geneva; and Highland Park, Illinois.

#### Shattuck

Prepares for college and business. Large faculty. Small classes. 16 buildings. 200 acres. Supervised Athletics. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Military system. 49th year. Moderate inclusive terms. COL. VASA E. STOLBRAND, O. E., MINNESOTA, Faribault, Drawer O. Headmaster.

**Missouri Military Academy** Mexico, Mo. Dry lines. Every boy we had enrolled before Christmas came back for the second term. Our contented Student Body means a host of satisfied patrons. For catalogue address COL. E. Y. BURTON, President.

MISSOURI, Mexico, Box 16.

**Wentworth Military Academy** Designated by U. S. Govt. as "Honor School." Reaches boys whom the ordinary day school does not interest. Courses prepare for leading Colleges, Universities, National Academies or Business. All Athletics. For Catalogue, address THE SECRETARY.

MISSOURI, Lexington, 1817 Washington Avenue.

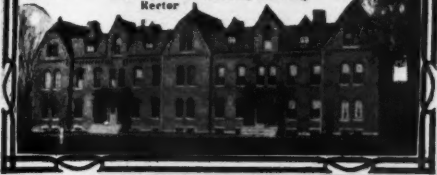
**New Mexico Military Institute** A wonderful training school for boys. Prepares for best colleges. Business course. 270 days of work in open air. Sun shines every day. Healthiest location in the world. Modern buildings. Distinguished by War Dept. School owned and supported by New Mexico. Moderate cost. For catalog, address NEW MEXICO, Roswell, Box E.

## Schools for Boys

### Holderness School

**FOR BOYS** Plymouth, N. H.

Five buildings. Twenty acres. Prepares for Colleges and Technical Schools. Ranks with the highest grade schools of New England, yet the tuition is moderate. Individual influences and instruction. New gymnasium. Athletic field, running track, skating. All winter sports. 36th year. Rev. LORIN WEBSTER, L. H. D., Rector.



**The Mitchell Military Boys School** (20 miles from Boston). For boys from eight to sixteen. Location unsurpassed. Courses practical and efficient. Modern buildings. 100 acres. Outdoor and indoor gymnasium. Moderate military system. Tuition includes all extras. Address ALEXANDER H. MITCHELL, MASSACHUSETTS, Billerica, Box C. Headmaster.

### Chauncy Hall School

Established 1928. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 549 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

**Williston Seminary** For Boys. Your boy's personality studied and directed. All the advantages of a high-priced school for moderate terms. Scientific and preparatory departments. Five buildings. Gymnasium. 6-acre athletic field. Write for booklet or catalog. JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L. H. D., Principal.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Easthampton, 10 High Street.

**Hallock School** For boys. In the Berkshire Hills. 5 buildings, 23 acres. Athletic field. Clender track. Tennis and squash tennis. Hockey rink. Careful preparation of each boy, either for College. Scientific School or Business. Address

GERARD HALLOCK, M. A., Principal.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Great Barrington.

**Monson Academy** For Boys. 112th year. Fifteen miles from Springfield. Over 2000 graduates have entered college. Certificate privilege. Modern buildings. Gymnasium; new athletic field. Rate, \$250. Fund for boys of proven worth.

HENRY FRANKLIN DEWING, Principal.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Monson.

### Wilbraham Academy

A school which fits boys for useful, sane and successful living, and gives thorough preparation for college work.

GAYLORD W. DOUGLASS, Headmaster.  
MASSACHUSETTS, Wilbraham, Box 286.

### Worcester Academy

For Boys. All advantages of a large school. Master teachers. Comprehensive equipment; 10 buildings, 22 acres. Gymnasium. "Megaron," a noble recreation hall. Swimming pool. Splendid athletic field. Quarter-mile track, 220 yards straight-away. 82nd year. Catalogue. D. W. ABERCROMBIE, LL.D.,

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester, 96 Providence Street. Prin.

**Ridgefield School** For Boys. 50 miles from New York, in the highlands of the Berkshires. All water sports, athletic fields, gymnasium. New boat house. Limited number of boys allows each student individual attention.

ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph. D., Headmaster.  
CONNECTICUT, Ridgefield.

### Suffield School

For Boys. College Preparatory and Business Courses. 3 1/2 hours from N. Y. City. Modern buildings. Athletics. Dependable for young boys, house mother. Endowment permits rate \$300 and up. HOBART G. TRUEDELL, A.M., Prin.

CONNECTICUT, Suffield, 11 Main St. Conn. Literary Ins.

**Loomis** A unique combination of business, agricultural and college preparatory courses. Practical training for boys intending to enter business or farming on graduation. 6 buildings. Athletic fields. 100-acre farm. Manual training shops. \$2,000,000 endowment. \$400 a year. Address

N. H. BATCHELDER, A.M., Headmaster.  
CONNECTICUT, Windsor.

**Moses Brown School** Upper School—Thorough preparation for college and technical school. Extensive athletic fields, gymnasium with swimming pool. Lower School—Special home care and training of younger boys. Graded classes. Outdoor sports. Catalogue

SETH K. GIFFORD, Ph. D., Principal.  
RHODE ISLAND, Providence.

## The Citadel

Founded 1842

Charleston, S. C.

The Military College of South Carolina. An old and distinguished college. Ideal Southern location. Mild climate allows open-air work all the year. Modern buildings; splendid equipment. Expert faculty of long training and experience. Rated by the War Department as a "Distinguished Military College." Honor graduates receive commission in U. S. Army. Full courses leading to B. S. and C. E. degrees. Minimum age for admission, 16 years. Expenses, \$332—no extras. Address Col. O. J. BOND, Superintendent.



**Porter Military Academy** Established in 1867. A national school. 34 states and 4 foreign countries represented. Gives your boy a broader training than the public school can offer. Thorough preparation for college or business. Board, tuition, etc., \$300. Two from one family, \$540. Send for catalog. Rev. WALTER MITCHELL, SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston, Box Z. B. D.

**Boys School** Do you wish our assistance in the choice of a school? If you do not find one suited to your requirements advertised in the magazine write to us. Give location, approximate amount you are willing to spend, age of prospective pupil and any information you see fit. No charge now—or later. COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL CLUB. New York, Times Square Station, H. V., Box 155.

**The Bingham School** For Boys. Established 1793. Continuous management in one family for 120 years. Prepares for college and Christian citizenship. Patrons from the U. S. Army, 39 States, 17 countries outside of the U. S. in North and South America, Europe and Asia. Address COL. R. BINGHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, Asheville, Box A.

**Fleet School** School for boys. College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Healthful, bracing climate. 300-acre estate. Boy Scout principles form the basis of our discipline. Athletics of all kinds. Well equipped gymnasium. For catalog address

J. SEDDON FLEET, Principal.  
NORTH CAROLINA, Flat Rock, Highland Lake, Box 1.

**Blue Ridge School** For Boys. Small, select school with homelike environment. Ideal location in refined community, with finest climate and matchless scenery. For boys 10 to 18. Individual instruction. A teacher for every 5 boys. Modern equipment. Sports supervised. Booklet. Address J. R. SANDIFER, Headmaster.  
NORTH CAROLINA, Hendersonville.

**Augusta Military Academy** (Roller's School) In famous valley of Virginia. Best equipped academic building in the state. Number limited. Steam heat. Electric lights. Gymnasium. \$50,000 fireproof buildings under construction. \$360. Catalogue. THOS. J. ROLLER, CHAS. S. ROLLER, JR., Principals.  
VIRGINIA, Fort Defiance.

### The Danville School

An accredited school for boys, in the Virginia hill-country. Upper and Lower School. Students enter whenever vacancies permit. Modern building and complete equipment. \$400 a year. Write for illustrated catalogue. WM. H. DAVIS, VIRGINIA, Danville, Box 454. Headmaster.

**Randolph-Macon Academy** For Boys. A branch of the System. In the Valley of Virginia. Equipment cost \$100,000. Large gifts make possible low rates. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium and Athletics. 24th Session opens Sept. 21st. Address CHAS. L. MELTON, A.M., VIRGINIA, Front Royal, Box 404. Principal.

**Staunton Military Academy** Largest private academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. New \$150,000 barracks. Charges \$360. For catalogue address VIRGINIA, Staunton. COL. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Prin.

**Fishburne Military School** Prepares for universities and business. Personal attention. Resultful military training. 36th year. Beautiful location in Shenandoah Valley. Diploma admits to all colleges. Rates \$360. Free spring encampment at Grottoes. Catalogue. MAJ. MORGAN H. HUDGINS, Prin.  
VIRGINIA, Waynesboro. Box 401.

**The Massanutten Academy** For Boys. Inculcates finest home traditions of the Old Dominion. Healthful location, beautiful Shenandoah Valley. 100 miles from Washington. Prepares for college, technical schools and business; music, athletics. Limited to 100 boys. \$275. Address HOWARD J. BENCROFT, A.M., VIRGINIA, Woodstock. Headmaster.

In writing COSMOPOLITAN give tuition, location and kind of school desired

## Schools for Girls

### FOR GIRLS

## Mount Ida School

6 miles from Boston

We send students to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke on certificate. Many girls after leaving the grammar school do not wish to go to college. But often they desire advanced work in a new environment with competent instructors, and to select studies best meeting their tastes and needs.

We offer just these opportunities. Students take English or Literature, but the course otherwise is elective. All subjects count for diploma.

Graduation from high school not necessary for entrance.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, harp and pipe organ with eminent Boston masters.

A finely equipped school. New building with new organ; new gymnasium and swimming pool.

All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used.

A girl, after leaving grammar school, can begin her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to two years in College, taking through her whole course an elective program. Domestic Science, Art, Elocution. SEND FOR YEAR BOOK.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life.

75 SUMMIT ST., NEWTON, Mass.

## Ogontz School

Montgomery Co., Penna.

FOUNDED IN 1880

A country school for young ladies.  
Near Philadelphia and New York.  
Jay Cooke estate, 65 acres.  
MISS ABBY A. SUTHERLAND  
PRINCIPAL



## Bishopthorpe Manor

Box 237, South Bethlehem, Pa.

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal

Bishop ETHELBERG TALBOT, Visitor

A select school for a limited number of girls. Attractive home life and careful oversight. "The most congenial and most contented boarding school that I have seen in this country or in Europe," states an experienced educator. Convenient to New York and Philadelphia. Beautiful and picturesque situation. Delightful climate. Athletics and outdoor life. College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Certificate privileges. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Art and Crafts, and Expression.

For booklets address The Principal.



## Rogers Hall School For Girls

38 minutes from Boston

Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park

Thorough preparation for college. Advanced courses for graduates of high schools. Domestic Science, Handicrafts, Music, Art. Large grounds for outdoor sports. Experienced instructors in charge of all athletics.

New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. For catalogue address

Miss OLIVE S. PARSONS, Principal, Lowell, Mass.



## Walnut Lane School

For Girls 58th Year Box E  
Germantown Philadelphia

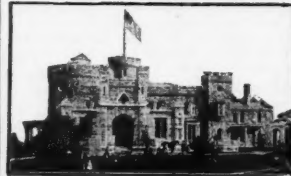
In beautiful historic Germantown; city and country advantages. High School Graduates; General and College Preparatory Courses; Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Home Economics, Sewing, Gymnasium, Tennis, Basketball, Riding.

Miss S. Edna Johnston, A. B.

## Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls. "The Castle,"

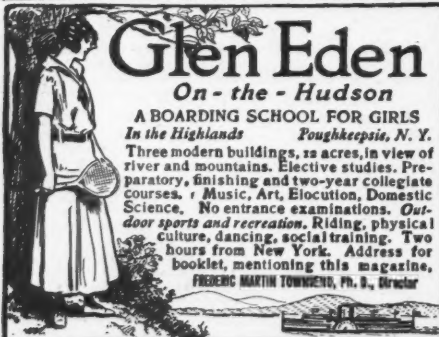
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Only 40 minutes from N.Y. City. Upper School for girls 13 to 25. Lower School for girls 7 to 13. All departments, including vocational. Special courses in Music, Art, Literature, Languages. Certificate admits to leading colleges.



European travel class. For catalogue address

Miss C. E. MASON, LL.M., Lock Box 790



## Glen Eden

On-the-Hudson

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
In the Highlands Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Three modern buildings, 25 acres, in view of river and mountains. Elective studies. Preparatory, finishing and two-year collegiate courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. No entrance examinations. Outdoor sports and recreation. Riding, physical culture, dancing, social training. Two hours from New York. Address for booklet, mentioning this magazine, FREDERIC MARTIN TOWNSEND, Ph. D., Director

## Beechwood

A Cultural and Practical School. (Inc.)

We seek to discover the natural aptitudes of our students and have the departments to develop them. Our aim is a woman of culture who can successfully do the practical.

College Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory, Courses in Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten as electives. Unusual buildings. Rooms with private bath. Swimming pool, athletic field; new gymnasium. Healthful country life. Moderate terms.

Apply for catalogue to  
M. H. REASER, Ph. D., President, Box 400, Jenkintown, Penna.  
Rev. D. H. KERR, D.D., LL.D., Asso. (23 minutes from Philadelphia)



## Schools for Girls



# SEA PINES

## Home School for Girls

Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box H.  
Brewster, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

### Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personality

Genuine happy home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is **exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life**, which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 1000 feet of seashore, ponies. Horseback riding. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

## Southern Seminary

For  
Girls  
and  
Young  
Women

49th YEAR. Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains, in Virginia, near Natural Bridge. Rare health record. Courses: College Preparatory, with certificate privilege; Special for High School graduates; Expression: Art, Music, including Pipe Organ; Domestic Science. Home Life: Personal attention to life, manners, character. Sports: Large grounds. Building: Beautiful and commodious. Students from every section. Recommended by Bishop J. H. Vincent, Kate 5285. Address SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 911, Buena Vista, Va.



## PUTNAM HALL

A Vassar Preparatory  
School for Girls  
ONE MILE FROM VASSAR

A school raised to distinction by a combination of common-sense, definite ideals, outdoor life and individual training for college or home. Recommended by such eminent educators as Dr. James M. Taylor, ex-President Vassar College; Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, President Wesleyan University, and Dr. Talcott Williams, President Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University. Certificate privilege for all colleges. Sleeping porches and sun parlors. Write for catalogue and views.

ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A.B., Principal  
Poughkeepsie Box 805 New York



The Odeon, the school auditorium

## National Park Seminary

For Young Women Washington, D. C. (Suburb)

A condensed collegiate course for graduates of preparatory and high schools. Best facilities for specialized instruction in Music, Art, Home Economics, Floriculture. No extra charge for Domestic Science diploma course. Thirty buildings. Sixty-five acres. Outdoor life, small domestic and social groups. Organized study of Washington, the most interesting city in America. Registrar, Box 115, National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.



## BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN  
BRADFORD, MASS. 112th year

Thirty miles from Boston in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates. Address Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal.



COSMOPOLITAN offers its readers a unique service about schools



## Schools for Girls



# HOUSE IN THE PINES

Norton, Mass.

40 minutes from Boston

A School for Girls. Thirty acres of campus, athletic fields, farm and pine groves. Horseback riding. New dwelling with sleeping porches. Separate school building. Intermediate and academic courses. Languages—native teachers. Music. Domestic arts, including plain sewing, dressmaking, millinery, embroidery, costume designing, etc. Domestic science, including cooking and serving of meals, marketing, food values and the care of the home. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness.

MISS GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, Principal

### Abbot Academy

A School for Girls. Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston. General course with Household Science. College Preparation. Address

MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

### Lasell Seminary

Advanced work for high school graduates. Music, art, household sciences. Basketball, tennis, horseback riding and canoeing. Twenty acres, twelve buildings.

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Auburndale, 109 Woodland Road.

### Miss Chamberlayne's School

For Girls. General, Special and College Preparatory Courses. Unusual facilities for indoor and outdoor recreation.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, The Fenway 28.

### "The Elms" School

For Girls. A city school with country sports. Open air sleeping room. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Simmons. Graduating and special courses. Domestic Science, Music. MISS PORTER, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

**The MacDuffie School** For Girls. Individuality cultivated. Girls taught how to study. Beautiful grounds. College and general courses. Art, music, household arts, gymnasium, tennis, riding, swimming; 26th year.

JOHN MACDUFFIE (Harv.) Mrs. JOHN MACDUFFIE (Radcl.) Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

### Tenacre

A school for twenty-five young girls. Preparatory to Dana Hall. Terms \$350.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKS.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley, Dana Hall.

### The Ely School

For Girls. A country school. One hour from New York. Certificates to Vassar and the New England Colleges.

CONNECTICUT, Greenwich, Ely Court.

**The Campbell School** A home school for girls of all ages. Beautiful suburban location. College preparatory and general courses. Special work in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Out-of-door sports.

A. H. CAMPBELL, Ph. D., Mrs. A. H. CAMPBELL, Principals.

CONNECTICUT, Windsor.

### Cathedral School of Saint Mary

A School for Girls, 19 miles from New York. Healthful location; spacious buildings. Excellent advantages in music and art. General and college preparatory courses.

MISS MIRIAM A. BYTEL, Principal.

NEW YORK, Long Island, Garden City.

### The Knox School

Formerly at Briarcliff Manor. Country School for Girls. 40 minutes from New York City.

Mrs. RUSSELL HOUGHTON, Principal.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box 5.

**Emma Willard School** For Girls. 102d year. On the hills, 400 feet above the city. Four new fireproof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Preparatory, General and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Gymnasium with swimming pool. Catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Troy, Miss ELISA KELLAS, Ph. B., Prin.

**Chappaqua Mountain Institute** A Friends' School for Girls, 25 miles from N. Y. Separate departments for both sexes under 14 years, in care of Home Mother. 44th year. New buildings, 70 acres, 500 ft. altitude; \$390 to \$375. Primary, Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Domestic Science and Music Dept.

NEW YORK, Valhalla, Box A.

### Harcourt Place School

For Girls. In picturesque college town. Offers college preparatory and special courses. Unusual advantages in Household Economics and Music. Large and beautiful grounds. Outdoor sports. Address

DR. STREIBERT.

OHIO, Gambier.

**Ivy Hall** For girls. Delightfully located. Number limited. Individual instruction. Home life, outdoor life and supervised athletics are features. Certificate privileges. Special Finishing Course and courses in French and other languages for the girl who intended to go abroad.

MISS MACDONALD and Miss FINN.

NEW JERSEY, Bridgeton. (Near Philadelphia.)

**Dwight School** For Girls—College preparatory and special courses. Domestic Arts and Science. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address

MISS CRIGHTON and Miss FARRAR, Principals.

NEW JERSEY, Englewood, Box 608.

**Centenary Collegiate Institute** For Girls. Possesses unusual advantages. Certificate privileges. Music, Home Economics, Art, Expression, College Preparatory and general finishing courses. Two years' college courses for high school graduates. Catalogue. JONATHAN M. MEEKER, Ph. D., Principal.

NEW JERSEY, Hackettstown, Box N.

### Miss Beard's School

For Girls. A country school, 13 miles from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Illustrated catalog on request. Address

MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.

NEW JERSEY, Orange

**Penn Hall** School for Girls. College Preparatory. Modern Language and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. Rooms with private bath. Hotel Gladstone, Atlantic City, N. J., occupied by school during May each year. Work continues without interruption. Rates, \$500. Catalogue and views. Address FRANK S. MAGILL, A.M., Prin.

PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg, Box N.

### The Birmingham School, Inc.

For Girls. Birmingham, Pa. An excellent school offering either Academic or College Preparatory Courses. Beautiful and healthful location in the mountains. On Main Line P.R.R. Gymnasium. Physical training. For catalogue address

PENNSYLVANIA, Birmingham, Box M. A. R. GRIER, Pres.

### Miss Cowles' School (Highland Hall)

For Girls. EMMA MILTON COWLES, A. B., Head of School. Prepares for all colleges. Certificate privileges. Strong general course. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and Sleeping Porch. Address

THE SECRETARY.

PENNSYLVANIA, Hollidaysburg.

### Miss Marshall's School

A general and college-preparatory school for girls, combining the charm of beautiful suburban surroundings with the educational advantages of Philadelphia, 20 minutes away. Outdoor athletics, art, music, elocution, domestic science.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Oak Lane. Miss E. S. MARSHALL.

**Miss Sayward's School** For Girls. Suburb of Philadelphia. College preparatory and special courses. Certificate to leading colleges. Music, Domestic Science. Physical training, outdoor sports, horseback riding, swimming. Grounds and building enlarged. Develops character, mind and body. Miss S. JANET SAYWARD, Prin.

PENNSYLVANIA, Overbrook.

**The Mary Lyon School** A country school for girls in a college town, 11 miles from Philadelphia. College Preparatory and General Courses. Certificate privileges. Open-air classrooms and outdoor gymnasium. Basketball, tennis, bowling, canoeing, aesthetic dancing, riding. H. M. CRIST, A. B., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Swarthmore, Box 1500.

**The Darlington Seminary** For Girls. Special thorough Courses in Art, Domestic Science, Music, English, Vocal Expression, College Preparatory. Small classes. 40-acre campus. Music and Art. Outdoor sports and athletics under trained Director. For catalogue address

MARIAH PENDELTON DUVAL.

WEST VIRGINIA, Charles Town, Box 110. Principal.

**St. Hilda's Hall** A school for Girls under the auspices of the Bishops of the Diocese (Episcopal). Near Washington, 8 miles from Harper's Ferry. College Preparatory and elective courses. Music and Art. Outdoor sports and athletics under trained Director. For catalogue address

MARIAH PENDELTON DUVAL.

WEST VIRGINIA, Charles Town, Box 110. Principal.

**Lewisburg Seminary** For Girls. In Alleghenies, 2300 feet above sea, near Greentree White Sulphur, Main Line, C. & O. R. R. Brick buildings; modern equipment; large campus. Courses in Liberal Arts, Music, Art, Elocution, Business. Terms \$280. Catalogue on request. R. C. SOMMERVILLE, A. M., Pres.

WEST VIRGINIA, Lewisburg, Box 51.

## Schools for Girls

**The Orton School** For Girls. 26th year. Outdoor study in the most delightful climate all winter. Certificates admit to Eastern Colleges. French and German taught by native teachers. Art, Music, Gymnasium, Tennis, Riding. Affiliations—Paris, Berlin.

ANNA B. ORTON, Principal.  
CALIFORNIA, Pasadena, Dept. Z.

**Lenox Hall** "A school of Ideals and an Ideal School" for girls and young women. Regular and Special Courses. Two years' advanced work for High School Graduates. Rational education of the Girl of Today for the Woman of Tomorrow.

MRS. M. LOUISE THOMAS, Principal.  
MISSOURI, University City—St. Louis, Trinity Ave.

**Monticello Seminary** For Young Women and Girls. Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Domestic Science. Music. Art. Certificate privileges. Well equipped laboratories. Gymnasium. Beautiful campus, with tennis courts, archery range, basket-ball and hockey fields. Limited enrollment.

ILLINOIS, Godfrey. Miss MARTINA C. ERICKSON, Prin.

**Ferry Hall** College preparatory for girls. Junior college for young women. Certificate accepted by Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, etc. Art, music, expression, domestic science. Swimming pool. Christian school with home care and country environment. For further information write to the

ILLINOIS, Lake Forest, Box 301. PRINCIPAL.

**Frances Shimer School** and Junior College (of the University of Chicago). For Girls and Young Women. Two years College Work, Preparatory Dept., Music, Art, Education, Teachers' College Course in Home Economics, Secretarial Course. Rate \$400. Certificate privileges. 8 buildings. Gymnasium. Catalogue on request.

ILLINOIS, Mt. Carroll, Box 606, Rev. Wm. F. McKee, Dean.

**Girton School** For Girls. Ideally located. College preparatory, general and finishing courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Physical Training. Certificate privileges. Special preparation for Bryn Mawr. Catalogue on request.

ILLINOIS, Winnetka, Box 32. FRANCIS KING COOKE, Principal.

**Tudor Hall School** For Girls. Certificate admits to Holyoke, etc. Academic courses. Music, Art, Expression, Household Science. Native French and German teachers. 30 resident, 160 day pupils.

MISS FREDONIA ALLEN, Ph.B. (Cornell), Principal.  
INDIANA, Indianapolis, 1550 N. Meridian St.

**Akeley Hall** Thorough preparation for College. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Physical Culture. Excellent Gymnasium. All outdoor sports, tennis, basket-ball, boating. Individual attention. Separate house for younger girls. Board and tuition \$525.

MARY HELEN YERKES, Resident Principal.  
MICHIGAN, Grand Haven

**Stanley Hall** For Girls. 26th year. Broad culture. Certificate admits to all colleges and universities. 27 specialists. Degree courses in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Affiliated with Northwestern Conservatory, 40 instructors.

OLIVE A. EVANS, Principal.  
MINNESOTA, Minneapolis, 3120 Pleasant Avenue

**Science Hill School** An English and Classical School for Girls. College Preparatory Course with certificate privileges at Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, and other colleges. 91st year. College-trained teachers. Piano, Violin and Voice Instruction. Domestic Science, Domestic Art. Rate \$350.

MRS. W. T. POYNTER, Principal.  
KENTUCKY, Shelbyville.

**The Chatham Episcopal Institute** For Girls. College Preparatory, Literary, Music, Art, Expression and Business Courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. New buildings. Ten-acre campus. Athletics. Gymnasium. Terms moderate. Catalogue and views. Mrs. ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, B. P.

VIRGINIA, Chatham. Box 9. Principal.

**Mary Baldwin Seminary** For Young Ladies. Opens Sept. 9, 1915. In Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Unsurpassed climate, beautiful grounds, modern appointments. Students the past session from 35 States. Terms moderate. Pupils enter any time. Send for catalogue.

MISS E. C. WEIMAR, Principal.  
VIRGINIA, Staunton.

**Stuart Hall** Formerly Virginia Female Institute. Founded 1843. Diocesan School for Girls, in Virginia. Music. General and College Preparatory Courses. Piano, Violin, Vocal, Art and Expression Dept. New equipment including pianos. Gymnastics and field sports under trained Director. Catalogue. JANE COLSTON HOWARD, A. B.

VIRGINIA, Staunton. (Bryn Mawr), Principal.

**Fort Loudoun Seminary** For higher culture of young women. Delightful location in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business Courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Gymnasium and all outdoor exercises. Opens Sept. 16th. Terms \$300. For catalogue, address

VIRGINIA, Winchester. Miss KATHERINE R. GLASS, Pres.

**Ashley Hall** A school for girls, offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation with certificate privileges to best women's colleges. Beautiful old estate, 4 acres, with modern equipment. Northern advantages in southern climate. Catalogue on request.

MARY VARDRINE MCBEE, M.A., Principal.  
SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.

## Wilson-Greene School of Music

The only resident music school for young ladies in Washington. Endorsed by the world's greatest musicians. Voice, piano, violin, harmony, grand opera, dramatic art, languages, English literature, classic dancing and accompanying. Individual attention, home life, daily supervision of practice. Twelve or more free concerts by world-renowned artists. Mr. and Mrs. Greene are the musical leaders of Washington. Inquiries solicited only from earnest students with the best social and financial references. Catalogue A.

THOS. EVANS GREENE, Mrs. WILSON-GREENE, Prin.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 2647 Connecticut Ave.

**Belcourt Seminary** A school for girls. Preparation for college. Complete Academic course for students not wishing to enter college. Two years' advanced work for High School graduates. Elective courses. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art, Expression, and Languages. Outdoor sports.

MRS. MARY BURKE SOMERVELL, A.M., Principal.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

**Bristol School** French Residence. Elective, Preparatory, Academic and two years' Collegiate Courses. Diploma Course in Music. Capital advantages. Athletics.

MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Principal.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Mintwood Pl. & 19th St.

**Chevy Chase Seminary** A school for girls, in Washington's most beautiful suburb. Preparatory and finishing courses. Strong departments of Music, Art, and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres and provision for all outdoor sports. Artesian water. Catalogue on request. Mrs. and Mrs. B. N. BAKER, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

**The Colonial School** For girls. College preparation. High School Courses. Advanced courses of college grade for Seminary and High School graduates, including English, History, Science and Languages. Music, Art, Expression. Home Economics. Open Air Sports and Athletics.

MISS JESSIE TRUMAN, Associate Prin.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1539 Eighteenth St.

**Fairmont** A Home School for Girls. Regular and Special courses. Advanced Courses for High School Graduates. Music, Art, Expression, Languages. References Exchanged. Literature on request. Outdoor sports.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

**Gunston Hall** A School for Girls. Established 1892. Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two years Post-graduate and College work. Music, Art and Expression. Domestic Science. Building specially planned for the school. Required athletics under trained supervision.

MRS. BEVERLY R. MASON, Principal.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1936 Florida Ave.

**Madison Hall School** For Young Women and Girls. College and Elective Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Modern Languages, Domestic Science, Riding, Swimming. Tenth year under present management. Illustrated year-book. Address

PAUL and Mrs. Geo. F. WINTER, Principals.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 3100 R Street, N. W.

**Washington Seminary** A school for girls offering College preparatory and special courses. Invites correspondence or a personal visit from those desiring the best. References required. Catalogue on request. Mrs. N. B. PAUL, President, Miss CELYNDA W. FORD, Associate Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

**Martha Washington Seminary** For Young Women. In finest residential section of National Capital. Two years' course for High School graduates, general and special courses. Domestic Science. Outdoor sports.

EDWARD W. THOMPSON, Principal.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1601 Conn. Ave.

**The Girls' Latin School** 26th year. College Preparatory and Academic. Admits to leading colleges. Faculty of college-trained Christian women. Selected students. Cultural advantages due to location. Healthful, happy home. Catalogue. Miss WILMOT, A. B.

MARYLAND, Baltimore. Headmistress.

## Schools of Domestic Science

**Worcester Domestic Science School** One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians, housekeepers. Devoted solely to Normal Domestic Science training. Graduates occupy exceptional positions. Opening date, Sept. 14, 1915. MASS., Worcester, 158 Institute Road. Mrs. F. A. WETHERED.

**National School of Domestic Arts & Science** A popular finishing school for young ladies. Thorough and practical education in household management, cooking, dress-making, millinery, etc. Personal development. Limited enrollment; early registration necessary. 8c stamp for catalog D. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Wash., Conn. Ave. and M Street.

We answer inquiries concerning schools.

Why not ask COSMOPOLITAN?

## Colleges for Women

### BETHEL COLLEGE for Women

CHARTERED 1855



OFFERS to a few girls, North and South, splendid advantages at very moderate cost. Delightfully situated. Seven acres of wooded campus. Distinctly Christian and homelike in atmosphere. Opportunity to enjoy notable musical attractions. Autumn trip to Mammoth Cave. Easily accessible (seventy-four miles north of Nashville). Preparatory and college work, leading to B. S., B. A., and A. M., with Junior College Certificate. Terms, \$240.00.

For full information and catalog address

W. S. PETERSON, President, Box B, Hopkinsville, Ky.

**Hardin College and Conservatory** FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Junior College, standardized by University of Missouri. Preparatory courses for college or business. Domestic Science. Conservatory. Music—German standards. Art and Expression. Normal dept. State certificate. JOHN W. MILLION, A.M., Missouri, Mexico, 1200 College Place. President.

**Crescent College and Conservatory** For Women. On top of the Ozarks. Famous for healthfulness and beauty of location. \$300,000 fireproof building. Rooms with private bath. Elevator. Accredited Junior College. General courses; Art, Music, Expression, Domestic Science. Address ARKANSAS, Eureka Springs, Dept. C. CRESCENT COLLEGE.

**Buford College** Limited, select home college for the higher culture of women. Beautiful highland campus of 25 acres. Athletics and physical culture emphasized. Four years' college course. Conservatory advantages in Music, Art and Expression. Write for Year Book. Mr. E. G. Buford, Regent, Mrs. E. G. Buford, TENNESSEE, Nashville, Box E. President.

#### Illinois Woman's College

A Standard College—Full College Courses with degree. Preparatory Courses. Special advantages in Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. Students from 26 states. Write for catalogue. Address WOMAN'S COLLEGE, ILLINOIS, Jacksonville, Box E.

#### The Oxford College

For Women. Founded 1830. Standard college course. Rates only \$355. Address JANE SHERZER, Ph.D. (Berlin), President. OHIO, Oxford, Box 40.

**Wilson College** For Women. Combines the high standards of the largest women's colleges with unusually close association between faculty and students. 4-year college course. Strong music department. Student government and honor system. Terms moderate. Address for catalog, ANNA JANE MCKEAG, Ph. D., LL. D., PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg, Box 100. President.

**Wheaton College** For Women. The new college for women. 4-year course leading to A.B. degree. All classes in operation. Also 2-year diploma course for high school graduates. 17 buildings. 100 acres. Endowment. Catalog. REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, D.D., LL.D., President. MASSACHUSETTS, Norton (30 miles from Boston).

### 53rd year "After Highest Virginia Standards" \$250-\$350 Southern College

For over half a century the Southern Female College



THE ONLY HISTORIC NON-SECTARIAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN VIRGINIA. Registered Junior College, Prep. or College or Finishing Courses. Social Training and development of manners in home life. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Tennis, Basketball. Five buildings. Gym. Students from 20 States. Ideal climate. ANTHONY KYLE DAVIS, A. M., 206 COLLEGE PLACE, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

**Martha Washington College** Founded 1853. A school for girls, in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, 2200 ft. altitude. 4 years' college work, also Preparatory Department, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Modern buildings, 10-acre campus. Terms, \$275 to \$325. Catalogue on request. VIRGINIA, Abingdon, Box 225. S. D. LONG, D. D., Pres.

**Virginia Intermont College** For Girls and Young Women. 31st year. Boarders limited to 150. Prep. and Jr. College courses. Music, Art, Expression, Dom. Science. Music specialty. Modern equipment. Delightful climate. Large campus. Close supervision of health and habits. Terms \$230 to \$300. Catalogs. VIRGINIA, Bristol, Box 124. H. G. NOFFSINGER, A.M., Pres.

**Randolph-Macon Woman's College** One of the leading colleges for women in the United States, offering courses for A. B. and A. M.; also Music and Art. Four laboratories, library, observatory, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic grounds. Endowment permits low rates. Catalogs. VIRGINIA, Lynchburg, Box 11. WILLIAM A. WEBB, Pres.

**Sweet Briar College** For Women. 4 years' course leads to A. B. degree. Strong Music and Art Departments. The Academy offers preparatory and general courses. Modern equipment, capacity for 300 students on estate of 3000 acres in Piedmont Section, Main Line Southern R. R. For catalog and views address VIRGINIA, Sweet Briar. SECRETARY.

**Brenau College and Conservatory** 44 teachers, 32 buildings including sorority houses. 86 pianos. 2 pipe organs. Gymnasium and athletic field; grounds of 100 acres. Ideal climate summer and winter. Spring Term January 6th. Summer Term June 29th. Address P. O. Box B for catalog. GEORGIA, Gainesville.

**St. Mary's** An Episcopal School for Girls. Founded 1842. Offers full preparatory and two years College work. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science and Business. Equipment of 14 Modern Buildings, 25-acre Campus in mild Southern Climate. Moderate rates. Address for catalogue. REV. GEORGE W. LAT, Rector, NORTH CAROLINA, Raleigh, Box 10.

**Hood College** Formerly The Woman's College. Standard A. B. & B. S. courses. Also Music, Art, Expression and Home Economics. Accredited course in Pedagogy. Separate Preparatory with certificate relations. New buildings on 45-acre suburban site. Our own garden and dairy. Terms \$350. Preparatory, \$300. MARYLAND, Frederick. JOSEPH H. APPLE, Pd. D., Pres.

**Washington College** For Girls and Young Women. Located within National Capital; park of 10 acres; choicest educational and social advantages; refined associations, most beautiful home life. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Literature on request. Address DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington. F. MENEFEE, Pres.

# WARD-BELMONT

Nashville, Tennessee. Unit-ing and continuing, on beautiful Belmont Hill, BELMONT COLLEGE for Young Women (26th year) and WARD SEMINARY for Young Ladies (51st year).

Opens Sept. 23rd in its completed half-million-dollar plant. A beautiful semi-suburban location. Fine new residence halls and a modern school hall, gymnasium and swimming pool. Schools offering diplomas—Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression and Physical Education, Literary faculty of 20 college-trained specialists. School of Music the most extensively main-

tained and best equipped in the South, with 17 American and European-trained instructors. Certificate privilege to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Cooper, Vanderbilt, University of Tennessee and Chicago. Thirty-three States represented. 30 per cent. Northern girls. Tennis, hockey, basketball, horseback riding. Early application desirable. Catalogue and View Books free. JENNIE A. MASSON, Registrar.





# Hollins College For Young Women

Founded 1842. College Course (4 years), College Preparatory (2 years), Music, Art, Domestic Science, etc. On an estate of 700 acres, in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, 7 miles north of Roanoke. Buildings equipped for 250 students and 40 officers and teachers. Catalogue and views. Miss MATTY L. COCKE, President Box 305, Hollins, Virginia

## VIRGINIA COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN (JUNIOR) ROANOKE, VA.  
One of the leading Schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery.



Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression. Domestic Science. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 States. For catalogue address

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.  
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.

### Schools of Kindergarten Training

**The Fannie A. Smith** Kindergarten and Training School  
We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. One and two year courses. For catalogue address  
FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal.  
CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 869 Lafayette Street.

**Conn. Froebel Normal** Kindergarten, Primary Training School. Academic, kindergarten, primary and playground courses. Boarding and day school. Extensive facilities for thorough work. State certificate. \$350 covers all expense. 17th year. Booklets. Address MARY C. MILLS, Principal.  
CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 183 West Ave.

**National Kindergarten College**  
Kindergarten and Primary Training. Two-year Kindergarten Course. One-Year Primary Course. Fall school opens Sept. 13. Resident dormitory on college grounds. Send for Catalogue. Address ELIZABETH HARRISON, President.  
ILLINOIS, Chicago, 2944 Michigan Avenue, Box 52.

**Oberlin Kindergarten Training School**  
Two-year course. Teachers principally from Oberlin College and Conservatory of Music. Montessori method by Miss May, trained with Dr. Montessori. Address  
OHIO, Oberlin, Drawer 11. Oberlin Kindergarten Assn.

**Montessori Teacher-Training School** Fourth year begins Oct. 1st. \$30,000 building adjoining All Saints' Episcopal Church. Elementary and college preparatory schools. Resident and day students. For illustrated folder address  
MRS. J. SCOTT ANDERSON, Directress of Torredale House.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Torredale.

### Universities

**Defiance College** High grade. Co-educational. A select student body; strong faculty. New buildings thoroughly equipped. Collegiate, Domestic Science, Preparatory. Teachers, Commercial, Music, Art, Education and Physical Training Departments. \$170 for board, room rent and tuition. Catalogue.  
OHIO, Defiance. P. W. McREYNOLDS, Pres.

**Valparaiso University** Before Deciding Where to Attend send school send for catalogue. This is one of the largest institutions of learning in the United States. Thorough instruction at Lowest Expense. Catalogue mailed free. Address HENRY B. BROWN, President.  
OLIVER P. KINSEY, Vice-President.  
INDIANA, Valparaiso.

**Highland Park College** Machinist, Automobile Engine, Manual Training, Engineering, College Courses. Most complete school machine shops in the country. School practically all year. Enter any time. Low tuition and living costs. Send for catalogue. DR. GEO. P. MAGILL, President.  
IOWA, Des Moines.

## 1853 Maryland College for Women 1915



Music Hall. Gordon Hall. Gower Hall. Grace Hall.  
The most ideal College in the country in site, avoiding the strain of great numbers; History, of 61 successful years; Location, suburbs of Baltimore, near Washington, 500 ft. elevation; Strength of its various courses of study leading to degrees; new fireproof buildings; private baths; swimming pool. Gymnasium, Field Sports. Two and three-year courses for High School graduates; Superior Music Conservatory; Graduate Schools of Domestic Science and Arts; School of Expression, Art and Elocution. Non-sectarian; elevating home life. For catalogue and view book address:  
CHARLES W. GALLAGHER, D.D. Box W, Latherville, Md.

### Schools for Backward Children

#### The Training School at Vineland, N. J.

Devoted to the interests of those whose minds have not developed normally. Home spirit. Schools, shops, farm. Department of Child study. 25 buildings. Opening of colonies permits enrollment of more private pupils.  
NEW JERSEY, Vineland. E. R. JOHNSTONE, Superintendent.



#### Biddle School for Backward Children

Beautiful home environment. Tender care. Best dietary. Defects minimized by perfect method. Montessori Apparatus precedes general education. Individual instruction. Pupils limited. No case hopeless. Booklet. Ten acres.

Pennsylvania, Holmesburg, "Stony Hurst" (11 miles from Phila.)

### Normal Training Schools

**The Technical Normal School** A teachers' training school in special branches only. One and two-year courses in Public School Music, Drawing, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Physical Education. Trained faculty. Graduates assisted to positions. Address  
ILLINOIS, Chicago, 3207 Michigan Blvd. REGISTRAR.

**Pennsylvania State Normal School** A completely equipped Normal School offering a practical education at an exceedingly low cost. Young men and women may qualify for good-salaried positions in teaching and other professions. In connection is the Normal Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts.  
PENNSYLVANIA, Indiana. JAMES E. AMENT, LL.D., Prin.

#### Thomas Normal Training School

This is the only school in the country devoted exclusively to equipping young men and women to teach Music, Drawing, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Physical Training and Manual Training in public schools. Special one-year course. The 25th year we have been placing graduates in paying positions. Dormitory. Strong faculty, beautiful location, unsurpassed equipment. We also offer two-year courses. For catalogue and full information address  
THE SECRETARY.

MICHIGAN, Detroit, 3022 West Grand Boulevard.

## Schools of Elocution and Oratory

### The National School of Elocution and Oratory

The oldest and best school of its kind. Instruction in Elocution, Public Speaking, Physical Training, English and Dramatic Art. Dormitories. School year opens October 4th. Forty-page catalog on request. D. A. SHOEMAKER, REGISTRAR.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, 926 Parkway Bldg.

**Curtis Burnley School of Elocution** Voice-placement and development. Brilliant repertoire guaranteed. Child impersonations and monologues. Irish, Italian, French, and Negro dialects. Pupils most successful entertainers and teachers. Rhetoric and literature. MRS. CURTIS BURNLEY RAILING, N.Y. City, 2030 B'way, or N.O. Asheville, Battery Plk. Hotel.

**School of Expression** Mind—Body—Voice. Leader for 30 years. Write for Dr. Curry's books, "Morning League," "Home Study," "Expression," Summer terms, Boston, Asheville, Atlanta, University of Vermont, Chicago.

S. S. CURRY, Ph.D., Litt.D., President. MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Copley Square.

### Emerson College of Oratory

Largest School of Oratory Belles-lettres and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 35th year opens Sept. 28th. Address

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean. MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Huntington Chambers.

## Northwestern University School of Oratory



**PROFESSIONAL** School for study in Expression, English, Physical Training, Debate, Public Speaking, Story-Telling and Kindred subjects. All the advantages of this large university. Campus beautifully situated on the wooded lake shore, great gymnasium, new dormitories.

A School for Teachers, Readers, and for all seeking cultural development. Graduates prepared for the teaching profession and the public platform.

Summer Course June 21 to July 31. Fall term opens September 20. For book of views and courses of Oratory, also Summer School of Liberal Arts and School of Music, address ROBT. L. CUMNOCK, Director, Box 980, Evanston, Illinois.



## Schools of Physical Education

### Chicago School of Physical Education and Expression

For Women. SUMMER SESSION—June 26 to August 1, Swedish Gymnastics, Aesthetic and Folk Dancing, Games, Theory Work, Special Lecturers, 2-year Normal course. Fall term opens Sept. 15. Address MRS. ROBERT L. PARSONS, Director. ILLINOIS, Chicago, 430 South Wabash Avenue, Box 25.

### American College of Physical Education

Includes Schools for Physical Directors and Playground Workers. (Co-Educational.) Summer Term Opens June 30th. Magnificent equipment. Broad and well-planned curriculum. School occupying own building. Address SECRETARY. ILLINOIS, Chicago, Grand Blvd. & 42d St., Box 101.

### Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

27th year. New building. Courses of one, two and three years. Positions for graduates. Similar courses in Medical Gymnastics. Apply to

THE SECRETARY.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

### American School for Physical Education

Prepares young women to become teachers of gymnastics and practitioners of manual therapy. Thorough and intensive work. Practical training in teaching and economy of nervous energy. Scientific progression in exercise. Summer camp. Booklet. MASS., Boston, 44 St. Botolph St. DR. MARY R.M. MULLINER, Dir.

### American College of Physical Education

Includes Schools for Physical Directors and Playground Workers. Attend a recognized school. Fall Term opens September 14th. Co-Educational. Offers courses in Theory and Practice, including Aesthetic Dancing, Athletic Plays, Games and General Athletics. Unequaled record of successful graduates. We own our quarter of a million dollar building, including swimming pool, tennis courts, large gymnasium, etc. For catalog address

SECRETARY.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 42d & Grand Boulevard, Box 101.

## Normal School of Physical Education



Box 402, Battle Creek, Mich. Two-year Course and Summer Course. Physical Education, Playground Work. Unusual opportunity for self-support while studying. Two \$100 scholarships for high school graduates. Summer School June 23 to August 18. Summer faculty of specialists. Booklet. WM. W. HASTINGS, Dean



## Professional & Trade Schools

### The Best Paying Branch of the Dental Profession

#### IF EARNING while learning appeals to you

Our students are qualified within a very short time to make from thirty to one hundred dollars per month while they are studying.

The demand for mechanical dentists far exceeds the supply. Prof. Bodee, the most ingenious and thorough mechanical dentist in America, gives every student personal attention. Established 1892. This was the first and only school recognized by the Dental Profession. Not a correspondence school. Tuition payable in moderate monthly installments; positively no extras; complete course 3 to 6 months. Students received at any date without entrance examinations or previous schooling. Write to-day for complete Catalog A.

Bodee's Dental Trade School, Now in our new building 15 West 44th St., New York

### MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

\$25.00 to \$75.00 SALARY WEEKLY

### Mass. College of Osteopathy

Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 60 physicians. Forty thousand dollar college and hospital in process of erection. Opens Sept. 13th. Write for catalog.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 15 Craig Street.

### School of Engineering

Practical Electrical Education. All branches taught by practical instructors under actual working conditions. Students enter at any time and complete course as quickly as ability permits. Positions secured; many graduates earned \$1500 yearly in first position. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

WISCONSIN, Milwaukee, 191 Stroh Bldg.

## Business Schools

### Peirce School

Prepares graduates for business positions which require more than ordinary ability. Commercial and Secretarial courses for both sexes. Write for 50th Year Book and "Tom Brown at Peirce's." Address THE SECRETARY. PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Record Building.

### Tri-State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. \$165 covers tuition, board and furnishes room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination.

INDIANA, Angola, 20 C. St.

### Bliss Electrical School

Electrical Engineering; condensed course—complete in one year. Sound, scientific, practical—without frills. For young men of energy and character. 23rd year opens September 22nd. Write for new catalogue.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 55 Takoma Avenue.

**New York Institute of Photography** We teach any work, art, commercial and motion-picture photography and photo-engraving. Short course. Students earn while learning. Graduates earn \$20 to \$100 weekly. We assist you to positions or to start your own business. Call or write for Catalog C. NEW YORK, New York City, 1260 Broadway.




*The* NEW YORK  
ELECTRICAL  
SCHOOL



The N. Y. Electrical School is the pioneer and premier school of the "Learn by Doing" method. When you have completed this Course you shall be fully qualified to handle ALL branches of Electrical Industry.

The equipment of this School is unequalled and up-to-the-minute. No preparation needed to become a "learner" in this school. You can start to learn on any day of any week throughout the whole year. Send for catalogue.

**New York Electrical School**  
38 West 17th Street New York City



**Learn a Paying Profession**  
that assures you a good income and position for life.  
For twenty years we have successfully taught

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work  
Our graduates earn \$20 to \$50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

**ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY**  
648 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois.

**Rensselaer** Established 1824  
Troy, N. Y.

**Polytechnic Institute**

**Engineering and Science**

Courses in Civil Engineering (C.E.), Mechanical Engineering (M.E.), Electrical Engineering (E.E.); Chemical Engineering (Ch.E.), and General Science (B.S.). Graduate and Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

**JOHN C. NUGENT, Registrar**

# Learn Electricity Learn Plumbing Learn Bricklaying

Unlimited possibilities for gaining wealth and future independence in all of these trades. They pay \$5 to \$8 a day right from the start and any one of them offers exceptional opportunities for starting a business of your own on very small capital. The same is true of



## Mechanical Drawing and Moving Picture Operating

Two new, big-paying occupations that are now demanding more and more trained men everywhere and pay salaries of from



## \$100 to \$250 a Month

We give you thorough, practical training—no needless theory—you learn with actual tools in your own hands under expert instruction instead of from books. No experience and no special adaptability required. Just a willingness to learn and we'll make you an expert in a surprisingly short time.




## MEN WANTED

right now for all of these trades. That's why we are now making special inducements in the way of a very small tuition on easy payments if you like, agree to assist you in earning your way through school and also help to place you in a good paying position when you graduate. At this biggest and most successful of all trade schools everything has been arranged for the benefit and convenience of our students. Day or night classes as you prefer, and we even furnish



## Tools Free as well as all other necessary equipment for your work

**Mail Coupon NOW!**  
Don't put it off. This is a matter of vital importance to you. Get full particulars of the wonderful opportunities this remarkable school affords. No obligation—everything free. Mail coupon today while our Special Offer is still open.

**Earn While You Learn**

**WE OCCUPY ENTIRE BUILDING**  
L. L. Cooke, Director, Coyne National Trade Schools  
39-51 E. Illinois St., Dept. 1045, Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: Without any obligations on me whatsoever, please send me your school catalog and full particulars of this offer to men—all free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## Miscellaneous & Schools of Dramatic Art



### Educate Your Child In Your Own Home

Under the direction of  
**CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.**  
(Established 1897)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information write, stating age of child.

THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 4 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.  
V. H. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster

### AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1894

Connected with  
Mr. Charles  
Frohman's Empire  
Theatre and  
Companies

Recognized as the leading institution  
for dramatic training in America

Board of Trustees  
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President  
DANIEL FROHMAN JOHN DREW  
AUGUSTUS THOMAS BENJAMIN F. ROEDER

For catalogue and information  
apply to  
THE SECRETARY  
Room 144, Carnegie Hall  
New York

CARNEGIE HALL  
NEW YORK

## Your School Problem

will be solved if you will merely state your case to the

### CHICAGO DAILY NEWS SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU

Write us (1) Kind of School. (2) Location preferred. (3) Amount you desire to spend.

An expert, who has made personal investigation of the leading schools and colleges of this country, will help you choose the school best adapted to your needs.

Our information is absolutely free.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS  
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU  
Chicago, Illinois.

## ARE YOU THINKING?

Mechanical Draftsmen earn **Big Wages** for short hours. **Wap** is creating thousands of openings. Complete course at home **4 MONTHS**. Terms low, instruction simple. We are specialists! Teach one subject and teach it right. Ask for circular "C" **MODERN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, NEWARK, N.J.**



## Like to Draw ?

Turn Your Talent into Money

### MAKE \$25.00 TO \$75.00 A WEEK

Commercial artists get big prices for drawings that we can teach you to make. One young artist, trained by members of our faculty, earned \$200 in four days, making drawing for a national advertiser. Another made \$100 in three days. Turn your talent into cash. Learn this highly paid profession quickly—in your spare time by our Home Study Method—without sacrificing your present position.

**This FREE BOOK Describes Splendid Opportunities** Tells you how you can easily develop your natural gift and take your place among the thousands of well-paid commercial artists. Get your copy at once. Take your first step toward success in this well-paid profession. Send for this valuable book and Portfolio of Commercial Illustration, without the slightest charge or obligation.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING

208 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

### WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Whatever your question; be it the pronunciation of a new term; the spelling of a puzzling word; the location of Nigeria, the meaning of tractor, white coal etc.—this New Creation contains a clear, accurate, final answer.

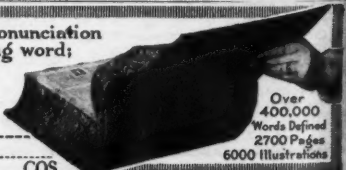
REGULAR AND INDIA-PAPER EDITIONS

Please send me specimen pages and  
FREE POCKET MAPS

NAME

ADDRESS

COS



Over  
400,000  
Words Defined  
2700 Pages  
6000 Illustrations

## ALVINE ACTING

DRAMA · ORATORY · OPERA · SINGING  
STAGE · CLASSIC DANCING · MUSICAL COMEDY  
Separate Departments and Faculty. Monthly Theatricals and Book Co.  
Securing the Best Opportunities and Advancements.

Courses forming (20th year). Beginners and Advanced students accepted. Agents and Managers supplied. (Producing and Booking.)

Write for information (mention study desired) and Illustrated Catalogue how thousands of celebrated Actors and Actresses (late graduates) succeeded.

Addressing Secretary of  
ALVINE SCHOOLS, Suite 21, 225 W. 57th St., near Broadway, New York City

## STAMMERING

My treatment for stammering is the result of many years' close study and extensive teaching, and is the most reliable and satisfactory known. My personal instruction and interest has proved to be of the greatest value. A Summer School at Atlantic City, N. J., after July 1st. Interesting book free. Frank A. Bryant, M.D., Principal, 26C West 40th St., New York

## STAMMER NO MORE

I can cure you. Reputation world-wide. Established 30 years. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, with 200-page book, FREE. Answer at once. George Andrew Lewis, 121 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

### The University of Chicago

## HOME STUDY

in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address

23rd Year U. of C. (Div. G) Chicago, Ill. Mitchell Tower

### UNCLE SAM IS BEST EMPLOYER;

pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no layoffs; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Special money back guarantee if you write today for booklet B-52. IT IS FREE.

EARL HOPKINS, . . . WASHINGTON, D. C.

## GET A BETTER PLACE

### SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

The European war has created a great demand and unlimited opportunities for those who know Spanish, French, German or Italian. Now is the time to better your position or increase your business. You can learn quickly and easily, at home, during spare moments, by the

### LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistics

You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Write today for Booklet, particulars of Free Trial. The Language-Phone Method, 915 Fulton Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.

## LAW High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence

Prepares for the Bar

Four courses: College, Post-Graduate, Business Law and Bar Examination Review. Improved Methods; Standard Text-books; Leading Cases; Lectures; Moot Court; Brief-Writing; Practice; Degrees. Classes begin on first and third Mondays. Actual daily lessons. Not a "book-selling concern" but a recognized Law School.

### Approved by Bench and Bar

Write today for Catalog giving the Rules for Admission to the Bar and showing the Requirements in each State.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law  
510 Reaser Block, Chicago



## Short-Story Writing



Dr. Esenwein

A Course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years editor of *Lippincott's*. One student writes: "I know that I have just received a check for \$125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy, and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein." Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Verification and Poetics, Journalism. In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and other leading colleges.

250-Page Catalog Free. Please Address  
The Home Correspondence School  
Dept. 85 Springfield, Mass.

## LANGUAGES

German-French-English-Italian-Spanish

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina Method at home with Disk Cortina-Records. Write for free booklet today: easy payment plan.

Cortina Academy of Languages  
1801 Meigs Bldg., 1600 Broadway,  
Corner 45th Street, New York

Quickly Learned AT HOME by the Original Photograph Method



CORTINA-PHONE

## WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?



**STUDY** drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. Turn your Talent into money. Our Students are filling high salaries positions. 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers' Normal and Applied Art, Profit or Culture. Thoroughly Equipped Residence School. Artists' Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students. SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 728 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

## GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

offer employment for life at a salary ranging from \$800 to \$1800 per year, with short hours under pleasant conditions and no fear of "lay-offs" or strike. American citizens 18 or over are eligible. Our 64-page booklet contains list of positions, requirements, etc., and tells how you can prepare for "Exams" under the personal supervision of a former U. S. Civil Service Secretary-Examiner. Booklet is FREE, without obligation. Write to-day

PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL  
1815 Livingston Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

## SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "rule lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address Chicago Correspondence School, 929 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Ask her about our training. Her address upon request.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing  
387 Main Street Fourteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

## BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn \$10 to \$25 a week as nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse"—248 pages with actual experiences. 48 illustrated lesson pages free.

There is a Chautauqua nurse in your neighborhood.

## The Key to Success Stop Forgetting

### Increase Your Efficiency

The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can instantly select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, address an audience. Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years experience in developing memories of thousands. Write today for copy of my book "How to Remember" and Copyrighted Memory Test Free, also how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How to Speak in Public."

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

Dickson School of Memory, 751 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Don't Wait to Learn Shorthand. Get a Noiseless Anderson

## SHORTHAND

Typewriter and be ready for business next month! Faster than stenography. Absolutely accurate. One stroke prints a word.

ANDERSON SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER CO.  
5716 (C) Cedar Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



## Do You Like to Draw?

That's all we want to know. Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING  
839 Leader Building, Cleveland, O.



## CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

### COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU. The London School of Illustrating and Cartooning 1439 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.



*"How would  
you like  
to hear  
this record -*

*Loud,  
Soft, or  
Subdued?"*



## **The Victor system of changeable needles enables you to meet every acoustic condition**

It gives you perfect control of the tone volume and enables you to adapt every record to the acoustic limitations of any room.

The different kinds of Victor Needles give you different and distinct gradations of tone. Without this changeable needle system, it would be necessary to have several instruments, each with a different tone, to give such variation.

You can use the full-tone needle, the half-tone needle, or the fibre needle, to suit the individual beauty of each record to its particular acoustic surroundings.

You choose the volume of tone and play each record as loud or soft as *you* personally wish to hear it, without interfering in any way with the artist's interpretation.



Go to any Victor dealer's and hear your favorite music played with the different needles and you will fully appreciate the infinite variety of charm afforded by the Victor system of tone control.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$250.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

**New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month**

If what you want is not advertised on these pages, see page 6 of this issue





### They're bound to have plenty

And "plenty" to them means at least a case. In fact you will find that a case at a time is a sensible way to order these tasty Campbell's Soups for the average-size family. And probably you will want half the order to be

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is so particularly delicious and appetizing, and it "fits in" exactly for so many different occasions, that it is the most popular of all the Campbell "kinds"; while the other twenty are—each in its own way—equally wholesome and satisfying. Try one today.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

10c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL







*Write it on the film—at the time.*

Make every negative more valuable by permanently recording at the time of exposure the all important date and title. It's a simple and almost instantaneous process with an

## Autographic Kodak

Now ready in a score of styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$6.00 upwards.

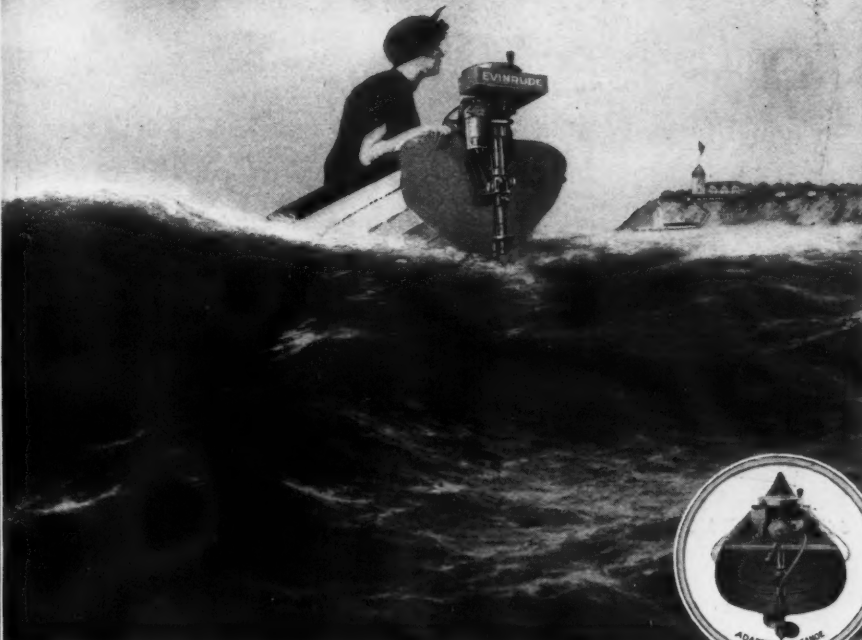
*Ask your dealer, or write us for Kodak catalogue.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

EVINRUDE + ROWBOAT = MOTORBOAT

# EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS




## Think of the Fun You Can Have With an Evinrude This Summer!

Think of what it means to be able to carry with you to lake, river or seashore a powerful little marine motor that can be attached in a moment to any kind of craft—rowboat, sailboat, houseboat or canoe—and that will run four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline. An Evinrude cuts out the hard work of rowing—enables you to enjoy all the pleasures of

motor boating without the expense. Give the flywheel a quarter turn and you are off at a speed of from 7 to 8 miles an hour for a rowboat—10 to 12 miles for a canoe. The 1915 model has Maxim Silencer; Automatic Reverse, enabling you to "back water" instantly; and Waterproof Magneto built into the flywheel—no separate battery required.

Send to-day for free illustrated catalog and name of Evinrude dealer in your town

**EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY, 33 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.**

*Distributing Branches:*—69 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.—218 State St., Boston, Mass.  
—436 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.—182 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

(1130-7122)



Copyright U. S. A. 1915 by  
The B. V. D. Company.

## "Yes Sir, The B. V. D. Label Is Right There"

"It's just like this—I welcome the man who insists on seeing the B. V. D. Red Woven Label on Underwear. It shows *me* that he wants well-made, full-value, satisfaction-giving merchandise, and it shows *him* that I sell that sort.

"No sir, I never substitute. It's 'penny wise and pound foolish.' You find out you didn't get the utmost for your money, and you don't come back. Then—where do I come in?"

On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

*This Red Woven Label*



(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Firmly insist upon seeing this label and firmly refuse to take any Athletic Underwear without it.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c. 75c. \$1.00 and \$1.50 the Garment. B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit.

*The B. V. D. Company, New York.*



Copyright U. S. A. 1915 by  
The B. V. D. Company



Copyright U. S. A. 1915 by  
The B. V. D. Company

## No Boiling— Charming Flavour!

A scant spoonful of the powder stirred in a cup of hot water—and you have

# INSTANT POSTUM

—quick as a wink!

It is regular Postum reduced to soluble form, with a snappy, Java-like taste, but—like regular Postum—free from the harmful coffee-drug, caffeine.

The effects of caffeine poisoning from coffee drinking show in various ways, but always “there’s the cause” which must be removed before relief can come.

Some go so far they can’t get back, but there’s a vast army of sensible ones who have made personal test, and have regained comfortable health by quitting coffee and using Postum.


It’s a fine thing to be well and have body and brain work in harmony, without interference from coffee or any other drug.

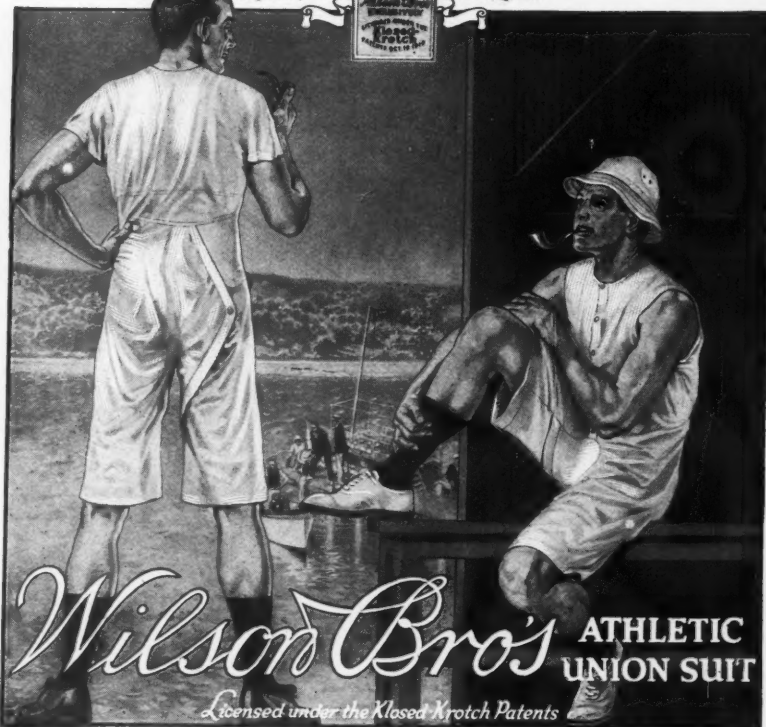
A ten days’ trial will show any coffee drinker

## “There’s a Reason” for POSTUM

Grocers sell both kinds.



Look for  this Label



*Wilson Bros.* ATHLETIC UNION SUIT

*Licensed under the Klosed Krotch Patents*

**T**HIS is the union suit of perfected comfort—made so by the patented closed crotch and by fabrics that are soft and cool to the skin.

Loose fitting, but not clumsy. Seat opening cut generously full for greatest convenience. The crotch is just a single smooth thickness of fabric of the same material as garment. No seams to break, bind or chafe.

For the man who desires the utmost comfort and coolness in summer under-

wear, who dreads the feeling of close-fitting undergarments, a Wilson Bros. Athletic Union Suit meets every requirement.

Made in all the desirable tub-tested fabrics—sleeveless and half sleeves; knee and three-quarter lengths—\$1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Sold by retailers who desire to give the greatest value for your money and thereby win your permanent trade.

Other furnishings bearing the *Wilson Bros.* mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not carry these goods, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

*Wilson Bros.*—Chicago





### A Word to Those Learned in the Law

Right an' wrong's so close together,  
That those "learn-ed in the law"  
Know the line that runs betwixt 'em  
Ain't an easy one to draw.  
Ef the co'te please, men are human;  
So it can't be very far  
From the judge's bench, I reckon,  
To the pris'ner at the bar.  
Heed the counsel of yo' pipe Judge,  
Let the kindness it imparts  
Temper Justice found in law books  
With mercy found in hearts.

*Velvet Joe*

PERHAPS you, too, turning the pages of some law book, have chanced upon the gray ashes that fell from some "studious" pipe.

Shall we say that the points of the law were seen less clearly for the smoke that arose from its well-seasoned bowl?

Shall we deny the inspiration of good tobacco its share of the credit in deciding some fine point of law?

And, perchance, those ashes once were full of the friendliness that Nature puts into VELVET.

And who knows but what one of those slow-burning, fragrant pipes of VELVET gave Justice an opportunity to lift her bandage, and to brush aside a tear of human sympathy?

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley-de-Luxe*, with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, comes in

10c Tins

5c Metal-Lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors



*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

Copyright 1915

AIR

WATER

## Nature's Great Cleansers

Air and water are most efficient and cheapest natural cleansers. Modern science has designed perfect apparatus that permits the housewife to bring to her service the fullest benefits of these natural elements. We present to you here a guaranteed electrical device for washing with air—and one for washing with water—both made with the skill and quality which characterize the many household devices bearing the name—

## Western Electric

### Vacuum Cleaner

This is a new model, small and light, yet so designed that the full power of air is used. The experience of 30 years of motor and suction-fan making, by manufacturers of international reputation, is embodied in every part. The rigid frame, different from the usual "broom-handle" design, makes handling easy and provides for hanging away in a closet when not in use. The price, \$32.50, includes an extension nozzle for cleaning under furniture.

### Washer and Wringer

This newest, safest and most thorough laundry outfit is sold and guaranteed by the world's largest distributors of electrical supplies. The motor is specially designed and of ample power, yet consumes little current. The driving mechanism is entirely enclosed. The wringer is reversible and has a patented safety release. The revolving cylinder sends the hot, cleansing suds through every bit of fabric without injury to delicate laces.

Both of these labor-saving cleansers can be used in any home where there is electric light. Write for descriptive booklets, "The Home Sanitary" and "Sunny Monday," mentioning the name of your dealer. Ask for Booklet No. 421-G.

### WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 8,500,000 "Bell" Telephones

463 West Street, New York City

Houses in All Principal Cities  
of the U.S. and Canada.

EQUIPMENT FOR  
EVERY ELECTRICAL  
NEED





## Examine your skin closely!

Whatever is keeping you from having the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—it can be changed

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in.

Whatever the trouble is, you can make your skin what you would love to have it. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies, new forms. This is your opportunity.



For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Make a daily habit of the Woodbury treatment given here. It will free your skin every day of the tiny old, dead particles and keep the new skin so active that it gradually takes on the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch."

### Use this treatment once a day

—preferably just before retiring. Lather your wash-cloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

You will feel the difference the first time you use this treatment. Use it persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and slip it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today.

### Write today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1404 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1404 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

The  
Andrew  
Jergens Co.  
1404 Spring  
Grove Ave.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio

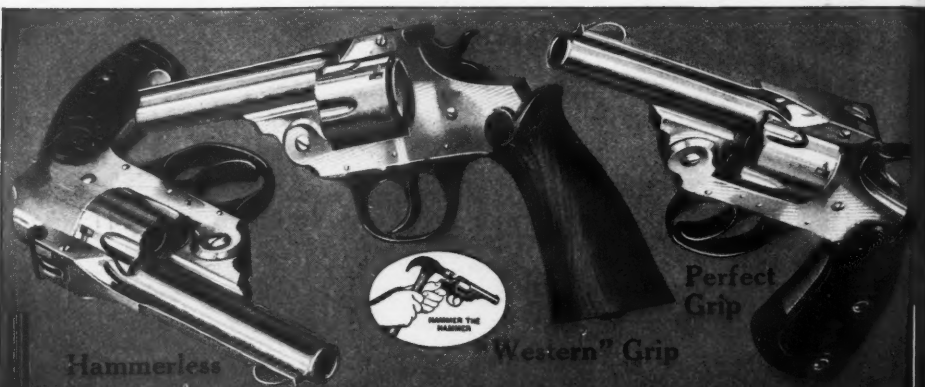
I enclose cents (stamps or coin) for Woodbury samples according to the offer in May Cosmopolitan.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1404 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



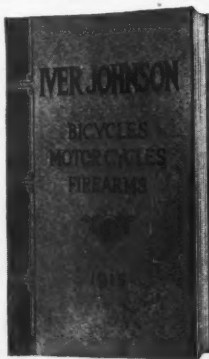
# IVER JOHNSON

## The Boy in you says, "Get the Book"

It's a pretty tame man that wouldn't enjoy reading and owning this 84-page Book. It tells what quality means in a revolver, what safety means, what accuracy and dependability mean. In other words it describes the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver.

The Iver Johnson "Champion" Single Barrelled Shot Gun and our new Double Gun are shown and their many good features explained.

After reading the chapter on bicycles, you will understand why most racing men ride the Iver Johnson and why our bicycles have held front rank since



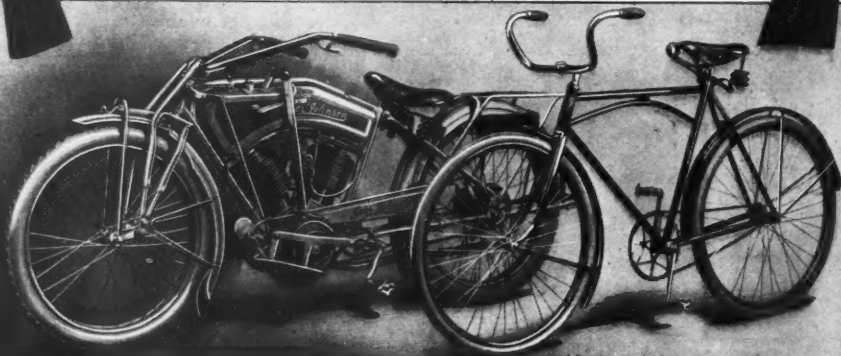
bicycles were invented.

You will be impressed with the talk on the Iver Johnson Motorcycle. It tells of a masterpiece of engineering. It is our belief that no better motorcycle will ever be built. Slight changes may be made, but basically the Iver Johnson Motorcycle is perfect.

**Send for this big Book—  
It is FREE**

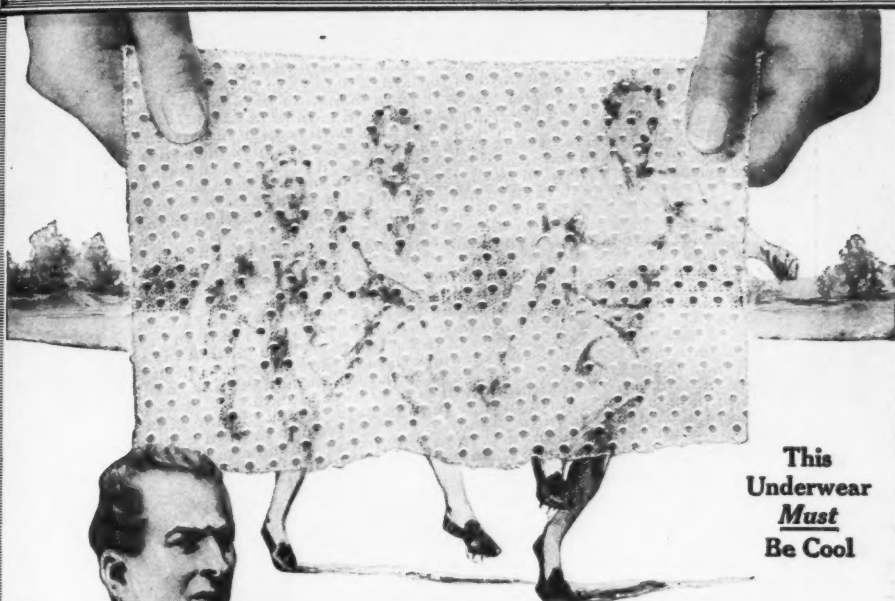
**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**  
129 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

717 Market Street, San Francisco  
99 Chambers Street, New York





# "CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"



This  
Underwear  
**Must**  
Be Cool

## You See Right Through this Light, Open, Durable Underwear Fabric

Think how cool, light and open our Union Suits must be. Consider how comfortable for summer. As to durability? Unconditionally guaranteed.

Chalmers "Porosknit" cannot cling (sweaty, disagreeable, irksome) to the body. Instead, it keeps your body dry and gives you summer comfort in as near to nature's way as one may go.



This Label on Every Garment

For Men	Any Style	For Boys
50c	Shirts and Drawers	25c
	per garment	
For Men	UNION SUITS	For Boys
\$1.00	Any Style	50c

With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put—cannot gape open nor bulge. You have full elasticity in the seat, so that the garment gives freely and easily with every turn or bend.

Yet please remember this: Chalmers "Porosknit" is imitated but NOT duplicated. Be sure to get the genuine. You'll know it by the label.

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 8 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight

Write for Handsome Book  
of All Styles



# Whitman's

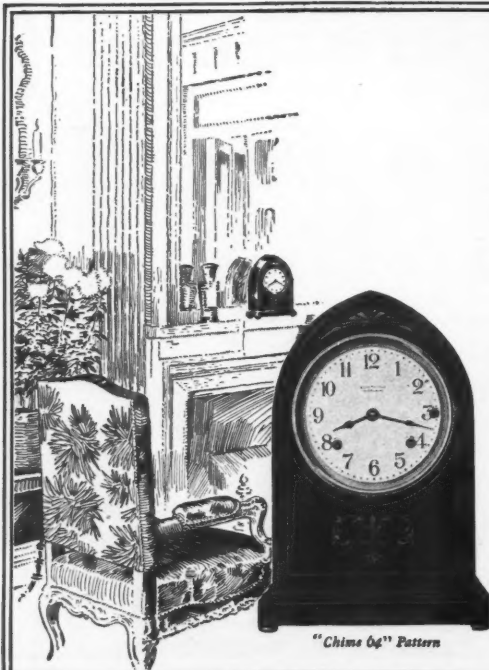
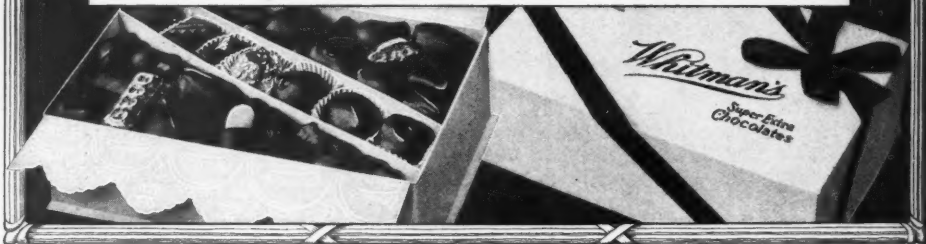
# the national sweets

Wherever and whenever you want good candy, you can get Whitman's. In the little far-off places you will find Whitman's, as fresh and dainty and inviting as in the big centers. Only sweets of Whitman's quality could make so many friends in so many places.

Ask for the Super Extra Package by name. Chocolates of supreme Whitman quality in a charming assortment of nut, hard, and cream centers. Eighty cents the pound. This is the Package which first made Whitman's famous—each piece a delightful "reason why."

Ask for booklet or write us

**STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.**  
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa, and Marshmallow Whip.



"Chime 64" Pattern

## SETH THOMAS Chime Clocks

OUR Chime Clocks share with all Seth Thomas Clocks the virtue of constant accuracy. The music of Westminster or Whittington and Westminster chimes is an added charm to win your admiration.

The clock pictured here is Seth Thomas Chime 64. It has a silvered dial set in a mahogany case, plain or inlaid marqueterie design. The movement is eight-day. The chimes play every quarter-hour or can be silenced.

Seth Thomas Chime Clocks are made in varying shapes and sizes. They are priced at \$15 to \$50. The design shown here, and others similar, may also be had with hour and half-hour strike instead of chimes.

Your jeweler will give you full information on Seth Thomas Chime and Cabinet Clocks.

*Descriptive booklet with advice on care of clocks upon request.*

**SETH THOMAS CLOCK CO.**  
Established 1813  
15 Maiden Lane New York City



## Elgin Wonder Tales



**LORD ELGIN**  
(Extra thin model)  
\$100 to \$115

**G. M. WHEELER**  
\$25 to \$50

**B. W. RAYMOND**  
(R. R. Watch)  
\$35 to \$75

**LADY ELGIN**  
A wide range of prices

## Fell twice with Birdman and never dropped a Tick

"**S**PEAKING of Elgin Watches, I think mine had some exceptionally rough usage. In the spring of nineteen ten, we (watch and I) landed in the Hudson River; the engine stopped, but the Elgin kept running, and on Labor Day this timepiece accompanied me on a two-hundred-foot drop up in Maine. The aeroplane was smashed to pieces, but the old Elgin strapped to the wheel still was ticking."

(ORIGINAL LETTER ON FILE AT ELGIN HEADQUARTERS.)

Sturdiness, accuracy and beauty are the three cardinal virtues of Elgin Watches. No gift at graduation, no present for birthday or wedding can reflect nicer refinement, more of master workmanship or greater watch-making skill than the Elgin.

## ASK YOUR ELGINEER

Write for the Elgin Book of Wonder Tales. Elgin Poster Stamps sent free on request.

**ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.**  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

# ELGIN WATCHES

K E E P T I M E

## On a Summer Sea—or Lake or River—

with your Mullins boat you will find miles and miles—hours and hours of invigorating, healthful, business-forgetting pleasure. Sweet, cool air, fresh from fields and mountains—nature's laboratory—will make your heart beat faster from the sheer joy of living. Sixty thousand owners of



### MULLINS BOATS



are now planning a glorious summer to be spent, for the most part on the water. Mullins boats of either wood or steel, are designed by America's foremost Naval Architects, built in the largest boat factory in the world—powered with 2 and 4-cycle motors. Speedy—beautiful—distinctive. Send for interesting, free Catalog and learn where you can see a Mullins Boat.

**The W. H. Mullins Company** <sup>95</sup> Franklin St. Salem, O.  
World's largest builders of pleasure boats



## ICY-HOT

**Keeps Contents Steaming Hot 24 Hours, Icy Cold 3 Days**

Hot or cold drinks when needed; traveling, fishing, motoring, hunting, picnicking, etc. Keeps baby's milk at right temperature, or invalid's hot or cold drink all night, without heat, ice or bother.

*Bottle*

ICY-HOT CARAFE takes place of unsanitary water bottle and pitcher.

**ICY-HOT LUNCH KITS** containing

Bottles, Jars, Lunch Compartments. For Workmen, School Children, Tourists, etc. \$2.00 up.

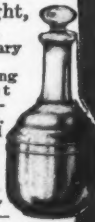
*Pitchers* **ICY-HOT JARS AND ICE CREAM**

*Coffee and Chocolates* **PAIS**—keep solid food hot without fire—desserts cold and ice cream solid without ice in absolutely

*Pots* **sanitary glass container. Inner glass bottle thoroughly protected against breakage—easily removed and cheaply replaced if broken. Perfectly sanitary—liquid touches**

only glass. See at dealers; look for name Icy-Hot on bottom. Write for Free Booklet.

Pts. \$1 up; Qts. \$2 up.  
**ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.,**  
Dept. G, Cincinnati, O.



*Carafe Lunch Kit*



**Best grade cedar canoe for \$20**  
Detroit canoes can't sink

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.  
**DETROIT BOAT CO., 178 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

## FREE To Every Woman



HERE'S the daintiest gift you ever laid your eyes on—a whole week's supply of Marinello Face Powder—FREE. Of course, you know of Marinello powder, but perhaps you have never used it, so simply to let you see how delightful it is, we will give you enough of this exquisite powder to last you a whole week. Daintily put up in a charming, useful Louty Elephant Ointment Pouch and Vanity Case finished in Gold, one side of which holds \$1.20 in change—the other contains a puff, mirror and powder. Send us your name, address, 2 dimes and 3 two-cent stamps, and both the case and the free Powder come to you prepaid. Write today—mention shade.

**MARINELLO CO., Dept. 152, Maffers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**



**A New Camera**  
combining  
anastigmat  
efficiency  
with low cost  
and great  
simplicity

## Premoette Sr.

A camera that marks a distinct advance in amateur photography. A camera that is remarkably easy to load and operate, that is simple in every detail, that is equipped with a *genuine anastigmat lens*, and yet is as low in price as the average camera for the same size pictures, with only an ordinary R. R. lens.

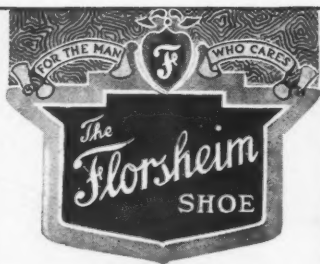
Every experienced amateur knows the advantage of the anastigmat lens, but the relatively high prices which have hitherto prevailed, have prevented him from owning one, in the majority of cases. The new Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7, fitted to this camera, is equal in flatness of field, depth and definition, to the highest priced anastigmat made, and has a greater speed than any R. R. lens. And it is furnished at such a price that even a beginner can now well afford to start with an anastigmat equipment.

Prices—Premoette Sr. with Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7, for  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  pictures, \$15.00. Ditto, for  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  (post card) pictures, \$17.50.



Get the new Premo catalogue. It's free at all dealers' or will be mailed direct on request.

**Rochester Optical Division, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.**



**TRY** the cool, comfort-giving fit of Florsheim "Natural Shape" Oxfords—Style and ease united to meet your needs—a decidedly satisfactory shoe to wear.

A Style for Every Taste

\$5 to \$7

Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet Showing  
"Styles of the  
Times" free on  
request.

**The  
Florsheim  
Shoe Co.  
Chicago**

"The  
Piccadilly"  
Tan or  
Black. Skel-  
eton Lined.  
Style 1684.



## BOYS! GIRLS!

*This Bicycle Is Yours!*



This famous Rami Bicycle, made by the Miami Cycle Mfg. Co., will be given without cost to any boy or girl who will do some pleasant work for us.

It is a sturdy Bicycle, strong and durable, and every part is so well made that it will stand long and hard service. For speed, durability and appearance it has no superior. It will come to you completely equipped with all necessary parts, good tires, adjustable handle bars, comfortable seat, tool kit, and an automatic coaster brake that is "a peach."

This great Rami Bicycle will be sent to any boy or girl (Flying Merkel model will be sent to girls), who secures 30 subscriptions to Cosmopolitan Magazine. You are to collect \$1.50 for each subscription, send the full amount to us, and the Bicycle will be promptly forwarded from the factory in Ohio direct to your address.

Tear out this advertisement and show it to your friends. Tell them you are working for a Bicycle, see as many people as you can, and ask each one to recommend you to his or her friends. Before you know it you will have your club of 30 subscribers, and then the wheel is yours free! Start right out now—today! If you want any more particulars, sample copies of the magazine, etc., write to COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



## All Play—No Work

No more tired arms from oars or paddle. Good health, keen enjoyment and a whole summer of water delights. With a Ferro you can have a real motor boat at a small cost. Fits any rowboat or canoe, is easy to operate and thoroughly reliable.

Write at once for catalog. Attractive dealer prospectus for 1915 is also ready.

**The FERRO MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO.**  
542 Hubbard Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

**\$85**  
With Bosch  
Reversible  
Waterproof  
Magneto

**\$65**  
With  
Waterproof  
Battery  
Ignition

## Start Your FORD From the Seat

Throw away your crank. Start your Ford, Maxwell, Saxon or Cyclo-car from the seat with a **SANDBO Two-Compression Starter**. Differs from all others; gives crank complete revolution—over two compressions, past two ignition points. Guaranteed to start. Easy to attach. Can't get out of order. New price \$14.

**SANDBO STARTER COMPANY**  
49 Sandbo Building Rock Island, Ill.



**\$14**  
AGENTS,  
DEALERS  
WANTED



## AMAZING PROFITS

IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add \$8 to \$40 per week to their income, in spare time, entire year, growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet.

HIRSH HARTON, 328 West 48th Street, New York

## Stillwell California Homes

Suited to any climate

Our Books give photos—plans—costs.

"Representative California Homes"

50 Ideal Plans, \$1600 to \$6000—Price 50c

"West Coast Bungalows"

51 Plans, \$600 to \$2000—Price 50c

"Little Bungalows"

31 Plans, \$200 to \$1750—Price 25c

**SPECIAL OFFER**

All 3 Books for \$1—Postpaid

Books and Blue Prints Sold

on a Money-Back Guarantee

E. W. Stillwell & Co., Architects, 4294 Henne Bldg., Los Angeles





## You Know Them!

Who doesn't recognize this famous and beautiful "movie" family? Read how they work hard, and still preserve their good looks:

"I believe we are the largest acting family on the 'screen.' All of the children act and have done so since each was two months old. We are 'The Five Steuarts,' and you've very likely seen some of us filmed with Ethel Barrymore in 'The Nightingale,' Mabel Taliaferro in 'The Three of Us,' etc., etc. Some kiddies, eh? In fact, I'm rather conceited about the whole family, except the fellow on the left end! But you should have seen him before he began using Pompeian Massage Cream!

"Seriously, wife and I think it's great. Nothing like it for getting the dust and excess oils out of the

skin. A massage with Pompeian sort of takes the 'tired' out of our faces, too. Do we look overworked? No, but we surely are. On our feet all day and always under a strain, but we take good care of ourselves, which includes using the 'Great Youthifier.' If you want to print this letter you can. Cordially,

Maurice Wilcox Steuart.

"P.S. The kiddies use your new product, Pompeian Night Cream. Fine for their tender young skins."

Both creams at the stores. Only Trial Jar of our Massage Cream sent on this offer.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 36 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

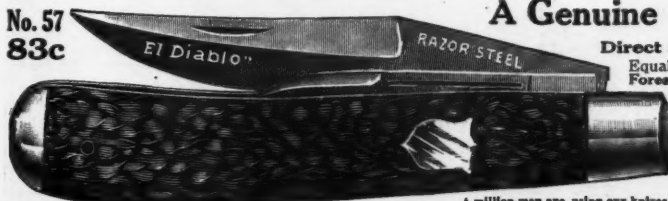
Enclosed find 4c in stamps for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

No. 57  
83c



A Genuine \$2 Knife for 83c

Direct at Factory Price

Equally good in the Shop, the Farm, or Forest; light but extra strong; resharpened easily. Stag handle, German silver finish; blades file tested, hand forged razor steel and warranted. Sample, 83c, 3 for \$2, postpaid. Choicest Pearl \$2 each.

Send for 60-page Free List and "How to Use a Razor"

MAHER & GROSH CO.

174 Street (Rm. 4187) Toledo, Ohio

A million men are using our knives

**Professional School** Are you having difficulty in finding a suitable school? No wonder you are confused. There are many schools to choose from. We aid you in choosing and selecting the one best suited to your requirements. Why not write us to-day? There are no fees for rendering this service. Address **Cosmopolitan Educational** NEW YORK, Room 1254 Publishers Building. TONAL CLUB.



**TYPEWRITERS \$10. UP**

Underwoods, \$25. Olivetti, \$19. Smiths, \$18. Remingtons, \$16. Write for bargain list. Free Trial. Everyone Perfect. 3 years warranty. **ALL MAKES TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE** 162 N. Dearborn Street Dept. A4 CHICAGO

**\$97.50 Per Carat Means a Saving of 35%!**

No middleman's tax included in our unusual, low, Direct Import price! Cash-bidding from the diamond cutters; combined with our "Small-profit, many Sales" plan gives you a clear saving of at least 35% below regular retail prices. 14K solid gold & platinum mount. diamond business at factory cost.

**Genuine Perfect Cut DIAMONDS \$97.50 Per Carat**

**FREE EXAMINATION!**

We prove our claims at our expense! We send you any diamond, permit fullest inspection, without

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

the full price IN CASH less 10% any time within 1 year. Guarantees full price in exchange, any time. Certifies carat weight and value! No equal protection in the whole

**1915 DE LUXE BASCH DIAMOND BOOK, FREE!**

Costly, complete, authoritative! Gives you expert facts about Diamonds needed to buy intelligently. Thousands of fine illustrations of diamond, platinum, gold and silver jewelry, etc. Our factory and import prices, startlingly low by comparison! Mail coupon for your Free copy, NOW!

**L. BASCH & CO. CHICAGO**

Dept. 2251

State & Quincy Sts.

BASCH DEPT. 2251 CHICAGO

State & Quincy Sts.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## TWO GOOD RELIABLE SPRING TONICS

Frequently Recommended by Physicians for Building Up Safely and Sanely.

# Evans' Ale and Stout

Drink Nourishing Stout to Tone Up Body, Blood and Brain.

While natural tonics, by reason of their ingredients, they are not in any sense medicine, but rather wholesome, delicious, generous, gratifying, hearty beverages that can be taken with safety, confidence and benefit. No better malt tonic than Evans' Stout can be taken at this particular season. It stands supreme.

Supplied in Bottles and Splits by all Good Dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,

Estab. 1786,

HUDSON, N. Y.

**World's Lowest Prices**

**SEND NO MONEY**

JUST SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, and we will ship to you, on approval, at our risk, all delivery charges prepaid, the famous No. H66 Loftis Perfection 600 Diamond Ring.

**You Pay Nothing Not One Cent**

until you see this beautiful Diamond Ring. We want you to examine it first in your own hands. We want you to compare it. We want you to judge the ring after you see it, and we want to give you the same chance to see for yourself that is afforded customers in any of our large city stores. You assume no obligations, for we send you the ring before you pay one penny. IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF YOUR NAME, we will select a special Diamond for you, mount it in 14 karat solid gold, case it in a handsome velvet ring box, and send to you prepaid. If you find it to be all that we claim—if it meets your expectations in every way, and if you are absolutely satisfied that it is an unusual bargain, pay \$10 and keep the ring, then \$5 a month for eight months, making a total of \$50, and the ring is yours. That's the "Loftis System"—which means a square deal to all.

Write for our Free Catalog 2,000 photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc. It tells all about our easy credit plan. Write today.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.**  
The Old Reliable Diamond and Watch Credit House  
Established 1858  
Dept. N892, 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.  
Stores in: Chicago • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Omaha

**Our Big Leader**

LOFTIS Perfection Diamond Ring No. H 66  
Special Price \$50  
CREDIT Terms \$5 Per MONTH

## Tipperary

© Cosmopolitan



"It's a Long, Long Way To Tipperary"

### Howard Chandler Christy

has just given the last stroke of the brush to this remarkable painting and we have obtained permission to re-issue it in print form.

The glories of war have ever been an inspiration to poet, dramatist and artist, but it has also its sentimental side, and Mr. Christy, taking as his subject the vision inspired by the marching song of the British forces in the field, has given us a beautiful and appealing interpretation.

The picture is printed in full color on 16x12-inch pebbled paper and the price is 25c, postpaid. Order from your dealer or send cash or stamps to

25c

**COSMOPOLITAN PRINT DEPARTMENT**  
119 West 40th Street Room C-6 New York City

FREE  
BOOK  
TELLS  
HOW



**Cut Cooking Costs 80%**  
With an **IDEAL**  
GUARANTEED  
Fireless Cookstove

### Roasts, Bakes, Steams, Stews and Boils Perfectly

Makes the food more appetizing, more delicious, more nourishing. Saves 80% of fuel. Saves time, trouble, bother, work and annoyance. Requires no attention. Operates While You Sleep or Go About Regular Duties.

Nine sizes. Outer case solid oak, "vulcanized." Automatic heat control, patented steam valve with condenser and "Water-Seal" top. Hand-laid insulation. Lined with thick PURE Aluminum; seamless cooking compartments. Aluminum utensils. Last lifetime. Write for FREE BOOKLET and name of RELIABLE DEALER near you.

The Toledo Cooker Co., 1349 W. Bancroft St., Toledo, O.  
Also Mfrs. "Ideal" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils. Catalog free.

May 1915

Cosmopolitan Magazine

## Make Your House Beautiful

to look at—for your own sake and your neighbors'. The soft, rich, velvety colors of

## Cabot's Creosote Stains

perfect the beautiful house, redeem the commonplace house, and make even the ugly house attractive—and they wear as well as shiny paint, cost half as much and preserve the wood better. ("Creosote is the best wood preservative known.") Don't judge shingle stains by the crude, tawdry mixtures that fade and wash off. Cabot's stains have been proved in every climate for thirty years and the colors are guaranteed.

You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for stained wood samples and name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Mfg. Chemists, 8 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.



Stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains  
Frank M. Tyler, Architect, Los Angeles

## A Postal Today Will Save You \$1175

Write for catalog of refrigerator adopted for use at tropical Panama by U.S. Govt. Let 30 days' free trial in your own home prove the worth of the great

## White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Round metal body, enameled snowy-white inside and out; handy, revolving shelves. Cork-cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and airtight; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil, new features. Nickel trimmings. Move-easy casters. Tenth year of leadership. 25-year guarantee. Lasts a lifetime. Freight paid anywhere in U.S. Try before you buy. Easy monthly payments if desired. Postal brings handsome free catalog and lowest factory prices.

White Frost Refrigerator Company

527 W. Mechanic St.  
Jackson, Michigan

A miniature "White Frost" for the children—free. Ask for it when you write.

## SAVE YOUR EYES!

Here is the very lamp you have been wishing for to concentrate light exactly where you want light, keep your eyes in the shadow and save them from strain.

## The WALLACE Portable Electric LAMP

The handiest lamp in the world because concealed in base is clamp, hook and suction-cup by which it will

Stand, Hang, Clamp or Stick ANY PLACE and at ANY ANGLE you put it

and when not in use folds into a ball for carrying in grip when traveling.

## 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Buy of stores and agents, or order of us. Use lamp 10 days, and if not entirely satisfied return it, and your money will be promptly refunded. Order now before you forget it.

THE WALLACE NOVELTY CO., Inc., Pat. and Sole Mfrs.

Suite A—22 E. 41st St., New York

## Big Opportunity for Agents

Must be hustlers with selling experience and enough capital to carry stock required. Write us.



Model B  
Nickel  
Finish  
\$2

Model C  
Satin Brass  
with  
Push-button  
Socket  
25c  
extra

Send  
Freight  
by  
Registered  
Mail



## LOWEST PRICES EVER

On Guaranteed **Sterling** High-grade Furniture



Settee No. 125

Save \$14 on this Handsome Big 54-inch High-Grade solid quarter-sawn white oak Settee; 27 1/2 inches high; spring seat 42x57 inches covered with best quality artificial leather. Dealers charge \$30 and up.

Rocker No. 1015

Only \$13.20

Save \$11.80. Dealers charge \$25 and up for this beautiful Make-a-My-Winged-Freddie Rocker. Our most popular piece. Upholstered in Boston, only \$12.50, net up. Buy Direct From Maker.

Please do not compare high-grade Sterling Furniture with the cheap, trashy kind that some mail-order houses sell. Our prices are lowest because we build and finish every piece of Sterling Furniture in our own factory. We are not a Mail-Order House. Our enormous production facilities, our most scientific of organized systems, our first-class skilled workmen, our highest grade selected material—all together make Sterling Furniture the finest of quality at the lowest of prices.

## Buy Direct From Maker—SAVE 40 to 60%

You pay approximately the same price that Mail-Order Houses pay for their stock. Surely your needs or desires will allow you to buy high-grade Sterling Furniture at the attractive prices. Don't hesitate to ask for the Big Sterling Catalog. It's free. Contains many other handsome designs at prices that will amaze you. Ask for copy. A postal will do.

THE STERLING FURNITURE COMPANY  
5505 Sterling Building  
Toledo, Ohio

Buffet No. 504

Only \$24.00

Save \$18 on this \$40 Buffet. Beautiful 48 x 22 inch solid quarter-sawn white oak. 42x10 inch mirror. Retail for \$40 to \$45. Buy Direct From Maker.


Rocker No. 116

Only \$13.00

Save \$12 on this \$25 Rocker. Handsome Big 50-inch, solid quartered white oak. Wax finish. Stylish, highest quality, upholstered in best quality artificial leather. Has loose spring seat.



When you write please, mention the Cosmopolitan



# Listerated Pepsin Gum

## The Universal Health-Habit

A pure mouth, clean teeth, sweet breath, keener appetite, easier digestion, allayed nervousness, all accompany the use of LISTERATED PEPSIN GUM.

*Contains aromatic, antiseptic oils that give it a delicious, individual flavor*

**IN TWO FORMS—SUGAR-COATED AND SLAB**

Seventeen Gold Medals and twenty Diplomas, awarded in open competition with other brands, prove what the pure food committees of Europe and America think of this perfect gum. No other chewing gum can even approach this Quality Record. *Chew it and know why.*

**IT COSTS THE SAME AS COMMON GUMS**  
*1c per slab; 5c per package. Sold everywhere*

**COMMON SENSE GUM COMPANY—BOSTON—NEWPORT—NEW YORK**





## The Dread of Dentistry is Pyorrhea (Sometimes called Riggs Disease)

It is characterized (among other symptoms) by bleeding, discolored gums, receding gums, sensitive teeth, bad breath, and finally loosening and dropping out of the teeth.

DO YOU KNOW that 90 per cent of the people have it in the first, second or third stage?—

DO YOU KNOW what causes it or know what a terrible menace it is to your health?—

You should know how to recognise Pyorrhea when you see it and how to prevent and overcome it.

## SEND ME YOUR NAME

and without obligation of any kind I will send you FREE my illustrated booklet about this most common but dreadful disease of the gums. Also testimonial letters from hundreds

of people who have treated themselves at home under my simple directions, avoiding pain, loss of time and expense of dental chair treatment and false teeth.

23 years' success.

**Dr. F. W. Willard**  
6525 Powers Bldg.  
Chicago, Ill.

If more convenient simply use the space and margin below and I will send you my book and full particulars.

**VALUABLE BOOK FREE**  
**HOW TO**  
**SAVE YOUR**  
**TEETH**

A HOME TREATMENT  
OF  
**PYORRHEA**

Name .....

Address .....

## Become An EXPERT ACCOUNTANT!

If you remain a clerk or bookkeeper, salary increases are improbable—an independent future impossible. You can't demand a raise—there are thousands awaiting your job. There is one sure way to overcome your handicap: become an **EXPERT ACCOUNTANT**, by our modern home-training method—be sought—don't seek.

There are 500,000 big firms today requiring annual or semi-annual audits—and there are only 1,500 certified public accountants in the U. S. This proves the tremendous, unlimited opportunities for you—the independence—the assured future—the big salary. These firms are willing to pay Expert Accountants \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly. But they pay clerical workers and bookkeepers only \$12 to \$20 weekly. Become an Expert Accountant and your rise in the business world will be practically unlimited—many of our graduates are now managers of big firms. Remain a clerk or bookkeeper and you will always be bossed.

## \$3,000 to \$10,000 Yearly

**WE TRAIN YOU BY MAIL**  
in your own home, during your spare time, no matter where you live. You don't give up your present position and income—you don't deny yourself pleasures or sacrifice duties. Devote a little spare time evenings preparing for independence and a big income and you will soon master this lucrative profession. You can readily master our modern method in your own home—you can complete it in less time than any other. In many particulars it offers more advantages than a college course in Higher Accountancy—you are not held back by plodders.

The La Salle Extension University course in Higher Accountancy was prepared by some of the world's most noted accounting experts. It is under the direct supervision of William Arthur Chase, a nationally recognized leader, who is Ex-President of the American Association of C. P. A. Examiners, and Ex-Secretary of Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy. Our course is thorough—advanced—covering the Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Cost Accounting, Auditing, Business Law, etc., and prepares you for C. F. A. Examinations in any state.

**Valuable Book FREE** Write at once for a free copy of "What Every Bookkeeper Should Know"—a valuable special book which gives exactly the information you require to become an Expert Accountant, studies, kind of examinations, State regulations, salaries paid, positions to be had.

**SPECIAL REDUCED RATE SCHOLARSHIP**—Limited Special Offer. Write quick and learn how, for a limited time, we are able to offer a special reduced rate scholarship.

**We Show RESULTS!** This institution is a strong, conservative organization—with thousands of students and as many letters from successful graduates. There is no other home-study course so thorough—endorsed by America's greatest Accounting Experts. We want you to know facts about the successes of our students and the unlimited opportunities that confront you today by our method of home training, so—

## Mail Coupon Now!

Secure valuable book free, and learn how you can advance from a small job with a small salary to distinction, independence, a future. Earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly. Act Now!

**La Salle Extension University**  
Dept. H-598, Chicago  
Send at once, without cost or obligation to me, your valuable book of Accounting Facts, and full details of your Course in Higher Accountancy; also advise me about Special Time-limited Reduced Rate Scholarship.

Name .....  
Street No. ....  
City ..... State .....



## Another Great Story!

# The Co-Citizens

By Corra Harris



CORRA HARRIS,  
Author of "A Circuit  
Rider's Wife," "The Re-  
cording Angel," etc.

A quiet and secluded widow, incidentally a very large property owner, dies suddenly in a little Southern town. She leaves a will that works a social and political revolution. Immediately strange and mysterious things suddenly happen. The women know all about it, but the men don't. Wives and daughters and sweethearts keep the secret, despite the frantic efforts of the men. The suspense is awful and the author keeps you guessing until the very end. We venture to say that this story will hold the interest of every club-woman and reader of live fiction the country over.

Here is a typical Corra Harris situation, described with quaint but kindly humor, and with that rare insight into human nature—especially feminine nature—which has made her books so immensely popular. "The Co-Citizens" begins in May and will be finished in July—complete in three long instalments.

This story will be followed by a story complete in one number by Margaret Belle Houston, author of "The Little Straw Wife," etc. Then will come a delightful tale from the pen of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," "Mollie Make-Believe," etc. This story will be complete in two long instalments. Then will come a big gripping story of the Canadian North West by Sir Gilbert

Parker, author of "The Right of Way," "By Right of Sword," "The Seats of the Mighty," etc., etc. In each year's subscription to Pictorial Review you always get at least four big novels which in book-form, later, would cost you \$1.50 each. And in addition always five to ten good short stories, several special articles, departments and in addition always the newest and smartest styles for the coming season.

Although we print over one million copies monthly every edition since last September has been sold out shortly after publication day. So place your order with your newsdealer now and tell him to hold a copy for you regularly.

## PICTORIAL REVIEW

15c For May 15c

All newsstands—April 10th

## INTELLECTUAL EFFICIENCY



**Y**OUR use of English proclaims you to the world. What you say tells what you are. Your language largely determines your place among successful men. The greater your vocabulary, the greater your power of expression and influence upon your fellowmen.

How often have you wished for verbal skill and power with which to impress your thoughts and arguments upon others, to convince and persuade them. You have struggled for the right language, but the result was feeble and inadequate. You knew this and it made you self-conscious—even timid. You were unable "to put things clearly" and were foredoomed to failure.

## I'll Make You a Master of English

How often, on the other hand, have you been attracted to men who knew precisely how to express themselves in appropriate, pithy, compelling language. By my original and intensely interesting lessons you can acquire in a few weeks' "spare-time study" a thorough command of accurate, forceful, persuasive English—so essential in business, professional, social, and public life. You have secret aspirations which this Course will materially help you to realize. You have unsuspected resources and powers within you awaiting development—powers which, properly developed, will place you in the front rank of successful men.

My new mail course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency not only will give you skill and power in your everyday use of language, but will shape your life by a thousand subtle influences, and open to you the gateway to vastly increased opportunities. By increasing your power of language I fit you for larger enterprise, leadership, and achievement. I develop your concentration, self-control, diligence, and strength of will. Each lesson is brimful of practical suggestions—helpful ideas which you can use at once in your everyday life. I make your thought and expression trustworthy, and encourage you to depend upon your own great powers.

*Grenville Kleiser*

Sign and mail this Coupon for free particulars.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,  
Dept. 344, New York City.

Without cost on my part send me by mail details of Kleiser's Mail Course in Practical English.

NAME .....  
LOCAL ADDRESS .....  
P. O. .... STATE .....



## "The stock ain't fed yet, Hiram!"

Played in town or country house—CAROM and POCKET BILLIARDS abound with thrills that crowd right out of mind the weighty cares of the day!

These grand old games are filled with delicious suspense—shots as true as a rifle ball—and unguarded moments when a stroke of strategy can snatch a brilliant victory from almost certain defeat!

No indoor sport can match their merry cross-fire—it caps each climax with a burst of laughter!

Thousands of homes are endowed with Billiards. Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, and guests—everybody plays these princely games nowadays. And a real Brunswick Table will make your home the center of your social life—win your boys and girls and keep them off the street.

Brunswick Home

## Billiard Tables

"GRAND" and "BABY GRAND"

Built exactly like our famous regulation tables, for all games of Carom and Pocket Billiards—yet sizes and designs that harmonize with home surroundings.

"GRAND" and "BABY GRAND," superbly made from rare and beautiful mahogany, richly inlaid. Have genuine Vermont slate bed. Monarch cushions—famed for lightning action—fast imported billiard cloth—life, speed and accuracy.

## A Year to Pay—Playing Outfit Free!

Our popular purchase plan lets you try any Brunswick 30 days in your home. And our popular purchase plan lets you pay monthly, if you wish—terms as low as 20 cents a day!

Balls, Hand-Tapered Cues, Rack, Markers, Tips, Cue Clamps, Table Cover, expert rules on "How To Play," etc.—all included without extra cost.

Now get our valuable book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," that pictures all Brunswick Home Tables in actual colors, gives low factory prices and full details. Sent FREE.

## Mail For Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (390)  
Dept. 155, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Send postpaid, free, your color-illustrated catalog

"BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET"

with details of your 30-day trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

# OPPORTUNITY ADLETS

There is much of value and interest to you in these pages

## REAL ESTATE CALIFORNIA

**Want to live in California?** I can furnish just the place you want, improved or unimproved in exchange for unimproved real estate. Describe fully. W. B. Wagnon, 1st National Bank, San Francisco.

**San Joaquin Valley, California**—What one man did: A brakeman bought 20 acres at \$300 per acre (part on time payments). 9 acres each were planted to peaches and raisin grapes. From his 1914 crop he has a net profit above all expenses of \$1200, 20% on his investment and a living besides. He was new to conditions—next year he expects to do much better. Don't you want to do as well? Our San Joaquin Valley folder free—It's worth money to you. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1822 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

**Sunny Stanislaus** where the farmer not only owns the land, but also the water to irrigate it. The home of Alfalfa, Fruits and Berries. Write Dept. "C." Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Cal., for free booklet telling about it

## FLORIDA

**Ten- and twenty-acre tracts on long time**—combination soil, orange and truck land. \$3 per acre down, \$1 per acre per month, payable quarterly. Raise oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, vegetables, and chickens. Frost-proof belt. Flowing wells. Healthful climate year round. Write for free booklet. West Coast Realty Co., Inc., Sarasota, Florida. Dept. A.

**The Land of Manatee**—on South Florida's attractive Gulf Coast. An independent income from a small cultivated area in the heart of Florida's frost-proof fruit and vegetable growing district. Oranges, grapefruit, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, ripening under a winter sun, bring big returns. Three and four crops on same land each year—growing season 350 days. Beautiful progressive little cities with every advantage. Hospitable people, formerly from all parts of the United States. Delightful climate year round. Our 64-page illustrated book fully descriptive, mailed free. Ask J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 359, Norfolk, Va.

## GEORGIA

**Factories Wanted.** Raw material, cotton, lumber, clay, stone, water power. Rail and water carriers. Healthy living. Good supply labor. Profit proven and assistance given by Chamber of Commerce, Columbus, Ga.

## MISSISSIPPI

**Is he crazy?** The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that gifts be planted. The owner wants enough gifts raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 727 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

## NEW YORK

**Owner has made money, retiring:** chance of a lifetime for young man; 100 acres rich fields, big pasture, valuable wood, 1,000 sugar maples; 8-room house, 4 barns, 100-ton silo; near large R.R. town; if taken now you get stock, machinery and crops; price \$8,500, only \$2,500 cash, balance easy terms; full details, traveling directions, page 12. "Strout's Farm Catalogue No. 38," just out. Write today for your free copy. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 7320, 47 West 34th St., New York.

**\$10.00 Cash—\$5.00 per month.** An investment without a parallel. Quarter-acre plots suitable for poultry, fruit and vegetable raising, eight miles from New York City and the largest market in the United States for farm products. Immense fortunes are being made in celery, mushrooms, asparagus and other high-priced table luxuries. 10,400 square feet of finest land for \$5.00 per month; total price, \$250, \$300 and \$350. Title guaranteed. Start now; you can lay the foundation of a fortune. Send for photographs and maps. W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York.

## VIRGINIA

**Virginia Farms, Small and Large.** \$15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 243 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

## BUNGALOW PLANS

**12 Bungalow Plans 15c.** 4, 5, 6, 7 rooms. State number rooms wanted. Set of four (48 plans), 50c. Showing exterior and floor plans. All successful designs. California Bungalow Planery, 1747 E. 15th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

The best results and quick returns let me do your finishing. Individual treatment of all orders. Prices with free sample prints and enlargement postpaid. H. Cobb Shaw, 218 Bowdoin St., Boston, Mass.

**One Print Free from any negative** (3¼x5½ or less). Developing, Printing, Enlarging, Copying. Best results always. Send negative for free print and price list. Joseph O. Ferguson, Jr., 8 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Have you a camera?** Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 111 Pope Building, Boston.

**Send Negative for Free Sample Print.** Developing 10c roll. Print 3c up. Velox Paper. New Modern Equipment, 500 rolls daily capacity, 8th year. 24-hour service. We make enlargements. Littlefield & Son, Dept. A, Delavan, Wis.

**Send us Six of Your Kodak Negatives, any size;** will print one picture from each negative for a total of 10c (stamps). Or will develop any size roll of film (or film pack) and furnish a total of six prints for 10c. 8x10 mounted enlargements 25c. Send only the negative. Mention this ad. Roanoke Cycle Company, Roanoke, Va.

N. B.—By mistake of publishers March issue gave price of enlargements as 15c; should have been 25c.

**Send \$1.50 with 4 Negatives** for 100 finished Postcards each 4c. Any roll film developed 10c. Prints 2¼x3¼, 4c; larger sizes 4c. "Kodak Hints," free. 8x10 enlargements, 25c. Sample Postcard free. Caulkins Photo Works, Oneonta, N. Y.

**"Selbro" Method of Developing,** printing and enlarging of amateur films means Quality first—not price. Send negative for sample "Selbro" print and particulars and note the difference. Sell Bros. Laboratories, Delaware, O.

**Sample Prints—Send negatives for free sample** of our work. Films developed, 10c roll. Velox prints, 2¼x3¼, 2c. Photo enlarging a specialty. 8x10's (from negative) 20c, unmounted. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. B., Wash. D.C.

**Advertisers—Drop us a line** today without fail and let us tell you the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small advertiser. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**Write 100 Words a Minute with Briefhand,** the modern substitute for stenography. Uses longhand letters. Quickly learned. Complete instructions, \$1. Sample lesson free. Premier Briefhand School, Box 1317 D., Washington, D. C.

**Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes**—our graduates earn up to \$6000 yearly; be independent. Work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 260, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

**Optometry—means money to you.** New, uncrowded profession—the art of fitting glasses. Our "Home Study" method will quickly and thoroughly prepare you for practice. Diploma granted. Liberal payment plans. Catalog free. Chicago School of Refraction, Office, 500 Journal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**Paragon Shorthand—Learned in 7 Days.** Valuable invention by expert—not by mere theorist. Speed capacity beyond reach of hand. Is being used in service of United States Government. Request names of writers and fee. Paragon Institute, 121 Coliseum St., New Orleans, Louisiana.

## COINS, STAMPS & POST-CARDS

**Would You Exchange** post cards with people in other cities, towns, or countries? Then try our splendid club; exchange list widely circulated; membership ten cents.

The Halcyon League, Box 133, Erie, Pa.

**Buffalo Nickels, 25c each paid for them** and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. High prices paid for coins. Send 10c for Coin Catalog and particulars. Means dollars to you. Jones, Coin Dealer, Dept. 4, Newton, Ill.

**Old coins bought and sold.** Spring catalog list of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Buying catalog, quoting prices I pay for coins, 10 cents. Wm. Hesslein, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

**\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Eagle cents** dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send ten cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 115, Le Roy, N. Y.

**\$50.00 paid for dollar 1873 S. Mint; \$2. for 1904 Proof Dollars; \$7. for 1853 Quarters, no arrows, etc.** Watch your change. Many valuable coins circulating. Get posted. It may mean large profits to you. Send only 4c for large illus. Coin Circular. Send to Numismatic Bank, Dept. P, Fort Worth, Texas.

## Opportunity Adlets

### HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

Write Moving-Picture Plays—\$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 3015 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**Ladies—Make Shields at home.** \$10 per 100. No canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for full particulars.

Eureka Co., Dept. 33, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Learn to be a Detective; Earn \$25 to \$100 per week** and traveling expenses, write National School of Detectives, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Room 596.

**Do you want another \$2.00 daily?** No experience, constant spare time work, knitting hosiery, machines furnished on contract, we take product. Gleason Wheeler Co., 33 Madison, Dept. 129, Chicago.

**Ambitious Men, Women, 18 or over, wanted.** Government Jobs. \$65.00 to \$150 monthly. Full list of positions now obtainable free.

Franklin Institute, Dept. 8-14, Rochester, N. Y.

**Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers.** \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid.

Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 99, Omaha, Neb.

**A Money Proposition.** Cooperate with me in a profit-sharing mail-order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars, Desk 161.

Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Mich.

**Big Kansas Company** will start ambitious man or woman in fast growing business; any locality; \$3,000 yearly; spare time; no canvassing; no experience. We furnish everything. Write for unique selling plan. C. W. Eyestone, President, 158 E. 5th, Pittsburg, Kansas.

**Local Representative Wanted.** Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-26, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

**Agents make big money** and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing business of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

### TYPEWRITERS

**Typewriters, all makes, factory-rebuilt by famous "Young Process."** Look like new, wear like new, guaranteed like new. Our big business insures "square deal" and permits lowest cash prices—\$10 and up. Also, machines rented—or sold on time. No matter what your needs are, we can best serve you. Write and see—now. Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 168—Chicago.

**Typewriter Prices Smashed—Spot Cash** Gaerte will save you money. L. C. Smiths, Oliviers, Remingtons, Underwoods and Royals; your choice of 500 Machines at \$10 to \$15. Guaranteed for 3 years. Send today for descriptive circular. Dearborn Typewriter Exch., Dept. 275, Chicago, Ill.

**Largest Stock of Typewriters in America.** All makes—Underwoods, Oliviers, Remingtons, etc.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mfrs. prices—\$15 up—rented anywhere—applying round on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog O. Typewriter Emporium (estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

**Rare Bargains—All Makes of Typewriters from \$5 to \$50.** Guaranteed five years; shipped fifteen days. Free Trial. Send for catalogue. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. C., 217 West 125th St., New York City.

### DUPLICATOR DEVICES

**The "Universal"** Duplicator will reproduce 50 perfect copies of anything made with typewriter, pen, pencil in ten minutes. Experience unnecessary. Simple, clean. No glue or gelatine. Letter Size, \$3.25. Write for booklet. M. Reeves Duplicator Co., Mfrs., 419 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

**\$2.40—the "Modern" Duplicator.** 30 days Free Trial. 32,846 firms use it to make 50 to 75 duplicate. Made in U. S. A. Copies of each letter, or anything written with pen, pencil or typewriter. Booklet Free. Main Office, J. S. Durkin & Reeves Company, 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

### NEW THOUGHT

**Just How I Demonstrated Success:** is an orthodox church woman's story of how she and her husband used New Thought to escape themselves from ill health and \$40 a month to health and \$15,000 a year. Printed with six other convincing experiences, in a dainty booklet. You may have a copy free with a 3-mos. trial subscription to Nautilus, magazine of self-help, for 10c. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 847, Holyoke, Mass.

**Advertisers—Drop us a line** without fail and let us tell you the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small advertiser. Cosmopolitan Opportunity Department, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

### HIGH GRADE HELP WANTED

**Own a Business—1000% Profit** Manufacturing Inks at home, spare time. Capital and experience unnecessary. Enormous commercial demand. Our secret formulas and sure selling plans insure lucrative, steadily increasing business. No canvassing. Investigate immediately. Particulars free. F. Covert, Secretary, 6935-6939 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Big Pay Is Made in the Government Service.** Your position is sure, hard times are unknown, no layoffs to be feared. We teach you to qualify. Our free booklet tells how. Capital Civil Service School, Dept. D., Washington, D. C.

**Wanted—Men to get members and establish lodges** on commission basis for the Owls. Indiana. South Bend.

**Government Positions Pay Big Money.** Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former United States Civil Service Examiner. Write today for 64-page free booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 1421, Rochester, N. Y.

**Railway Mail and Postal Clerks.** Examinations soon, over 2,000 appointments yearly. Prepare at home. Write for our Plan No. 305 of payment after appointment. Philadelphia Business College, Civil Service Department, Philadelphia, Pa.

**An intelligent person may earn \$100 monthly** corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars.

Press Syndicate, 734 Lockport, N. Y.

**Make money writing short stories, or for newspapers.** Earn from \$100 to \$500 monthly. Pleasant spare time or regular work for you. Send for free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, Dept. CN, San Francisco, Cal.

**Free Illustrated Book** tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-5. No obligations. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

**\$2.50 per day salary** paid one lady in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 70, East Harrison, Chicago.

**Men and Women, over 18, Wanted.** \$65.00 to \$150 a month. U. S. Government Life Jobs. Common education. Write immediately for list of positions open to you.

Franklin Institute, Dept. 8-10, Rochester, N. Y.

**Big Home Business During Spare Time.** Collect names, information, etc., for business concerns. Sell your ideas and knowledge by mail. Some clear \$100 monthly. Booklet free. Information System, 171 Marietta, Ohio.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**Be Independent; Own a wall-paper cleaning business.** Whole or spare time. \$150-\$300 a month easy. Big profits. No experience required. My booklet shows you how. Write today. Mulligan Co., Davenport, Iowa.

**Own a Business.** Make big money. Here is a chance. Co-operate with me evenings at home in a big money proposition. Everything furnished. Don't worry about capital. Boyd H. Brown, Dept. J-5, Omaha, Neb.

**Manufacturers, Promoters, and Patent Buyers** are invited to write us, stating the line of invention in which they are interested, as we can supply their wants in any class of patents. Victor J. Evans & Co., 164 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

**I Made—\$50,000 in five years** with a small mail order business; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, 885 Lockport, N. Y.

**Use your spare time** to build up a mail order business of your own. We help you start for a share in profits. 27 opportunities. Particulars free. Mutual Opportunities Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Would you like to own a good-paying mail-order business?** We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. You can start in spare time; invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own. Particulars free. Nadio, 1656 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Learn to Collect Money.** By a sure, simple, system. Income \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Quick results. No capital required. Instructive book, "Skillful Collecting," free. National Collectors' Ass'n, 41 Park Place, Newark, Ohio.

**Let the Parcel Post Help You.** Add (\$15 to \$25 weekly) to your present salary or income. Start during spare time and build up a permanent mail-order business of your own. We show you how and help you make good. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. The Parcel Post makes success doubly sure. Our new ideas and up-to-date plans bring the money. No so-called "Course of Instruction" to sell. We give that free. Write today. Address Pease Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. J., 70 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

**I need branch managers** for my world-wide mail-order business. Operate from your own home in spare time. No canvassing or peddling. Experience unnecessary. You should make \$50 weekly. Butler, 353, Factories, Toledo, O.

**Operate a Profitable Mail-Order Book Business.** Turn your spare time into cash. 700% clear profit each sale. Small outlay, everything furnished. Particulars free. Rollins & Co., Dept. C., Boston.



## Opportunity Adlets

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

**Agents—Would \$35 to \$90 per week** practically any locality interest you? More populous sections, hustling agents easily make \$75 to \$175 per week, selling our **Sentinel Burglar Alarm**. Actual sales tests prove this. Amazing new invention—just out—retail price one dollar. Sells quickly at sight to homes, offices, stores, hotels. Handsomely nickel plated—mechanically perfect—weight, 7 ounces. Provides perfect and cheap burglar insurance. Every home needs and wants one or more. Instantly attached any door knob. Impossible to turn knob or open door without ringing bell. No batteries, wires, screws or nails are used. Just turn thumb screw and it is ready for instant action. Patented. No competition. For one dollar we will send one postpaid with our descriptive circular. If not entirely satisfactory, return it and we cheerfully refund your dollar. Write for liberal terms to agents. We want only aggressive workers who will actively push sales. **Marshall Dobbins & Co., Manufacturers Household & Office Specialties, 1423 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

**\$120 in 3 days is Big Profit** but Jennings did it in 3 hours. How? Selling our wonderful brand new, repeat advertising proposition to retail merchants, stores, etc., everywhere. Work when you like—make what you want. Experience unnecessary. Our book tells all—write quick. **Sales-manager, Winslow Cabot Company, 81 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

**Agents—New, mighty, money-making marvel.** World started. New marvelous clothes-washing crystal. Clothes-washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing-machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly. **Marshall of Pa., amazed, Telegraphs: "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory.** No experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. **Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 262, 215 W. Superior, Chicago.**

**Just Out. Machine Safety Razor Sharpener.** Blades can be used 100 times. No strap to cut, no hook in wall. Saves its cost each few months. Agents go to it. Sample \$1.25 sells \$2.50. Money back if you want it. **S. Mfg. Co., 41 Warren St., N. Y., Machine Dept. 6.**

**Agents—Delicious Soft Drinks in concentrated form.** Always ready—just add water—economical—absolutely pure. Every housewife wants them—14 different kinds. Enormous demand—big summer sellers—money comes easy. 250 other popular-priced, fast-selling, household necessities. We furnish free outfits. Write to-day—now. **American Products Co., 2209 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

**Agents—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home and office; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25; write for particulars. **Handy Light Co., 611 Handy Light Bldg., Cincinnati, O.****

**\$1,000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world; agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first 12 hours. \$1,200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$5.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. **Allen Mfg. Co., 3977 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.****

**Agents—Snappiest household line on earth. Red-hot Sellers. Steady repeaters. Goods guaranteed. Over 100% profit. Write quick—hurry. **E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 524 Third St., Cincinnati, O.****

**Wanted Salesmen to sell our line of animal oils on a commission basis as a side line. Pocket supplies. Anglo-American Pork Products Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.**

**Specialty Salesman Wanted. Big commissions being earned; write for particulars. **E. L. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio.****

**"Thermozone" sells itself.** Repeat orders come from friends of satisfied customers, because it wins confidence by the health it brings. First used in 1887 by Dr. Beckwith, President Garfield's family physician. Unlimited field for agents with small capital. Write **Badger, Oneida, N. Y.**

**Young Man, would you accept a tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write **Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 987, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.****

**Large Profits. Manufacturing "Barley Crisps," new Confection costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. **Barley Crisp Co., 1208 Broadway, San Francisco.****

**Best paying agency today is the sole selling rights for patented **Heatless Trousers Press**; every man buys at sight; saves \$10.00 tailors' bills yearly; one-fifth million sold first year; big profits; send 50c for sample, and agency proposition. **Invention Mfg. Co., 10 Wall Street, New York.****

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

**New Mop Wringer—Wonderful labor saver. Wrings thoroughly every fiber of the mop. Sells itself. Price only \$1.00. Agents coming money. **American Woodenware Mfg. Co., Toledo, O.****

**General Agents, Jobbers, Mail Order Men.** Are you looking for a New fast selling line? We have it. **Large Net Profits for You. Particulars Free. The Kirkham Specialty Co., Washington Bldg., Stamford, Conn.**

**Wanted—High class salesman** able to earn five to ten dollars a day. We offer a permanent position with weekly pay. Ample capital with chance for advancement. **First National Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.**

**Salesmen: Pocket side line, new live proposition, all merchants in towns of 100,000 and under want it. Pays \$5.00 commission on each sale. No collecting, no risk to merchant. We take back unsold goods. Easiest, biggest paying side line ever offered. **Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.****

**Salesman Wanted—Southern and Western states. Side line Specialties to Drug and Surgical Instrument and Sporting Goods trade. Large and small towns. Mention states you are now covering. **Chesterman & Streeter, Philadelphia, Pa.****

**Guaranteed Solid Gold Self-filling Fountain Pen.** Fills in 2 seconds, cleans automatically. Not sold in stores. Agents get busy. Sample 75c sells \$2.00. Money back if you want it. **S. Mfg. Co., 41 Warren St., N. Y., Pen Dept. 6.**

**Agents Make Big Profits** selling our **Guaranteed Goods. Free Samples for hustlers. \$200,000 firm and Liberal Credit Plan backs you. We have an attractive General Agency offer. **Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. J-1, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.****

**Agents—\$1,000 to \$3,000 yearly selling, over eighty every day, articles to farmers. Pleasant, permanent business. Full instructions. Big chance. Write quick. **Dept. 41, Duofoma Company, North Java, N. Y.****

**Agents—Sell Fibrailk Ties.** Made by a new process on patented machines in many rich, beautiful colors. Brilliant, silky lustre, washable. Sell quickly at 35 and 50 cents each—can sell for 25 cents and still net you 100% profit. Exceptional proposition for spare time and agents. Send 15 cents for sample tie (guaranteed). **Fisher Knitting Co., 45 Whitesboro Street, Utica, N. Y.**

**We are the largest manufacturers of twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, largest profits. Our new Auto Specials are winners. Send for catalog. **Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.; Rock Island, Ill.****

**Agents—Here's the best line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write today for particulars. **American Products Co., 686 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.****

**Safety First!—Sell our line of Sanitary Twisted Wire Brushes. Big income assured. Exclusive territory given. Goods sell themselves. Households, offices. Catalog free. 3 in 1 Brush Co., 109 Beekman Street, New York.**

**Agents—Big demand for our new household utilities. Special inducements. Duplicate orders. Big Profits. Write at once. **Lowell Mfg. Co., 108 Fulton Street, New York.****

**Let us start you in a permanent business of your own, selling guaranteed Planto-Silk Hosiery and Made-to-Measure underwear direct from factory to the homes; capital any experience not necessary; our representatives are making \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year. Write for particulars to Malloch Knitting Mills, 1045 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**Agents—Salary or commissions. Greatest seller yet. Every user of pen and ink buys on sight. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days; another \$33 in two hours. **Monroe Mfg. Co., X-15, La Crosse, Wis.****

**Agents Wanted. Agents make 500 per cent. profit selling "Novelty Sign Cards." Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight. 800 varieties. Catalog Free. **Sullivan Co., 1234 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.****

**We want men and women in every section of the United States to act as our Representatives. We pay a generous commission in addition to a Monthly Salary. The work is very simple, and anyone with even ordinary selling ability can make a success of it. All necessary equipment supplied free. For particulars address: **Cosmopolitan Magazine, Room 27, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.****

**Responsible Lady Canvassers Wanted in every town where not represented. Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Laces, etc. Make a good income during your spare time. **National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 48, No. 8 Beach St., N.Y. City. Samples free.****

**Agents—Earn More Money. Large profits selling Women's Wear—Dress Goods, Silks, General Dry Goods. Big Catalog Outfit Free. Est. 1899. **National Importing & Mfg. Co., Desk 6-S., 425 Broadway, N. Y.****

**Agents to handle exclusively or as side line policy covering any accident or sickness for \$10 yearly. Policy pays \$5,000, principal sum. \$100 monthly accident or sickness benefit. One-half the above for \$5 yearly. Ages 16 to 70. Deposit with State. Underwriters, Newark, N. J.**

**Agent—Great opportunity to be permanent representative largest manufacturers high grade soaps and toilet goods. \$25-\$75 weekly. Write for immediate appointment. **E. M. Davis Co., R. 31, Davis Bldg., Chicago.****



## Opportunity Adlets

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

**Active, permanent agents (men and women) to sell Moore Self Winding Clothes Line and Reel.** Only perfected article of its kind. Line keeps clean and dry, never soils clothes, never gets tangled; easy to put up and take down, winds up automatically. Every good home a sale at a good profit. Send today for agent's book, "Plenty of Sales and Plenty of Profit."  
Moore Drop Forging Co., Dept. B, Springfield, Mass.

**Wanted Live Agents for Specialty** selling to every Wholesale and Retail Shoe Dealer, Repair Shops and Notion Stores. Big money for hustler.  
Gilliam Mfg. Co., Box 473, Canton, Ohio.

**Salesmen—Get Our Plan for Monogramming Automobiles, motorcycles, traveling bags, trunks, etc., by transfer method; very large profits.** Motorists' Accessories Company, Ashland, Ohio.

**Manufacturer requires general agents for patented demand of centuries.** Three-minute demonstration convinces. A financial independence to acceptable parties.  
Samuel C. Osborn, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

**Magic Ink Eraser. No Blanks. No Acid.** Removes ink like magic. 10c. Sells 25c to 35c. Offices buy 1 to 12. Any man that can't sell hundreds couldn't sell bread in a famine. Sample 10c. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Warren St., N. Y., Dept. 4.

**Sex Books—Send only 30c for Shannon's "Manhood," "Womanhood," "Eugenics," or "Hereditry" over 150 pages each "Sponsoring," 15c. "Guide to Sex Instruction," 266 pages, 50c. All for \$1.25.** Endorsed by world's highest authorities. Agents, greatest opportunity. Mullikin Co., 14-U St., Marietta, Ohio.

**Make \$21 next Saturday.** Brand new proposition patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coming money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Write now. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 794 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

**Big Profits Lettering Store Windows.** Our ready-made unreturnable, metallic sign letters easily applied by anyone. Dime brings five samples and instructions. Everbrite Letter Co., Mfrs., Dept. C, Long Island City, N. Y. Establ. 1905.

**Build up a permanent business that will always grow.** No money necessary. Energetic agents making \$50 to \$100 weekly selling diamonds, jewelry, silverware, clocks, etc. Write for information. Sales Mgr., 53 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

**General Agents—Capable of calling on the big trade themselves and handling canvassers for the house to house and office to office business, to sell the newest electric specialty on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity; in the home, office, factory, store, hotel; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same result; sells for \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25.00. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 659 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**Salesmen Wanted—To sell Shilon Products to retailers and jobbers.** All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices—attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission, nets large income. All or part time. Shilon, Rochester, N. Y.

**Great opportunity for general Agents selling new specialty to merchants; retails \$5, \$10, \$15 each.** Your profit 200%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free Samples. Bayers Co., 404 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**Just Show Them—the new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and sanitary brushes sell themselves.** Big line. Big profits. Agents write Silver-Chamberlin Co., 1-5 Maple Street, Clayton, N. J.

**Agents—Pair silk hose free.** State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mfg. Good profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E., 112 S. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

**Agents to Sell Made-to-Measure Underwear and Hosiery.** Those selling clothes and shirts preferred. Textile Mfg. Co., 10 Champaign, Ill.

**Billy Sunday's Message Authorized.** We will pay you \$120 to distribute it in your neighborhood, 60 days' work. Great opportunity for man or woman. Spare time may be used. Particulars and samples free. Universal Bible House, 602 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Aluminum Germ-proof Milk Bottle Cover.** Fits any milk bottle. Wonderful seller. Cost 4c. Sell 10c. to 15c. Sample 5c. S. Mfg. Co., 41 Warren Street, New York. Section 100.

**Make and sell your own goods.** Formulas by Expert Chemists. Manufacturing Processes and Trade Secrets. Formula Catalog for stamp. R. Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

**\$15 Week Salary or Commission** paid one person each town to sell non-alcoholic flavorings and toilet articles. Linton Co., Kansas City, Mo.

### AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

**Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience not necessary.** Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight weeks time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work. Hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning \$100 to \$500 per month. Address Dept. B-13, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

**If we had your address we'd show you how to earn \$25—** not one week but weekly. Send 10c for samples. Money back if you want it.  
S. Mfg. Co., 41F Warren St., New York.

**Agents—Here's what they all want.** Concentrated Beer Tablets. Makes Genuine Beer by adding Water. Not Near-Beer—the real article. Carry good right in pocket. Enormous demand—large profits. Write us today. The Ambrew Co., Dept. 2113, Cincinnati, O.

**Agents—\$50 Weekly.** We manufacture the best Needle Case made; a wonderful seller; 200% to 500% profit; talking unnecessary; our Trust Scheme Envelopes do the work, general agents can make \$100 weekly; particulars free; 25c sample outfit for 10c; buy direct from factory at wholesale. Paty Needle Co., 211 Davis Sq., W. Somerville, Mass.

**You can be your own boss with our Key Check Outfit.** Good for \$5 a day, stamping names on Pocket Key Checks, Fobs, etc. Sample check, with your name and address, 15c. Pease Die Works, Dept. F., Winchester, N. H.

**We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly** operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillyer-Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

**To Sell 'Phone Index** for advertising purposes. Works like a curtain. Big Seller. Liberal Commissions.  
Raymond Mfg. Co., 15 Broad Exchange Bldg., Boston, Mass.

**Agents—\$1200 to \$1500 a year sure.** Permanent position assured. Exclusive territory. We teach the inexperienced how to succeed. Let's show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**Oriental Perfumes, powders, talcum, sachets, novelties, etc.** Quick selling line paying enormous profits. Big demand; season beginning. Write today for catalog and particulars. T. D. Gomi, Manufacturer and Importer, 3 E. 17th St., N. Y.

**Lady Agents—Light pleasing work** selling our comfortable improved Sanitary Belt for women. Every woman buys it on sight; large profits. Sample 50c. prepaid. Write for money-making plan to Apex Mfg. Co., 2754 Webster Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

**Progressive Business Men** should inform themselves concerning the opportunities Cosmopolitan presents to the small-space advertiser. Write today to Cosmopolitan Classified Directory, 119 West 40th St., New York City.

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**Patent Your Ideas—\$9,000 offered for certain inventions.** Book "How to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. Address: Chandless & Chandless, Patent Attorneys, 1067 F St., Washington, D. C.

**Patents that Protect and Pay.** Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

**Patents secured or fee returned.** Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. How to Obtain Patent and What to Invent with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes Offered for Inventions amounting to \$1,000,000 sent free. Patents advertised free. Wanted New Ideas. Send for list of Patent Buyers. Victor J. Evans & Co., 753 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

**Patent Trade-Marks and Copyrights.** Our hand book on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the Scientific American, Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 677 Woolworth Bldg., New York. Washington Office, 625 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

**Patents—Trade-Marks.** Send for my free book "How to Get Them." It's full of information you should know. Joshua R. H. Potts, 8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 805 G. St., Washington.

**Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers** are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice free. I get patent or no fee.  
R. B. Owen, 4 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

### PATENTS

**"The Equitable Plan for Patenting an Invention"** is a copyrighted, illustrated booklet containing information which may prove interesting if you have made an invention. Sent on request. Geo. R. Hamlin, 800 5th St., Washington, D. C.

### CIGARS BY MAIL

**Boon to Cigar Smokers—Send \$3.00** and we will send you a box of 100 high grade Philippine Cigars by Registered Parcel Post. From the Factory direct to You. If not pleased you may keep the cigars and we will refund the money. Write for catalog. Patingell & Co., Lucena, P. I.

These pages offer opportunity both to advertiser and reader alike

## Opportunity Adlets

### MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**Big money writing moving picture plays.** \$75 each. Correspondence course or literary experience unnecessary. Send for free booklet "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Write at once. Lunden Publishing Co., 201 Fergus Falls, Minn.

**Write moving-picture plays! \$25 to \$100 each.** We have special offer for complete, easy instructions. Experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Write today for free details. E. Z. Scenario Co., C.M., 309 W. 93d St., New York.

**Dramas, Photoplays and Short Fiction Wanted.** We have an immediate market. No charge for selling. Small charge for registering. Write: Manuscripts Universal, Soc. of Writers, 220 5th Ave., N.Y.

**We can show you how to sell your photoplays, stories and ideas.** Quick, profitable sales. Model photoplays and criticisms free. No courses, books or revision. Write immediately for proof. Manuscript Sales Company, Box 600, Hazelhurst, Pa.

**Write Moving-Picture Plays.** \$10 to \$100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 301 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**\$1,200 a year for spare time writing on moving-picture play a week.** We teach only sure method. Send for our free book of valuable information and special price offer. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Chicago, Box 278-V. S.

**I guarantee \$10 for first photoplay you write by my method.** As former Scenario Editor of large company, I speak with authority. Obtain free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772 C. J., Chicago.

**Write Motion Picture Plays; \$50 to \$100 paid.** Correspondence course unnecessary; details free. New Writers, 1200 Victoria Bldg., St. Louis.

**How to Write Photoplays** is a new volume devoted to motion picture playwriting. Contains a model scenario, a list of 41 buyers and all information necessary. Price 35c. Worth \$1.0. Photoplay Pub. Co., 3345 W. Lowe Ave., Chicago.

**Have you ideas for photoplays or stories?** If so, we will take them in any form; criticize free; and sell on commission. Quick sales; big prices. Don't waste money on "instructions." Write us. Story Revision Co., Box 73, Smethport, Pa.

**We guarantee to buy your movie plot if written by our method of instruction.** Before writing others, write directly to us for Free details; it will pay you. Play-Photo Pub. Co., of America, Box 571, Chicago.

### MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**Go into the Moving Picture Business.** \$35 to \$50 profit nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. We teach you and furnish everything. Capital Mds. Co., 250 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### SHORT STORIES

**Poets, Authors! Make good money writing short stories, poems, etc.** MSS. sold on commission. Our system unexcelled. Prompt service; quick returns. Details free. National Literary & Publishers' Service Bureau, C5, Hannibal, Mo.

### BOOKS—PERIODICALS

**Send 12c for "Sexual Philosophy,"** clearest, best, most instructive sex manual published. Actually teaches, not merely argues. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today. "Health-Wealth" Pub. House, 77 Bennington St., Lawrence, Mass.

**Learn another man's Language by the Easy Practical Hoesfeld Method** for Spanish, French, German, Italian, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, each one dollar. Free circulars. Peter Reilly, Publisher, Dept. Co., Philadelphia.

### LOOSE LEAF BOOKS

**Everybody should carry a Loose-Leaf Memo. Book.** Why? Because it is economic. Send 25c. for a sample book, with Genuine Leather covers and 50 sheets. Name on cover in gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 81 1/2 E. 125th St., N. Y.

### ADVERTISING

**Will positively show you by mail how you can earn \$25 to \$100 a week writing advertisements.** Biggest field in the world for you. Information free. Page Davis Co., 17 Chicago, Ill.

### WEDDING INVITATIONS

**Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc.,** 100 in Script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50; 100 Visiting Cards, 50 cents. Write for samples. C. Ott Engraving Co., 1003 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### SONG WRITING AND COMPOSING

**Songwriter's "Key to Success" Sent Free.** Submit Proofs for examination. We revise, compose, copyright and offer new exploiting service designed to facilitate free publication or outright sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 518 Galety Bldg., N. Y.

**Don't write or publish songs or music before you read my new book, "Manual of Composing and Publishing."** It will save and make money for you and teach you how to sell manuscripts. Special price 25c. H. C. Bauer, Musical Director, 135 East 34th Street, New York.

### OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**Learn at home, easy lessons, ladies' and children's hair-dressing, marcel waving, manicuring, beauty culture.** Many earn \$15 to \$50 weekly. Pleasant work. Large illustrated book free. Elizabeth King, 3B, Station F, New York City.

**Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; material sent prepaid; send stamped envelope for prices paid.** Universal Co., Department 8, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Are you afflicted with gray hair?** Write for free Beauty Booklet. Tells how to restore gray hair to its natural (original) color without dyeing it. Dwight T. Sprague & Co., 232 N. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

### FOR THE HAIR

**Ta-la-Wush, Nature's Wonderful Hair Wash.** The Indians gather the talawush roots. We pulverize them. You will enjoy the results. Send for folder. The Navajo Ta-la-Wush Company, Cedar Springs, Arizona, Box 2.

**Petrole Riviera.** The most agreeable form of crude petroleum Hair Tonic ever devised. No bad odor or sticky effect. 8-oz. bottle, \$1.00.

**Parfumerie Riviera, 450 Fifth Avenue, New York.**  
**The Annis-Brook Hair Food Co.,** makers of the one remedy known to have grown hair on bald heads. It removes dandruff, stops falling hair, relieves itching scalp. Money back if it fails to do all we claim. \$1.00 per bottle, post paid. Box 131, Corry, Pa. Agents wanted.

**Gray Hair** is often a serious detriment to business or social success. If you wish superb hair that will remain dark and healthy, write for free Book on Hair; mailed plain wrapper. Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 364 E. New York.

**Hair Grows when your Vacuum Cap** is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days' trial at our expense. No drugs or electricity. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet. Modern Vacuum Cap Co., 395 Barclay Blk., Denver, Col.

### FOR THE LAME

**The Perfection Extension Shoe** for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Work with rubber-made shoes, shined on trial. Write for booklet. Henry L. Lotz, 313 Third Ave., N. Y.

### HEALTH PROMOTION

**Don't be weak.** You can be strong and healthy if you will, by using my system of exercises. Will put 10 or 15 lbs. of stay there flesh on your bones. No apparatus. The price if this course is \$5.00. Edward J. Ryan, Martin Bldg., Utica, N. Y. Write for information.

### STAMMERING

**Camp Perdeva—For speech defectives,** especially stammerers, of all ages. Conducted by director of speech clinic at a hospital. Outdoor sports. Limited number. Pleasant and beneficial summer on one of New England's most beautiful lakes. For information, Director, P.O. Box 1157, Boston, Mass.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**You should know what the future has in store for you!** Consult the Planets. They will tell you about Business, Love, Marriage, Health, Travels, etc. Accurate information, no guess work. Send 10c and date of birth for trial reading. A. P. Frank, Dept. 12, Kansas City, Mo.

**What will the coming year mean to you?** Reliable scientific forecast from planetary aspects. Send 10c and date of birth for trial reading. L. Thomson, Dept. 1050, Kansas City, Mo.

**I pay highest cash prices for butterflies, insects, every Spring, Summer, Fall.** Men and Women. Instruction book on gathering, killing, etc. Send stamp. J. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 18, Los Angeles, Cal.

### POULTRY AND PET STOCK

**Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up-to-date,** tells all you want to know about the care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit, four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 153, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Red Cuban Games.** Most beautiful and gamest fighting fowl on earth. Send for illustrated booklet. George W. Means, Concord, North Carolina.

### DULL RAZOR BLADES

**Far too long, have razors been edged by men who "just picked it up."** Would you like to know how a scientist does it? Then send your address to Parker-Warren Engineering Lab'ty, 107 E. 42d St., N. Y., for facts and Free Mailing Case.

### FIREARMS WANTED

**Firearms—Old-time and modern.** Buy, sell, exchange, all sorts.

Stephen Van Rensselaer,  
West Orange, New Jersey.

### GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

**Prepare for Railway, Mail, Post Office, Custom House and other Government Civil Service "Exams"** under former Government Examiner. Write today for free booklet J-115. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

## FOR SPORTSMEN AND AUTOISTS

The only unit folding stove made—use any length of wood—cook fish, steak, chops or cakes on stove—24x14x6 inches—when folded 1 inch thick—weighs 9 lbs. \$2.50 postpaid. Circular free. Agents wanted. Klunk Unit Stove Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

## WATCHES

40% Off Elgin and Waltham Watches! Any style or size. Will give you a \$30 Factory New 17-jewel Adjusted Elgin or Waltham in a 25 yr. guaranteed gold case for only \$18. You save \$12. Satisfaction or money back. Examine, free. Then pay. Write Sutton Watch Co., 240 Keller Bldg, Louisville, Ky.

## TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy—Morse and Wireless—also Station Agency taught. R. R. and W. U. Wires and complete Marconi Station in school. Graduates assisted. Marconi Co. employs our wireless graduates. Low living expense—easily earned. Largest school. Investment, \$25,000. Correspondence courses also. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, 12th St., Valparaiso, Ind.

## INCORPORATING OR GOING TO

Arizona Incorporation laws most liberal. Least cost. Stockholders exempt corporate liability. Serve as resident agents. Specialists' corporate organization. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8-P, Phoenix, Arizona.

## TURKISH RUGS AND CARPETS

All qualities and Designs at the lowest obtainable prices. All hand-made. Direct from the looms in Turkey to your home. Write for particulars to Const. Spartali (Dept. E), Smyrna, Asia Minor. Postage 5c.

## Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms. **DELIVERED FREE** on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms. **FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$5. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half usual prices. **Write us before buying.** MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. B-33 CHICAGO

## Opportunity Adlets

ADVERTISING consists in telling who you are, what you are and what you have to offer in the way of service to the American Public.

Cosmopolitan's Opportunity Adlets offer the means of the most efficient publicity ever attained in the magazine field at a reasonable price.

Write to us for rate card and the interesting story of what has been done and what can be done again at a small expenditure.

Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlet Department  
119 West 40th Street New York City

## From 2 to 2,000,000

Forty years ago I bought two cigars.

I was delighted with them—they seemed to meet my exacting requirements. Their rare mellowness and delicious flavor made me want more. I traced their manufacture, and found the exquisite leaf came from the mountainous Vuelta district in Cuba.

## What Happened.

Soon I began to order all my cigars from there. Friends bought with me. That reduced the price. Their friends joined. Until now there are over 12,000 of us buying these unusually fine cigars at about half what they would cost if we could buy them at stores.

Last year we bought over 2,000,000 cigars. Some of us wanted better cigars for what we were paying, some wanted good cigars at half what they were paying. But whatever the reason, all these men unite in approving my discovery. None of us has ever found a ready-made cigar quite so enjoyable at anywhere near the price.

The price is so low because we buy together in large quantities, and have no dealer's profit or salesman's salaries or expenses. The price is but \$5.00 per hundred, \$2.60 for fifty. That's about what they cost us.

It is only fair to your complete enjoyment of smoking and to your pocketbook to try these private brand J. R. W. Havana.

## First Five Free.

Send me your business card or write me on your business stationery, enclosing 10c for packing, revenue and postage, and you'll be furnished with five free as a trial. You'll probably want more.

Send today for your five free cigars!

J. ROGERS WARNER

946 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

Actual Size

Only  
\$14.25

Dealers ask  
\$25.00

Write for the Brooks Furniture Book, showing 100 more good offers like this for home, office or club.

No. 36

## 10 Minutes' Work Saves \$10

Just think of being able to get this rich Colonial Rocker for only \$14.25! No dealer could afford to sell it for less than \$25.00. And it would be worth that in his store, too. But, because you can get it direct from us, the manufacturers, you save his profits, and by our original method we eliminate  $\frac{3}{4}$  packing costs,  $\frac{2}{3}$  freight costs and  $\frac{1}{2}$  factory floor space usually needed. All Brooks "Master-Built" furniture is

## Shipped in Sections—Direct from Factory

You can put any piece together in a jiffy. And that gives you the finest, most beautiful furniture made for almost half usual cost.

All selected solid quarter-sawn oak—your choice of best Colonial, Mission or Flanders designs—any finish. We guarantee to satisfy you or return your money.

Write today for Brooks Furniture Book and cut your furniture cost.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO., 1215 Brooks Ave., Saginaw, Mich.  
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World



*"The Car of No Regrets"*

**KING**  
\$1350  
COMPLETE

**EIGHT CYLINDER  
KING**

**KING**  
40-45  
HORSE POWER

## Makes GOOD Where Other Cars Fall Short

*Every motorist has longed for an engine of such performance*

From a creeping mile and a fraction to a racing fifty without gear-changing. Can gather speed to thirty miles an hour in twenty seconds.

Silent, and velvet-running. Practically without vibration.

Powerful—A leveler of hills and a camel on sands.

The most accessible Eight. Camshaft and valve guides exposed in a moment.

Fifteen to twenty miles to a gallon. Economical in oil, tires and repairs as a good moderate-priced Four.

America's original Cantilever Spring car. Perfect riding comfort without shock absorbers. Car holds to the road, however rough.

DEALERS—Applications for territory will be considered strictly in the order received.

**KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1300-1324 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**  
New York Agency and Showroom, Broadway at 52nd Street

Famous Ward Leonard electric starting and lighting system and engine-driven tire pump. Complete equipment.

Roomy as a Six of 119" wheel base. Wide doors. Deep, tilted seats. Long foot room.

Of King design and of King efficiency, built in the King factory by King profit-sharing workmen.

In the first two months of this year the King Company has received six times as many orders as in the same two months of last year. Why?

Foreign shipments of King cars for February are five times greater than those of any other month in King history. Why?

RIDE IN THIS EIGHT—It will spoil you for the car you have or the other cars you know.



## The kind of books the booksellers call "live"

By the author of "Pan-Germanism"

### PAN - AMERICANISM

By Roland G. Usher

A forecast of the inevitable clash between the United States and Europe's victor.

Do you realize that to maintain the Monroe Doctrine will compel us to declare war on Europe's victor?

Do you know that the Monroe Doctrine was aimed at England and not at Spain?

Do you believe that it has defended South America in the past?

Do you realize that the United States may lie at the mercy of Europe's victor?

Do you know that she may be defended without the firing of a shot by either army or navy?

Price \$2.00 net, postage 10 cents

By the author of "Home"

### THROUGH STAINED GLASS

By George A. Chamberlain

The story of a sophisticated father, an unsophisticated son, and a number of memorable women. It is a love story that travels far; there are scenes of city and ranch life in Brazil, of the Parisian art world, of London high society, and New England country life. It is a love story that travels swiftly. Often it laughs. Often it strikes the dazzling blue sparks of wit. It never drags, it never bores, it always flies.

Price \$1.30 net, postage 10 cents

### PEPPER

By Holworthy Hall (Harold E. Porter), author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio."

An epidemic of infectious youth and jollity. "Infectious" means getting something in your blood. Well, "Pepper" does. He is a Harvard undergraduate of moods, money, sense, and slang. He doesn't make you wish you were once more on the campus; he takes you there.

Price \$1.30 net, postage 10 cents

### THE SWORD OF YOUTH

By James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," etc.

Another novel of the Kentucky blue-grass region. As richly wrought and as tender as the author's other blue-grass stories. And with a deeper, finer insight into human hearts. The background is war—our Civil War; the characters are true sons and daughters of these strong, beautiful pioneers who climbed a mountain range and conquered a continent.

Twenty-one full-page illustrations. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents

### THE ADVENTURES of DETECTIVE BARNEY

By Harvey J. O'Higgins, author of "The Smoke Eaters," etc.

Detective stories with a smile. The boy Sherlock Holmes of New York's East Side. Picturesque comedy of unfamiliar phases of metropolitan life. "The Dummy," the play which has been unusually successful in New York and Chicago, is based on but one of the lively incidents that make up this book.

Illustrated. Price \$1.30 net, postage 10 cents

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue

(at 26th Street)

New York



## Become a TRAFFIC EXPERT Learn at Home



### UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES BIG PAY

Thousands of large shippers and all Railroads need trained Traffic experts and Managers—newly created positions are open with salaries of \$35 to \$200 weekly. The demand for trained men is greater than the supply. Recently enacted railroad rate laws and interstate commerce regulations have produced new conditions that necessitate trained specialists—men who know how to route shipments, to obtain shortest mileage, quickest deliveries—lowest rates. With such knowledge you can qualify for an important, big-salaried position with a future—quick.

### WE TRAIN YOU BY MAIL

at home, in spare time, without giving up your position or income. The cost is small—we make the payments to suit you. All you need, to get into this powerful, big paying occupation is our training. No matter where you live, what you work at now, how small your pay, how long your hours—no matter what your age or education—if you can read and write intelligently—our Interstate Commerce Course will train you expertly to handle profitably a big Traffic job—to merit and retain influence, respect, power and puts you in way to earn \$35 to \$200 weekly.

### Most Thorough Method Known

The LaSalle method is simple, practical, logical—anybody can readily master it. It is the work of some of the greatest Traffic Experts in America. It covers thoroughly every feature of the profession you will ever need to know—it is different and more complete than any other method of home-training in Interstate Commerce ever known. This is the largest home-study Extension University in the world—our graduates are recognized as real experts—they are trained to do the kind of work that commands big positions.

### NEW, UNCROWDED OCCUPATION

This is a new uncrowded occupation—there's room for you if you prepare at once. Let us train you now for a big future, with power, dignity, respect and a big income, with almost unlimited opportunities. Don't remain in a small job that thousands of men are constantly after—let us make you the master—the big man—a successful leader among men.

### FREE—Wonderful Book

Send the coupon below now and receive free copy of our much talked-of book "10 Years Promotion in One"—learn more about the opportunities afforded Traffic Experts with our training—learn about the big opportunities now open—learn how easy it is for us to make you a traffic specialist. Remember only trained men can secure the big positions now open—remember that big employers are seeking trained and competent office men. Send the coupon—no money.

LaSalle Extension University, Chicago

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. C-597, Chicago, Ill.

Send at once, without expense to me FREE copy of your famous book "10 Years Promotion in One"; also book telling how I may, without interfering with my present position, prepare myself as Traffic Expert.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

## This \$150.00 Cheque Is For YOU!

And we want to pay it to you on or about the tenth of every month as your Salary for representing our publications in your local field.

It is a business that you will like, too, as it requires only a clean, dignified service on your part.

You can begin in a small way, without any interference with your present duties.

Even a part of your spare time at the start will be sufficient. It is permanent work, as every order secured is renewable year after year.

As you become more experienced you will quickly see the unusual field it offers to establish an independent business of your own, or as a side line for part-time effort, or as a protection for the future.

Millions of dollars are spent each year for subscriptions to magazines; and a part of it comes from your territory. The Publishers would be glad to pay you from 25% to 50% of the amount collected for handling these orders for them.

The arrangement we desire to make with you to look after the subscription interests of our six successful magazines in your community, to renew our present business and extend our local circulation, will also enable you to represent all other magazines as well, as we will equip you to do a general subscription business.

Many men and women have succeeded. Some earn as much as \$10,000 a year. What others have done, you, too, can do, as even greater opportunities exist today.

And you can establish yourself without any expense, as we furnish everything free. This is the time of the year when 90% of all the subscriptions expire, and it is, therefore, THE RIGHT TIME FOR YOU TO BEGIN. By merely signing the coupon below, which places you under no obligation whatever, and returning it to us, you can learn all about this opportunity. Mail it today—NOW.

### Cosmopolitan Magazine

119 West 40th Street

New York City

Cosmopolitan, 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. C. Please send me particulars of your salary offer.

Name ..... Street .....

City ..... State ..... Cos. 5-13



"Look to the blowing rose  
about us" — OMAR



Samsoun and Serres, Cavalla and  
Bafra — world-famous marts  
of finest Turkish leaf — contrib-  
ute their choicest treasures to  
**OMAR**

ADVT.

**20 for 15¢**

AN UNSOLICITED PRAISE OF

**THE TURMOIL**By  
**Booth Tarkington**

"I want to be the first to register my opinion that 'The Turmoil' is the biggest thing that has been done in fiction during the last ten years. First, it is an overwhelmingly entertaining story. Second, it sets a new standard in the fine arts of portraying life—dramatizing it into graphic, throbbing reality—in the novel.

"'The Turmoil' will stand the test of a great book. The 'Tired Business Man' will revel in it. The school girl will find it the most charming love story she has read in months. The reader of literary taste has waiting for him a book of rare truth and strength."—ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON, New York University. *Illustrated. \$1.35 net.*

**MOONGLADE**By the Author of  
**"The Martyrdom of an Empress"**

A cosmopolitan novel of aristocratic life in Brittany and Russia—by one who knows. All those readers who are familiar with the other books of this author will find in this new story the same colorful descriptions of ancient castles and modern palaces, of loyal servants and graceful customs.

*Frontispiece. \$1.35 net.***JOHNNY APPLESEED**

By Eleanor Atkinson

A sympathetic interpretation of a real character into whose unusual and quaint personality the author has succeeded in penetrating as she did into the dog nature of the real "Greyfriars Bobby." All the romance of our early frontier life, with its hardships, its courage, its sacrifices, and its joys, fills the pages of the book with as delicate a fragrance as that of the apples "Johnny" loved. It is a portion of our border romance that waited to be written.

*Illustrated. \$1.25 net.***PALS FIRST**

By Francis Perry Elliott

A delicious story, full of spirit and dare-devil romance and humor, written with a lightness which entertains always. A romance of mistaken identity, fascinating in its quality, with a charm of plausibility. Two picturesque vagabonds are traversing a broad highway in the South. They come to a stately old mansion. The negro servant who meets them welcomes the younger as the long-absent master of the house. They accept the situation—they are taken in and everything is put at their disposal, and then—

*Frontispiece. \$1.30 net.*

HARPER &amp; BROTHERS, NEW YORK

**Be Happy!**

NOW, more than ever, Mark Twain proves a blessing to you. Let in the sunshine of Mark Twain's radiant humor! Revel in the hearty and robust fun of the great story-teller. Next to sunshine and fresh air, Mark Twain has done more for the welfare of mankind than any other agency. His is the antidote par excellence for the blues, all species of grouch, melancholy, and general debility of the intellect.

**Mark Twain at 1/2 Price**

The set is in twenty-five volumes, each measuring 5 x 7 1/2 inches. They are carefully printed on excellent paper and bound in a handsome red crepe cloth, have titles in gold, decorative design on shelf-back, a medallion of the great author on the cover, head-bands and title-pages in two colors.

There's a coupon to the left awaiting your signature to bring the books THE HARPER WAY. We send the books at our expense. You examine them five days—if then you do not like the books, you send them back to us "collect." We are making it possible for any one to be bright and cheery. *Send no money.* You have a year within which to pay for the twenty-five volumes. Sign the coupon below for "Your Mark Twain." "Tomorrow" may be too late!

HARPER &amp; BROTHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER &amp; BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York City.

Please send me, charges prepaid, MARK TWAIN'S WORKS, twenty-five volumes, cloth. I may retain the set for five days, and if I do not care for the books then I will return them at your expense. If I keep the books I will remit \$2.00 a month until the full price of the books, \$25.00, has been paid, or within thirty days will send you \$23.75 as payment in full. Cos. 5

Signature.....

Send books to.....

# The Next Important Thing for You to do—

**Mail  
this Coupon  
Today**



**D**ON'T wait for accident or sickness to come to you. One man in seven was killed or injured last year by accident. Many thousands of our policy-holders were laid up by illness. Don't take chances. Look out now while you can. Make things easier for yourself and yours when the accident or sickness does come. Read this letter from a woman in Ohio—"I don't know what I would have done if my husband had not carried your policy. It is all I have to raise the children on while he is sick. I have seven—the oldest only 15." How about *your* wife?



## AETNA-IZE



A sudden attack of typhoid—an ulcerated throat—a quick grippe followed by pneumonia—an operation for appendicitis—you don't know when you are going to be sick. As for accidents, consider the manager of the department store in Atlanta who was so badly hurt by a flying nail—or the girl in Dallas, Texas, whose clothing

caught fire from the exhaust of a motorcycle motor—or the man in Providence, R. I., who was injured by a passing lunatic. These are not exceptions. We note such things every day as the demands for weekly indemnities come in. Things that seem absurd but they may put a man in bed for six months.

### Protect Yourself With An Accumulative Disability Policy

If you are totally disabled by any ordinary accident, we will pay you \$25 a week as long as you live, or \$50 a week if you are disabled by a railway, steamship, elevator or burning building accident. And if you are sick with any illness that confines you to the house we will pay you \$25 a week for a year. If you are killed, your wife will get from \$5,000 to \$15,000. If

you lose two limbs or both eyes we will pay you \$5,000 to \$15,000. Half as much for one hand, foot or eye.

Send the coupon. It costs nothing and brings the whole story.

### AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341

HARTFORD, CONN.

*The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance*

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

Name.....  
 Occupation.....  
 Bus. Address.....  
 Drawer 1341  
 AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
 Hartford, Conn.  
 I have marked the kinds of insurance  
 I wish to know about: Accident ☐ \$250  
 Health ☐ Disability ☐ Life Certificate ☐ Life ☐  
 is ..... years. I am  
 in good health. ☐

Cos. 5-15



## No Paint— No Repairs—Just Wear—Use PEARL for Screens—

What's the use of screening with a wire cloth you know will have to be repaired, repainted or renewed in a season or two at most?

Practice *real* economy. Screen with genuine Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth. Rust, *not* wear, ruins screens. PEARL Wire Cloth is as near rust-proof as metal can be made, and consequently as near wear-proof as a screen can be.

GILBERT & BENNETT  
**PEARL**  
WIRE CLOTH

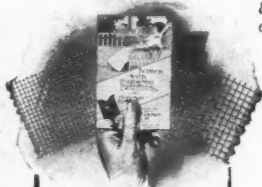
For Screening Doors, Windows  
and Porches

Made in Two Weights—Regular and Extra Heavy

Smooth surfaced and with a metallic lustre, PEARL is beautiful as a screen can be. Easy on the eyes and less visible the longer it's used.

Don't be deceived. There can not be a "just the same as PEARL." The manufacture and application of the non-crack, non-chip coating from which it derives its wonderful rust-resisting qualities is a secret process, the exclusive property of this company.

But to be sure of PEARL wear you must get genuine PEARL Wire Cloth with two Copper Wires in the Selvage and the Round Tag bearing the Gilbert & Bennett name on each roll.



**FREE Samples and  
Booklet**  
Write our nearest office.

Write our nearest office for samples of both Regular and Extra Heavy PEARL, full details regarding same, and the name of nearest dealer.

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"  
**The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co.**

Established 1818

Dept. A, 277 Broadway, New York Dept. A, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
Georgetown, Conn. Kansas City, Mo.





# "61" FLOOR VARNISH



# Vitralite

"No, you can't harm '61' Floor Varnish by washing it. It does not mind water, hot or cold, and enjoys vigorous cleansing."

LIKE a rare, transparent glaze, "61" Floor Varnish reveals the grain of the wood — but better still, it is tough and wear-resisting. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof.

Just wipe when dirty or dusty, with a damp cloth or use a floor mop. And whenever you feel like it, do not be afraid to use plenty of soap and water.

There are

**Pratt & Lambert  
Varnish Products**

for every purpose

And of them all, there is one with an indefinable charm, Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel. Notwithstanding its charm it has staying power, whether it be used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. It will not mar, scratch, crack, peel nor turn yellow and is waterproof.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 39 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 41 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Send for Sample Panels and interesting book on Interior Decoration. Be sure to mention whether interested in Vitralite or "61" or both.



## The Perfect Cigarette Paper— Tasteless, Pure, Healthful

Millions of smokers the world over who make their own cigarettes use Riz La Croix "papers" exclusively, because these famous "papers" are *easier to roll with*, make *better cigarettes* and insure *complete enjoyment*.

# RIZ LA CROIX

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

### FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

Made from the best flax-linen, a vegetable product, Riz La Croix are as pure as a pure food, entirely wholesome and healthful. Their perfect combustion and pure quality render them absolutely tasteless and odorless in smoking—you get the fine, unspoiled flavor and fragrance of your favorite tobacco. Your cigarettes roll *smooth*, round and "*hold together*" because of the lightness, thinness and natural adhesiveness of Riz La Croix.



**FREE**  
Two interesting, illustrated  
Booklets—one about RIZ  
LA CROIX Cigarette Papers,  
the other showing how to "Roll  
Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere  
in U.S. on request. Address The American  
Tobacco Co., Room 1180, 111 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



## He Should Have Used SWP

**House Owner:** I had this paint put on last year and look at it now!

**Painter:** It doesn't take long for the weather to show up poor paint.

**House Owner:** How could I know it was poor paint? I'm no paint expert.

**Painter:** It doesn't take a paint expert to get reliable paint these days—just ordinary intelligence. For instance, you ought to know that there is a company of paint experts that have been making house paint for nearly fifty years; making it from accurate formulas, mixing and grinding it with powerful machinery; manufacturing every important ingredient; putting in just what all these years of experience have taught them is best. That company is the Sherwin-Williams Company and the paint is known to us painters as **SWP**.

Sherwin-Williams House Paint plays no favorites in the matter of materials. It contains lead. It contains zinc. And it contains linseed oil. The combination is right. Experience has proved it—not only our experience

but the experience of house painters, architects, builders and house owners—the men and women who pay the bills. Insist on SWP. You can buy it at any Sherwin-Williams store. It comes in 48 colors—ready to apply.

*Send for free Color Plates giving practical suggestions for painting and decorating. If interested in a cottage or bungalow ask for special booklet, mailed free.*

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

## PAINTS & VARNISHES



Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32nd St.; Chicago, People's Gas Building.  
San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices & Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.  
Address all inquiries for Portfolio to 704 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.



## Send for this Book

### How to prepare and care for BEAUTIFUL FLOORS

Probably you take more pride in your floors than in anything else about the house. Most women do, for they know that as housekeepers they are judged by their floors.

Therefore, believing that you want all the information you can get on how to finish and care for floors, we have written a very complete and thoroughly reliable discussion of the subject.

#### Our Book, "Beautiful Floors"

although free, might well be purchased at a good price, for (if followed) it will save a lot of money and disappointment. If you don't know how beautiful, how cheap and how easy it is to care for waxed floors, you should learn. You should know, also, that Old English Floor Wax, because it is made from the harder waxes, gives a harder, more durable and more beautiful finish than soft, cheap waxes. A can will cover a bigger surface and is therefore most economical—50c worth will cover a room. Hardware, Paint (Drug) and Housefurnishing Departments sell it.

Send for a free sample and for this new book, "Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care." It is an illustrated text-book on floors and gives a lot of information you will value on

Finishing New Floors  
Finishing Old Floors  
Hardwood Floors  
Fine Floors  
Cleaning and Polishing  
Care of Waxed Floors  
Polishing Automobiles

Finishing Dance Floors  
Kitchen, Pantry and  
Bathroom Floors  
Finishing Furniture  
Interior Woodwork  
Stopping Cracks  
Removing Varnish, etc

THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1910 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## Old English Floor Wax



# HELP

Try this great household help—3 in One oil.

Will save your time, your strength, your health. With little labor and small cost you can make everything run right—keep everything bright—clean—new.

3 in One is a clear, almost odorless compound free from acid, grease or varnish smells—the first oil, the best oil and the only oil for

### OILING, CLEANING, POLISHING, PREVENTING RUST.

Makes any old sewing machine run lightly—keeps hinges from squeaking—oils clocks, bicycles, guns, anything that needs lubricating.

Cleans easily; polishes beautifully; pianos, mahogany, any furniture. Removes dirt, grime, grease—restores natural lustre of the wood.

Polishes nickel surfaces—bath room fixtures, stoves, prevents rust on any metal, indoors or out.

**Beware**—3 in One is imitated. Get the Big Red One—and have the original, the best, the cheapest. At all good dealers, in 10c and 25c bottles. **3 IN ONE OIL COMPANY,**  
42 E. Broadway, New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
(Cut off Coupon)  
Fill out above and mail to us at once.  
Get generous sample bottle absolutely free. Address, **3 IN ONE OIL COMPANY** (over Broadway), New York City.  
**FREE**

**Smart Boys** oil their guns with 3 in One—also skates, tools, bicycles. The best oil for any use. Try it at our expense—write today—now.



May 1915

Cosmopolitan Magazine



## Make this a Motor Boat Vacation

Sail away—when and where you will—with your own party, in your own boat. Refinements in construction enable you to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a sixty foot yacht aboard the 45 foot Elco Cruiser.

—private stateroom, saloon and galley where "real dinners" can be prepared.

Staunch, seaworthy, beautiful in design and finish, the 45 foot Elco Cruiser is the highest development of a cruising yacht that can be easily handled by one man.

If you want a smaller boat, there's the Cruisette, the daintiest, handiest little

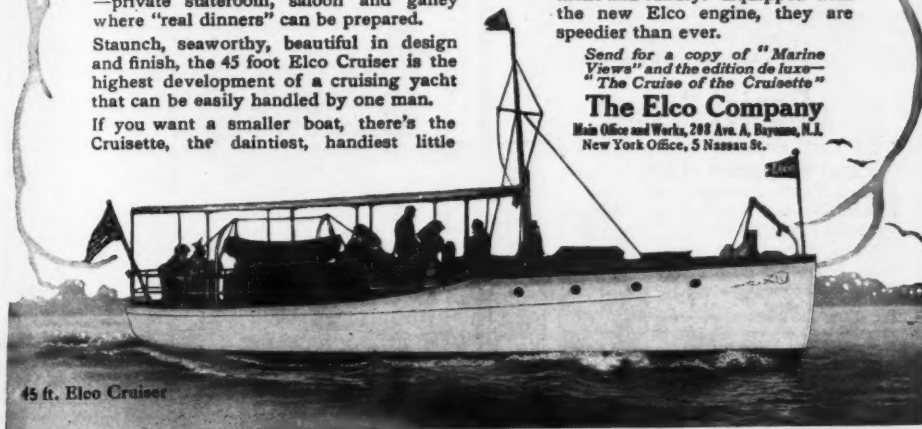
cruiser ever built. 32 feet long, engine separated from saloon, sleeps six; inexpensive to buy, inexpensive to maintain.

Elco Expresses "serve you on the water as the automobile does on land." Reliable, seaworthy boats; models of grace, refinement and luxury. Equipped with the new Elco engine, they are speedier than ever.

Send for a copy of "Marine Views" and the edition de luxe—"The Cruise of the Cruisette"

**The Elco Company**

Main Office and Works, 288 Ave. A, Bayonne, N.J.  
New York Office, 5 Nassau St.



45 ft. Elco Cruiser

## A Necessity In Every Home! In Easy Reach Of All!



One of the most useful and beautiful pieces of furniture you can possibly own is a  
**KROEHLER BED DAVENPORT**

It is a handsome, durably upholstered davenport that can be instantly converted into a full size double bed by merely unfolding the concealed bed section.

This bed is luxuriously comfortable and will give two guests every possible comfort—or will serve as a regular nightly bed for your family.

Because of its double utility it is a positive economy. It

**SAVES SPACE—SAVES RENT—MAKES  
1 ROOM SEEM LIKE 2**

Sanitary, all-steel bed frame and springs. Removable felted mattress—you don't sleep on the upholstery. Plenty of room for pillows and bedding within folded bed—opens and closes easily. Simple, indestructible, incomparable, **GUARANTEED** in every way.

**For sale by all reliable furniture stores**

Owing to our tremendous manufacturing facilities and huge output you can buy a **KROEHLER BED DAVENPORT** at a low price, on easy terms, from dealers anywhere. Many styles to select from—one of them is sure to please you. As an assurance of high quality insist on seeing the word **KROEHLER** stamped on the metal bed frame. If your dealer will not supply you, write us.

**P. E. KROEHLER MFG. CO.**

Naperville, Ill.  
Kankakee, Ill.

Binghamton, N. Y.  
Cleveland, Ohio



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





**She Is—**  
The leading spirit of a gay Southern city, and she owes her beautiful teeth to the daily use of either

**Dr. Lyon's**  
PERFECT  
**Tooth Powder**  
OR  
**Dental Cream**

You can depend upon the safe, efficient properties of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. They prevent the formation of tartar and correct excessive acidity of the mouth.

Send 2-cent stamp now for delightful 10-day trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. Address I. W. Lyon & Sons, 530 West 27th Street, New York City.

Look for Free Tooth Brush Coupon in each package.



## Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Food?

A leading medical authority says: "A poor refrigerator means not only wasted ice but often wasted lives from spoiled food." Read what physicians and others say about wonderful ice-saving and health protection the Monroe affords.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

**The "Monroe"**

The Monroe food compartments are Genuine Solid Porcelain ware—in one piece—over an inch thick—every corner rounded. Not cheap porcelain-enamel on metal base—but one piece of white unbreakable porcelain ware which can be easily kept free of germs—no cracks, joints, or corners—nothing to break or chip.

**30 Days' Trial—Cash or Credit**  
Sold direct from factory at factory price. Freight paid and all money back if not absolutely satisfactory.

Monroe Refrigerator Co. (Established 1868), Sta. 9-D, Lockland, O.

"Using about one-third the ice the others did." T. G. Mackie, New Orleans.

"Cut ice bills from \$36 to \$5." T. W. Williams, Milwaukee.

"Reduced ice bills nearly 40 per cent." Dr. B. H. Wells, Southport, Conn.

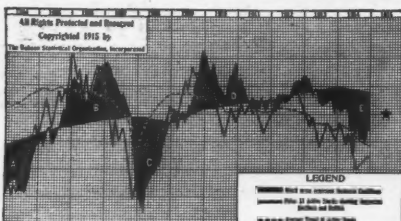
"Much more economical than any other of several I have had." Dr. O. B. Shreve, Salem, Mass.

"Saved about 50 lbs. of ice per day over another make of same size." W. M. Riecke, Paducah, Ky.

"An ice saver, a germ preventer, hence a health preserver to any family." Dr. Chas. Hupe, Lafayette, Indiana.

"Economical in use of ice; and preserving in best manner articles placed in it." Dr. R. E. Starkweather, Evanston, Ills.

Send at **Free Book** once for about refrigerators. It tells you how to select the home refrigerator—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.



\* Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

## Why Buy Stocks Now?

Do you have intelligent, reliable information as to the market? Or do you "take chances"? Babson Service is a guide to safe investment at all times.

Eliminate worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

For particulars—which will be sent gratis—address Dept. Z 52 of the

**Babson Statistical Organization**  
Executive offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.  
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.



Harris Home No. 556

**\$673** buys the Material to build this home

**BUILT TO STAY. CUT-TO-FIT THE HARRIS WAY.** Easily built under our guaranteed no shortage, no extra system, with positive accurate plans, 6 rooms, bath, large close, modern stairway, inside finish, doors and windows. Excellent layout sound construction. Architecturally correct in every detail.

**No Money Down—Save Half**

**THE MATERIAL:** The above price includes all first-class lumber. Cut-to-Fit The Harris Way. CLEAR INTERIOR TRIM. CLEAR FLOORING. CLEAR OUTSIDE FINISH AND SHINGLES. No. 1 DIMENSION LUMBER. All glass in and back puttied—saves labor. Up-to-date hardware, everything guaranteed.

**THE OFFER:** We don't want a cent until you have every piece unloaded, checked and inspected. Pay us after you get it. \$2.00 brings blue print plans, specifications, material list and delivered price to your station. If the plans do not suit, return them, and we will be refunded.

**\$10,000 Plan Book Free.** It is not necessary that you decide on your home with only the design above before you. There are 100 Harris Homes in our free plan book. Write today.

Ask for Free Book of Plans CFX 6

**HARRIS BROTHERS COMPANY**  
35th and Iron Sts. CHICAGO

# NEVERBIND

## Boston Garter

PATENTED JULY 6, 1913



*Velvet Grip*

**No Rubber  
in Leg Band**

**Real Year  
Round Comfort**

ONE LOOK tells you why you're going to wear NEVERBIND. It can't choke your leg—always lifts on the socks just enough to keep them smooth.

If you don't find it at your dealer's we'll send sample pair, postpaid—mercerized 25c, double grip 35c, silk 50c.

**George Frost Co., Sole Makers, Boston, Mass.**

TO EVERYMAN EVERYWHERE

# YOU CAN DRESS ALWAYS

## for \$10

**Good Clothes Always \$10**

Sounds impossible, doesn't it—smacks of exaggerated advertising—looks like imagination run riot—but IT ISN'T. We are the largest manufacturers of men's clothing in the world, doing business DIRECT with the wearer. The entire output of our factory—just suits, overcoats and top coats—is sold by mail or from our six stores. Price always \$10. We specialize—make clothes at one price only. Everything going into them—the pure wool cloth—the linen canvas—linings—hair cloth—all are of a standard quality bought in immense quantities. We sell thousands of garments, instead of hundreds—make hundreds of a model, instead of a few, all of which reduces the cost on each item and makes possible, always \$10.

**72 SAMPLES AND BOOKLET FREE**

**SUIT OR OVERCOAT**

**Big Business Men Wear 'Em**—The Men Who Make Money and Keep it wear these suits. They know Richman Clothes are worth a great deal more than \$10. They prefer several clean suits to one shabby one. In Cleveland, home of our factory and largest store for 35 years, every sixth man of its 600,000 inhabitants buys a suit or overcoat of us once a year. Men in every walk of life are wearing them—they are the clothes for YOU—wherever you are, wherever you are. A ten dollar bill and postage will bring you Richman clothes right to your door—parcel post. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

**STYLE BOOK FREE**—Write for spring catalog of latest styles—and 15 newest fabrics.

**THE RICHMAN BROS. CO., Dept. 23 Cleveland, O.**

Milwaukee, Wis. Cincinnati, O.  
St. Paul, Minn. Minneapolis, Minn. Duluth, Minn.





# BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS

All over the World people are endorsing our plan of Banking by Mail; it brings this bank—the Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Ohio—right into your home, affording you unquestioned safety as well as convenience and satisfaction at all times.

You receive 4 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, which yields you a one-third greater income than 3%.

Why not send TODAY for our free Booklet "W" telling all about our plan and why Banking by Mail has proven so satisfactory?

**THE CITIZENS  
SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS



**DURHAM-DUPLEX DOMINO RAZOR** with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment, package of six of the famous Durham-Duplex double-edged, hollow ground blades. Genuine red leather folding kit.

## \$5 DURHAM-DUPLEX Domino Razor for \$1

Give your Durham-Demonstrator Razor to a friend and we will send you this \$5 Durham-Duplex Domino Razor for \$1.

If you do not possess a Durham-Demonstrator Razor, you may take advantage of this advertising offer if you will agree to mention Durham-Duplex to at least one friend.

**DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 590 Montgomery St.  
Jersey City, N. J.**

Gentlemen:—Send me a \$5.00 Durham-Duplex Domino Kit Outfit as per illustration above for which find enclosed \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Any dealer will honor this coupon AC



AN EXCELLENT TONIC FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR

# BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

## HAIR TONIC NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Trial will convince you.

Makes the hair light and fluffy.

**BALDPATE CO., 467 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK**  
Sold Everywhere



## ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

17  
Jewel

25 YEARS

Now, during this Special 30-day Sale, is the time to buy this elegant 17-Jewel Elgin. Factory tested and fitted in a 25-year Gold-Filled Case.

**NO MONEY DOWN—\$2 A MONTH**

Because we want to prove to you that the great volume of our business enables us to save you nearly half on this \$20.00 Elgin. Special **\$12.75**

**3 Fine Books FREE!** Mr. Harris wants to send you his three latest books free—one the story of "The Diamond," its discovery, where and how mined, cut and marketed; the other, "Facts vs. Fanc," or all about the Watch Business, both at home and abroad, also our Big Free Watch and Diamond Book.

You do not pay a cent until we have placed the Watch or Diamond in your own hands for approval—no security—no interest—no red tape. Big Catalog Free.

**HARRIS-GOAR CO.** Dept. 1576  
KANSAS CITY, MO.

## AUTOMATIC AIR CUSHION

Does away with Hard Leather Pads of the ordinary **TRUSS**

## The BROOKS APPLIANCE



This scientific feature of the Brooks Rupture Appliance has proven far superior to the hard pads of ordinary trusses. The Automatic Air Cushion of soft, pliable gum rubber clings closely, draws the broken parts together, follows every movement of the body, never slips, and always retains the protrusion. It is cool and comfortable because of the constant circulation of air through it.

### Brooks Appliance Sent on Trial

This appliance is sold under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. The purchaser is the sole judge. If it is returned for any reason (which does not have to be given) the price paid will be fully refunded. The appliance is not guaranteed to cure, no more than medicine prescribed by a physician. It is guaranteed to fit perfectly, to give the wearer solid comfort and to retain the protrusion at all times.

There is danger in irritating pads and steel bands, which aggravate rather than cure. The Brooks Rupture Appliance holds more firmly, comfortably and surely than any truss. Send no money. Just your name and address, for free trial, s-l-f-measurement blanks and catalog. Write today.

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 1789 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

## Crooked Spines Made Straight



In our experience of more than thirteen years we have successfully treated over 20,000 cases of spinal deformity and weakness. Sufferers in all parts of the world, some probably right near your home, have been greatly benefited or *wholly cured* by the Sheldon Method. It is this success in so many thousands of cases that warrants us in offering to *prove* the value of our method in *your own case*.

### Use the Sheldon Appliance 30 Days at Our Risk

There is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Sheldon Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. To all sufferers with weakened or deformed spines it promises almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all. Send for our Free Book. It will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

**PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 206 Fifth St., Jamestown, N. Y.**



## Amazing Diamond Bargains



No. 317411. 3-5 kt. weight of the extra fine steel white perfect cut quality diamonds in this ring. Try to match at \$125. Guaranteed Loan \$33.00. Unpaid Loan Price \$68.40. Other unpaid loan twin rings, \$28 to \$750.

No. 341012. High grade 15-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement in 14-kt. solid gold 16-size case. Try to match at \$40. Unpaid Loan Price \$19.85. Other high grade unrepaid watches, \$25 to \$125.

Our free bargain bulletin explains—gives unsolicited expressions of many shrewd buyers—illustrates and describes hundreds of amazing bargains.

**Our Customers Show As Much or More Than 1/2 Saved!**

Hundreds of letters in our files give proof of big savings. Get free bulletin.

**Diamond Banking Thereal** Reason for these astonishing savings—we must get back the money we loaned former owners of the high-grade diamonds, jewels, watches, etc.—goods on which we loaned but a fraction of their value. You get the benefit—you make the saving. Send free coupon for new bargain bulletin and see the astonishing values.

**Send the Coupon Now for New Bulletin** Don't wait till the bargain you want is gone. Get your name on our list for bargains—send your name right now.

**Jos. DeRoy & Sons** (Only Opposite Post Office, 1045 DeRoy Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.)  
References by permission: Farmer & Deposit National Bank—Marion Nat'l Bank

### Examination FREE

You need not buy—examine first. Keep it if satisfied or return it at our expense. No obligations—express prepaid.

**Legal Binding MoneyBack Guarantee** backed by \$750,000.00 capital. Over 63 years at one location in proof of our absolute reliability.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

You may send me, without expense or obligation on my part, your Free Bargain Bulletin showing Unredeemed Pledges.



**Jos. DeRoy & Sons**  
1045 DeRoy Bldg.  
Smithfield St.  
Pittsburgh Pa.

No. 277886. Extra large and extra fine quality unpaid loan solitaire diamond mounted in platinum bezel and black enamel ring. A gorgeous ring of dory brilliancy with every appearance of at least 8-8 kt. Try to match at \$50. Unpaid Loan Price, \$33.75. Other unpaid loan diamond solitaires, \$12 to \$350.



## Invisible Powder

One that adds every charm to your complexion, as well as Lillian Walker's, without seeming artificial—one that keeps the skin fresh and dainty in appearance and blends perfectly with the flesh tints—a powder that appeals to the refined, well groomed woman.

**CARMEN POWDER** has a delicious, subtle scent that lasts as long as the powder stays on, until you remove it. The finest grade powder made

—it never shows but keeps your complexion fresh, dainty, soft.

We believe that until you have used this

powder you will never have as Beautiful a complexion as is possible for you to have.

**50c Everywhere**  
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream

Purse size box and mirror containing two or three weeks' supply of Carmen (state shade) sent for 10c silver and 5c stamp.

**STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,**  
525 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**CARMEN**  
Complexion  
Powder

In  
the Red  
Trimmed  
Orange Color-  
ed Box-Seen  
Every-  
where

## You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—I know you can, because I have

reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

## You Can Be So Well!

—If you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

**Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.**

One *Expat* writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength." Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is Free. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

**Susanna Cocroft**

Dept. 42, 624 Michigan Boulevard, CHICAGO

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is a recognized authority on the scientific care of the health and figure of women.

## Action Too Fast for the Eye is Clearly "Seen" by Goerz Lenses

Pictures worth money—the kind that show situations the human eye is not quick enough to see are taken with

**GOERZ LENSES CAMERAS**

If you already have some other camera, you can equip it with a Goerz Lens. Universally used by special correspondents and by professional photographers where the first exposure is the last chance for the picture.

Write for Our Booklet on "Lenses and Cameras"

**C. P. Goerz American Optical Co., 319B East 34th Street, New York**



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## Visit Your Future Home In This Free Book



Among the 130 Lewis-Built bungalows, cottages and homes of every description pictured, described and priced in this remarkable building book, you will find the *ideal home for you and yours*. Send for the book today and revel in a trip of inspection through all these new homes. When you turn to your future home you will find that the Lewis price has put it within your reach.

**THE LEWIS-BUILT READY CUT METHOD**, by preparing the house at the mills and shipping direct to you, all ready to erect, means only one small profit to pay. *Saves time, expense, labor, waste and worry*; insures best grade of lumber; includes plaster, hardware, paint, nails—*everything*; and you can furnish your home on the money saved. Accurate, understandable plans and instructions make it a simple job for any carpenter to assemble the cut-to-fit materials.



Postal today brings the big, free book of homes from \$248 up. Build now, while building is cheap! Write today!

LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. 588, Bay City, Mich.



**You Would Need Four Hands**

with a flat iron in each to accomplish as much ironing by hand as you obtain in the same time with the

## SIMPLEX IRONER

THE BEST IRONER



For City and Country Homes

No tired feet or back. No headache. No bother. Ironing will have beautiful finish, and straight edges. Done in 1/2 time. Operated by hand, gasoline or electric power. Heated by gas, gaso line or electricity at average cost of 2 to 4 cents per ironing. 8 sizes—\$25 and up. Easy payments. Soon saves its cost.

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE CO.

Established 10 Years  
596-168 N. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

Write today for FREE booklet on ironing  
30 Day FREE Trial Offer  
and name of our Local Dealer  
See our Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific  
Exposition—San Francisco.

## Scientific Device That Does Away With TRUSS-FREE TRIAL



Inner surface is made adhesive to secure the PLAPAO-PAD firmly to the body, keeping the PLAPAO continually applied and the pad from slipping. Nostraps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply.

### Over 250,000 Now In Use

We have proved to hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hernia (rupture) that to obtain lasting relief and develop a natural process for betterment comes by wearing a Plapao-Pad. This patented mechanico-chemico device can do the same for you. The wearing of an improper support aggravates rather than improves the condition. The Plapao-Pad can and does aid the muscles in giving proper support, thereby rendering efficient aid to Nature in restoring strength to the weakened muscles. Being self-adhesive there is no slipping and shifting of pad with resultant irritation and chafing. Most comfortable to wear—no delay from work. Awarded Gold Medal at Rome and Grand Prix at Paris.

Send No Money. We will send you a trial of Plapao absolutely FREE, you pay nothing for this trial now or later. Write for it today, also full information.

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 77 St. Louis, Mo.



The Mystery of the Lost Woman  
The Startling Secret about Walls

## Pretty Room Book Free

Contains many color plans for beautiful, inexpensively decorated rooms. Write for it.

## Alabastine

THE BEAUTIFUL WALL TINT

Save money and give your home artistic beauty with Alabastine. Your dealer sells it. Easily mixed with cold or warm water and applied with regular wall brush. *Will not rub off, chip nor peel* when applied according to directions on package. Recommended by physicians for homes, schools, churches. Used extensively in better homes. Free, color plans made specially for you if you wish. Write for particulars.

ALABASTINE CO., 332 Grandville Rd., Grand Rapids, Mich.





## Use Creosoted Shingles That Come Already Stained

Save the time, cost, muss and bother of staining on the job. Use one color on roof; another on side walls. The result is artistic, permanent, and economical.

### "CREO-DIPT" STAINED SHINGLES

17 Grades. 16, 18, 24-inch. 30 Different Colors.

We use only the best Cedar Shingles, thoroughly seasoned and dried, and stain them for each job with permanent colors that thoroughly preserve them against dry rot, worms and decay by our exclusive process. Earth colors are ground twice in linseed oil and creosote. We guarantee both quality of shingles and even stain.

Write for sample colors on wood and catalog that shows "CREO-DIPT" houses in all parts of the country by prominent architects. Names of architect and lumber dealer appreciated.

STANDARD STAINED SHINGLE COMPANY

1646 Oliver Street

North Tonawanda, N. Y.



Residence of David Kahn, Beechwood Ave., G. C. Burroughs, Architect, Rose Hill, Cincinnati  
Roof, one color; Side Walls, another color of "CREO-DIPT" Shingles

# Sterno

## Canned Heat

Can't leak or spill,—it's solid.

Best heat of all for dining room table grills.



Ask your dealer to show you this grill.

Ask your dealer or send ten cents for a sample can—with a frame (to put your kettle on). Catalogue of Sterno cooking devices and recipe book sent Free.

S. Sterna & Co., 303 Broadway, N. Y.



## Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, menus, newspaper, book, etc. PRESS \$5, larger \$18, Rotary \$50. Save money. Big money printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for illustrated press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



Out with the Old Blade; In with the New!

YOU can replace broken blades and keep your knife new if it's a Nagle Reblade Knife—"The Pocket Knife with Replaceable Blades." No tools required. Ten seconds does it. Here's our Introductory Offer for quick action. Send us a dollar bill (or money order) for the finest jack knife you ever saw, with two Sheffield steel blades and an extra blade for reblading. Looks exactly like a fine old-style knife. Equally strong. Blades can't come out accidentally. Heavy, handsome handle. Additional blades as you need them for only a quarter each. Every man or boy needs a jack knife. Great for birthday gifts. Fully guaranteed.

Agents or Dealers wanted.

NAGLE Re Blade KNIFE Co

66 Parker Ave.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

References: First Nat. Bank, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



## "I Can't Afford Cheap Bicycle Tires"

"I used up four cheap tires on my rear wheel in one season. Last year one Vitalic Bicycle Tire went through the season and seems as good as ever this year."

A Vitalic Bicycle Tire wears well because the tread is so tough that only the wearing down of long service affects it; because the motorcycle tire fabric cannot split; because the inner tube is heavy, pure rubber of the finest quality.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS  
816 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

**VITALIC**  
Bicycle ~~VITALIC~~ Tires

(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

## You Can't Compromise with "Acid-Mouth"

"Acid-mouth" is the chief scourge of the teeth. Dentists say that 9 out of 10 people have it and that its ravages cause 95% of all tooth decay.

There's no trifling with such an enemy. It must be checked or in time it will destroy even the soundest teeth.

A sure protection is the regular daily use of

## PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

the dentifrice that scientifically counteracts "acid-mouth."

Pebeco does this in addition to its other duties—those of cleaning the teeth, keeping them white, removing bad tastes and odors and refreshing the whole mouth.

As Pebeco comes in extra-large tubes and only one-third of a brushful is needed at a time, its use is economical.

It's easy to prove the virtues of Pebeco if you will

### Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it, and you will also enjoy the use of the trial tube.



Manufacturing Chemists  
112 William Street New York  
Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

## WHITE TAR BAGS TAR and CEDAR PAPER

### Moth Proof and Dust Proof

The modern method of caring for garments, furs, carpets, rugs and draperies is to hang them in air tight **White Tar Bags** or wrap them in **White Tar Paper**. It keeps them free from moths and dust. Always ready for instant use.

Size	Tar	Cedar	Odorless
24x37	\$.50	\$.65	\$.60
30x50	.90	.75	.70
30x60	.75	1.00	.85
30x70	.90	1.25	1.00

New Lavender Bag, 24 x 9 x 50 inches, \$1.75  
24 x 9 x 60 inches, \$2.

White Tar Paper is made 12 sheets to the roll, each sheet measuring 40 x 48 inches. Cedar 50c per roll. Pine Tar 50c per roll. If your regular dealer cannot supply you we will send any style of **White Tar Bag** and roll of **Tar or Cedar Paper** all charges prepaid on receipt of price.

**WHITE TAR CO.**

Dept. G. 103 John St., New York

## Various Forms of Headache

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Ala. Continuing he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble can be removed. To answer this purpose Anti-Kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in the most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women."

When we have a patient subject to regular attacks of sick headaches, we should caution him to keep his bowels regular, for which nothing is better than "Actoids," and when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack, he should take two A-K Tablets. Such patients should always be instructed to carry a few Anti-Kamnia Tablets so as to have them ready for instant use. These Tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended on to produce relief in a very few minutes. Ask for A-K Tablets.

Anti-Kamnia Tablets can be obtained at all druggists.

## Send a 2¢ Stamp



## for a Sample Cake

and you, too, will be delighted with the charming delicacy and delightful perfume of this purest of transparent toilet soap. Rich creamy lather that makes using it a pleasure—a revelation of how perfect a toilet soap can be.

## No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Preferred today, as for generations, by women of perception and refinement. 15 cents per cake at your dry goods dealer or druggist.

To cover merely the cost of packing and postage send 2¢ stamp for trial sample cake, or 10 cents for a trial package containing sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample of No. 4711 Bath Salts and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

No. 4711 Liquid White Rose Glycerine Soap. A new, convenient, delightful form of this refreshing soap—sanitary, economical, efficient. A luxurious Shampoo.

MÜLHENS & KROPPF, Dept. C, 25 W. 45th Street, New York

## A Book for Brides and Wives Grooms and Husbands

### "The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M.D.

Contains information that is worth hundreds of dollars to any married couple or those contemplating marriage. Endorsed and recommended by the leading medical and religious critics throughout the United States. Unfolds the secrets of a happy married life, which are in many cases learned too late. No other book like it to be had anywhere at the price. Note a few of the chapters.

PART I. Marriage and its Advantages.

Age at which to Marry. The Law of Choice.

Age at which the Man Should Avoid in Choosing. Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Amativevices: Its Use and Abuse. The Law of Continence. Children: Their Desirability. The Law of Genius.

Love Analyzed. Qualities the Man Should Avoid in Choosing. Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Amativevices: Its Use and Abuse. The Law of Continence. Children: Their Desirability. The Law of Genius.

PART II. The Conception of a New Life. The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Period of Gestative Influence. Pregnancy: Its Signs and Duration. Disorders of Pregnancy. Confinement. TWILIGHT SLEEP. Management of the Mother and Child after Delivery. Period of Nursing Influence. Diseases Peculiar to Women. Diseases Peculiar to Men. Sterility and Impotence. SUBJECTS ON WHICH MORE MIGHT BE SAID. A Happy Married Life. How Secured.

This book is 8 1/2 x 6 inches in size, 1 1/4 inches thick and contains 400 pages with illustrations. Price, \$3.00 postpaid. Eight-page descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents, sent free to any address. Agents wanted.

### SPECIAL OFFER

The regular price of "Science of a New Life" is \$3.00. In order to introduce this work among the readers of this magazine we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of \$2.00. Furthermore, we will agree to refund your money if, within ten days of the receipt of the book, you find it is not worth many times what you paid for it.

Take advantage of this offer to-day, this minute, and you will never regret doing so.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
67A ROSE STREET  
NEW YORK CITY



## Your Hands Can't Earn the Money You Need

You'll have to work for low wages all your life if you depend upon your hands to make your living.

To earn more money you must have the special training that will enable you to get and hold a better job.

The International Correspondence Schools will give you this necessary training in your own home, in your spare time. They will fit you for a better position, where you can earn more money.

If you want to advance in your present occupation, the I. C. S. will give you the training that will entitle you to promotion. If your present work is not congenial, the I. C. S. will qualify you for a good position in the kind of work that you like.

### Mark the Coupon

What occupation attracts you or what position do you want? Mark it and mail the coupon now, and learn how the I. C. S. can help you to earn the money you need.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 841 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

<input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP
<input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting & Haulways	<input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING
<input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Expert	<input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming
<input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writing
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting	<input type="checkbox"/> Lettering and Sign Painting
<input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines	<input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING
<input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPING
<input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping	<input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typewriting
<input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT.	<input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accounting
<input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEERING	<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law
<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH FOR EVERYONE
<input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor	<input type="checkbox"/> Teachers Course
<input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting	<input type="checkbox"/> English Branches
<input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE
<input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE
<input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING	<input type="checkbox"/> POULTRY
<input type="checkbox"/> AUTO RUNNING	<input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry

☐ Spanish  
☐ German  
☐ French  
☐ Italian

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Snug Shirt-Trim Socks**

STYLE A DOESNT BIND LEGS  
STYLE B DOESNT BIND LEGS

SHIRT GARTER CO.

**Rowboat #20.00**

**MONEY IN BOAT LIVERY!**

Can ship in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Absolutely safe. Every boat has water-tight compartments, so cannot sink. 20 different designs. Demonstrator Agents Wanted In Every Community. Write TODAY for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Factory Price.

Michigan Steel Boat Co., 178 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

**This Catalog FREE**

**Write for It**

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency is the largest in the world.

**Save Magazine Money**

Our 1915 catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a Big Money-Saver. Send us your name and address today.

**AGENTS WANTED** Write for full particulars

**J. M. HANSON-BENNETT**  
Magazine Agency  
223 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

## JAPAN ROSE BUSHES



**The Wonder of the World**

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we Guarantee it to be so. They will BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS. Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old Will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in Winter as well as in the ground in Summer. Roses All The Year Around. Package of seed with directions 10 cents

Japan Seed Co., Box 42, So. Norwalk, Conn.

## Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

**\$1.00 DOWN**

Size 46x21x21 in.  
Small monthly payments if you keep it. Many other styles, all at factory prices.

**BURROWES**  
RED CEDAR  
"MARYLAND" CHEST

Quickly pays for itself by saving storage charges. Protects furs, feathers, fabrics from moths, mice, dust and dampness, and lasts for generations. A superb gift. Handmade of furs, exquisitely made.

Write for catalog. All Chests shipped on free trial.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 332 South Street, PORTLAND, ME.

## "DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

**"THE MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF"**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Any one can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

**Price, \$5 Complete**

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 755, Perry Bldg., Philadelphia 98

If what you want is not advertised on these pages, see page 6 of this issue

## Rémoh Gems



Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliance guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. Guaranteed not an imitation and to contain no glass. Sent C. O. D., subject to examination. Write today for our 6-color catalog DeLuxe, 1c free.

Rémoh Jewelry Co., 614 Washington Ave., St. Louis

## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES \$18 TO \$60

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.

Remingtons \$30 to \$55 Smiths \$18 to \$40 Underwoods \$35 to \$50 Royal \$35 to \$45 L. O. Smiths \$30 to \$50 Oliverts \$20 to \$35

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describing them, and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc. 345 Broadway, N. Y.



## 3 BEAUTY POSES 25c

Decorate Your "Den" with "Art Gems" Exquisite portrayals of female loveliness. 3 bewitching poses 25c; 6 for 50c. One 6 1/4 x 8 1/2 photograph free with every order of six. Our Polar Stereos Two 6 1/4 x 8 1/2 photographs, 6 cabinet size and 50 small photos, all for \$1. No reproductions of paintings or other cheap trash. Our pictures are real photographs. Money back if not pleased.

KING CO., 1 C. M., Andover, Ohio.

## INCREASE YOUR INCOME \$25.00 A WEEK

If you are tired of drudging for others, get into the Mail Order business and become independent. You can have a big money income by mail. We show you how. Furnish everything. Begin on a superior time. Experience unnecessary. No canvassing. Small capital. Rich returns. Write today for our free book "MAIL ORDER SUCCESS."

PEASE MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. E, 70 Broadway, BUFFALO, N.Y.

## FLORIDA FARMS

Come to beautiful, healthful Volusia, in the three crop a year country, where the rich soil, ideal climate and abundant rainfall are making the farmers wealthy growing vegetables and citrus fruits; where values are advancing almost overnight, and where every person is ready to extend to you neighborly help and co-operation. Low prices and easy terms.

Volusia Development Co., Box 10, Volusia, Fla.

## Let Us Save You The Price Of A Row Boat on Your Outboard Motor!

Our Price Only \$44.95 Others Ask \$70

Why pay \$70 or \$80 for a motor not one whit better than the American \$44.95? It embodies just as good material workmanship and design. We sell cheap because of big production and the fact that

**American Motors Are Sold Direct**

saving you dealers' profits. The American gives 21 H.P. 6 to 8 miles an hour. Adjustable for steering. Weighs about 50 lbs. Steers with propeller. Also has rudder steered model. Magneto ignition at small cost. Ask for catalog.

American Engine Company, 614 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

## SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.  
Imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume, illustrated. \$2.50 postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.  
PURITAN PUB. CO., 754 Perry Building, PHILA., PA.





## BUILD YOUR BOAT

### Enjoy Boating Charms

You can do it—it's fine exercise. You save 2/3 in price. Brooks System makes it easy. 3 propositions: (1) we send patterns, (2) or knocked-down frame and patterns, (3) or complete knocked-down boat. Illustrated instructions always included. \$3.00 and up buys patterns

Boat Mailed Free—Write Today.  
BROOKS MFG. CO., 5705 Brooks Ave., Saginaw, Mich.  
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building—The Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World.

Only  
**\$37.00**

buys knock-down frame and patterns for 23-footer.



## SEE ALASKA and the Midnight Sun

Special excursion from Seattle, June 14 via "inside" passage to Fort Yukon within the Arctic Circle.

Other Trips at Special Rates Throughout the Summer through the famed "inside" passage to Skagway and beyond. High Class service—Frequent sailings. Make reservations now.

Write for Booklets and Information

HERMAN WEIG, G. P. A. A. F. ZIPP, T. W.  
117 W. Washington St., Chicago 606 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE**

**CAILLE 5 Speed Motor**  
Push-Button Control

Gives two forward, a neutral and two reverse speeds, by simply pressing a button. Magneto enclosed in flywheel. Dual ignition. Silencer on exhaust. Water-tight gear housing and six other exclusive features. Send for catalog. We also build marine motors from 2 to 30 h. p. Details on request.

**The Caille Perfection Motor Co.**  
1508 Caille St.  
Detroit, Michigan

## Unmatched Speed No Vibration

Speed that runs away from all other rowboat motors. Double the power—no vibration. It does not shake.

The Great 2-Cylinder the boat.  
**KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR**

Last season's record proved its mettle. Absolutely dependable—easy to start—reverses by pressing button.  
**TROPHY WINNING RACER TYPE**  
The Koban has 2 opposed cylinders—that's what removes vibration—3 H. P.—nearly double that of other motors—speed propeller. Best constructed rowboat motor on the market. Write for 1915 catalog. Active Agents Wanted.  
**Koban Mfg. Co., 285 So. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## "ARTBRONZ" Products

Equal of cast bronze in workmanship, finish and durability—at one-tenth the prices.

Book Rocks—Boudoir Lamps—Ash Trays—Paper Weights—Statuary—Portables, etc.

Especially appropriate for

Decorative use in the home. Distinctive Gifts for all occasions. Unusual Bridge and other prizes.

Send for catalog illustrating 200 art subjects



No. 666  
Height 7 in. Price \$5.00 per.

Prices ranging from \$1.50 up.  
Sold by the best dealers everywhere.  
None genuine without this name "ARTBRONZ"  
**KATHEDON BRONZE WORKS**  
809 Fifth Ave. New York

## Cresco Flour

is a modified 47 standard Gluten Flour prepared as a soothing and nutritious diet for mild cases of Dyspepsia, Obesity and Kidney and Liver troubles. It contains 20% of gluten, double the percentage of ordinary wheat flour, and makes delicious foods for everybody. Not a substitute for our standard Gluten Flour, which is over 35% gluten, prescribed by physicians as a diet for diabetics and severe cases of above troubles. To be safe, insist on getting the Criss-Cross (\*) brands of Gluten Flour and other cereal specialties. For booklet or samples address:

**FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.**

**SEND \$1.00 FOR THIS REAL BUNGALOW BOOK**

Design No. 524 by Jnd Yoho. Est'd Cost \$2800  
1915 Deluxe Edition, 119 Pages  
The Largest Exclusive Bungalow Book Published  
Shows cream of 1000 practical and distinctive bungalows actually built for \$400 to \$4000, suited to any climate, with exterior and interior views, plans, size of rooms, cost, etc.  
Contains valuable suggestions on bungalow building written by experts. Worth many times its cost to any builder. Sent anywhere **\$1.00** Post Paid  
A smaller book 50c. Send check, money order or stamps. Money back if not satisfied.  
**JUD YOHIO, The Bungalow Craftsman, 125 Empire Bldg., Seattle, Wash.**



## BLUE BIRD line of MOTOR BOATS

16, 18, 20-foot Blue Bird boats ready to ship. Thoroughly guaranteed and tested. Most practical family boats afloat. Combine handsome appearance with speed, durability and seaworthiness. Best material and workmanship throughout. Engine Detroit, two cycle reversible, guaranteed FIVE YEARS, only 3 moving parts, starts without cranking, child can run it. Has auto boat seats.

SEND FOR FREE BLUE BIRD CATALOG TODAY  
Demonstrator agents wanted everywhere. Agent's price to each first user of a Blue Bird in any locality. Ask also for BARGAIN SHEET on 20, 21, 23, 35' Runabout Motor Boats. **DETROIT BOAT CO., 1116 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.**



## Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soleing" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months 20,000 American motorists followed their example and are saving \$50.00 to \$200.00 a year in tire expense.

We ship on approval prepay the express and allow you to be the judge.

Durable Treads double the life of your tires and are sold under a signed guarantee for 5000 miles without puncture. Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

**Special Discount** offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment direct from factory. A postal will get full information and sample within a week. **State size of tires.**

Don't wait—write today. Address nearest factory office.  
**THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.**  
335 Goetz Bldg., W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 95 Tread Bldg., Denver, Colo.

**IF YOU ARE HARD TO FIT**  
Send to-day for our Fashion Book  
Showing over 500 Photos of Fashionable Apparel—  
**TOUT FIGURES**  
DRESSES SUITS WAISTS. SKIRTS. UNDERWEAR  
of MANUFACTURERS PRICES  
Free Book by Lane Bryant New York,  
Write Dept. N. T.



**Fish Bite** like hungry wolves, fill your net, trap or trot line, if you bait with **Magic-Fish-Lure**. Best bait ever discovered for attracting all kinds of fish. Kicks you busy pulling them out. Write for free booklet and my special offer of one box to help introduce it.  
**J. F. Gregory, 3380 Oregon Av., St. Louis, Mo**

## ROUND THE WORLD TOURS

**P&O** The Best Regular Services to  
EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIP-  
PINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW  
ZEALAND. Round World Trips  
and Winter Tours in INDIA. PEN-  
INSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO.  
Full information from  
**CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N. Y.**



## GET MORE Out of Life

A drink of **Fruit-Vigor** regularly before breakfast makes a surprising change. You will note a clearness to your eye—a smoother, softer texture to your skin—stronger nerves—a keener mind—better health—greater endurance.

**JUST WHAT YOU NEED TO MAKE AND KEEP YOU WELL**

Prepared in dainty powdered form from pure salts of fruit. Mixed with water makes a delightful fruit-foam-drink for man, woman, child, baby. Supplies what the body must have to be healthy. Invaluable for expectant

mothers. Its natural corrective, upbuilding power strengthens into healthful action stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys. Also an efficient sedative and corrective for alcoholic effects.

By mail—One jar \$1. Special price—Four \$1 jars for \$3  
**STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 461 Security Bldg., Chicago**

## REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Wear my famous Rubber Garments a few hours a day and your superfluous flesh will disappear.

**Dr. Jeanne Walter's**

**Rubber Garments For Men and Women**

Cover the entire body or any part. The safe and quick way to reduce by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians.

**Abdominal Reducer - \$6.00**

**Neck and Chin Reducers - \$3.00**

**Chin Reducer - \$2.00**

**From Band or Wrinkle Eradicator \$2.00**

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

**Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Overs" \$6.00 up**

Write at once for further particulars

**Best Reducer \$5.00**  
Made from Dr. Walter's famous reducing rubber with Couliback

**Dr. JEANNE WALTER, Dept. X, 45 West 34th St., NEW YORK**  
Inventor and Patentee

**\$250 A Month**  
The master-piece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at the factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

**19 Jewel Burlington**

All sizes for both men and women. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at the rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the smallest jewel must pay.

**Write Today for Free Watch Book** See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts.

Burlington Watch Company, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1045, Chicago

**\$4 a Month**  
Buys This Visible Oliver Typewriter

Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us \$4 a month. Send for famous FREE typewriter book. Tells how to save \$48.00. Write today.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate  
166-30C N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago

**GRAY MOTORS \$55 AND UPWARDS**

50 leading Boat Builders have joined the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialty of each. It tells where you can buy any kind of a boat from a \$165 complete fishing launch to a \$240 mahogany finished express launch equipped with self-starting 6-cyl., 4-cycle Gray motor. Write for this big catalog today, free. Also **Gray Marine Engine Catalog** showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors, \$35 upwards, one to six cylinders.

**GRAY MOTOR CO., 528 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

**DO NOT YOU LIKE** My Eyelashes and Eyes?  
**YOU CAN HAVE THE SAME LASHNEEN** a hair food, applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. **LASHNEEN** is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin, or Canadian money order.

**LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. 6, Philadelphia**

## MONEY IN PATENTS

I secure your patent or return my fee. Manufacturers want Mills Patents. Write for free booklet. "How to Get Your Patent and Make Your Profits Thereon." I assist in selling your patent. **MANSELL F. MILLS**, Registered U. S. Patent Atty., 250 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

## BARODA DIAMONDS

Flash Like the Genuine—at 1-50 the cost

**SOLID GOLD MOUNTINGS**

Stand acid test and expert examination. See them first, then pay. Catalog FREE. Patent Ring Gauge included for 5 two-cent stamps.

The Baroda Co., Dept. K-3, 1456 Leland Ave., Chicago



## Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

## Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in 1/2 pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deep-set wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.





**We Teach You  
the Business  
FREE!**

### 400% to 800% Profit in Popcorn— Crispette and Candy Business

Crowds swarm to buy our Kettle-Popped Popcorn—popped under glass—exquisite vanilla popcorn—GREAT BIG—CRISP—FLUFFY KETTLE! Corn pops 25 per cent bigger with the Dellenbarger machines and 100 per cent better product. Our delicious CRISPETTES melt in your mouth. Wonderful new Automatic Crispette Press is a real money-maker! Big extra money to come!

**Course in Candy Making FREE—With Every Outfit**  
Write AT ONCE for FREE Catalog, new money-making plans, special prices and sensational early payment offer. NOW is the time to start. No experience necessary and very little money. Write  
**C. E. DELLENBARGER CO., 81 Bissell St., Joliet, Ill.**

### Bargains in Band Instruments

Used Cornets \$7; Used Trombones \$6

We have hundreds of bargains in band instruments; Cornets \$7.00, and other instruments at equally low prices. Send for complete list of rebuilt and fumigated band instruments. Tell us what instrument you are interested in.

**LYON & HEALY**

33-37 Adams St. Chicago



### No Joke To Be Deaf Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make myself hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum

**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co.**  
45 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Do you wish to know about the

### Summer Schools and Camps

We furnish to all applicants a service rendered in your interest as a reader of Cosmopolitan Magazine. This service is free of all expense, both to you and school alike. There are no fees of any sort.

We place you in touch with a summer school or vacation camp meeting your requirements. We aid you in the selection of the right vacation place for your girl or boy.

Merely write to the address below, taking care to give not only the kind of camp wanted, but the sex, the approximate location and amount you wish to pay. Prices range from \$75 to \$200 for the summer months.

**Cosmopolitan Educational Club, 1277 Publishers' Building, New York**

Note.—We supply information on all other kinds of Resident Schools and Colleges, ranging in price from \$250 to \$1500 a school year.



**PALMER BROS.**

**Palmer Motors and Launches**  
Two to fifty horse power, two and four cycle. Get our 1915 reduced prices. CATALOG FREE.

**Cos Cob, Conn.**



**MONEY  
IN  
MUSHROOMS**

### MAKE BIG INCOME

MEN and WOMEN can do this raising mushrooms at home in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc., all the year. Crop sells for 50c. to \$1.00 a lb. Great demand; markets waiting. Big booklet telling how to do FREE. Nat'l Spawn Co., Dept. 16, Newton, Mass.



### SHARE THE FUN OF CANOEING THIS SUMMER

Don't envy canoeists any longer; you can buy an "Old Town Canoe" at little cost and enjoy canoeing yourself. It is one of the few sports women enjoy as well as men. 4000 "Old Town Canoes" ready—all graceful, sturdy and durable—priced \$80 up. Dealers everywhere. Send for catalog of canoe views telling the whole story.

**OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1485 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.**

# "Old Town Canoes"

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## Send Only 20¢ For Trial Bottle (Regular 25¢ Size)

**You have never seen anything like this before**

The fragrance of thousands of blossoms in a vial 3 inches high. The most exquisite perfume science ever produced.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

## Rieger's Flower Drops

\$1.00 an ounce at dealers or by mail. Send check, stamps, money order. Odors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Mon Amour, etc. Money back if not pleased.

For a limited time only send 20c. silver or stamps, for regular 25-cent trial bottle.

**PAUL RIEGER, 171 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.**

Concentrated Flower Drops made without alcohol; use only a drop. All odors \$1.50 a bottle except Lily of the Valley, \$1.75.

**EXACT SIZE 25¢ BOTTLE**

**The New "Arrow"**

**Read!**

**Electrically Lighted!**



Many motorcycle saddles—New coaster brake—motorcycle mud guards, stand and parcel rack—motorcycle pedals—long rubber grip motorcycle handle bars—re-inforced motorcycle frames. 2 1/2" Red Thread Clutch Tires—beautiful finish. Write.

## New Motorcycle Type

Write for our new 1915 catalog. Read the wonderful 1915 improvements above. Nothing like this bicycle ever offered before. Other features, too. Send for catalog. The New Arrow—the most wonderful bicycle value ever built. Perfect motorcycle type. All sizes for boys, men and women.

**Pay As You Ride** A small amount down brings you the 1915 Arrow—enjoy riding it right away—pay just a little each month while you ride. Write for rock-bottom direct offer.

**Write Today** Get our new free catalog of this wonderful 1915 Arrow and our rock-bottom offer. No obligation. Don't delay. Your name on a postal will do. Write today—NOW.

**Arrow Cycle Co. Dept. 1045 19th St. & California Ave. Chicago**

## "Don't Snore"


U. S., Canada, British Patents.

Stops snoring and mouth breathing, children as well as adults. Corrects breathing of athletes and golfers. Relieves colds and asthma. Scientific—recommended by physicians—hundreds giving satisfaction. Made of Rolled Gold. Post-paid \$3.00. Money back any time. Write for Free Booklet. "Correct Breathing." Everything mailed under plain cover.

**Thos. B. Morton Co., Inc., 203 Starks Bldg., Louisville, Ky.**

**FREE Book**

**Correct Breathing**



## 30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Remarkable improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. **WRITE TODAY.**

Be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half price. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies.

**HEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. 8-33 CHICAGO**

## When Seneca meets Seneca

THIS Seneca Indian Chief, Wy-ten-ac (Quick eye), with his years of training, cannot get as accurate an impression of the things he sees as can any Boy Scout with the Seneca Scout Camera—

There's both education and fun in taking pictures with

## Seneca CAMERAS

for Roll Film, Film Packs or Plates

Accommodating any standard make of film, simple and easy to operate, light to carry, convenient to handle. Each detail and safeguard is so perfected that every Seneca, from the little Scout at \$2.00, is a real picture maker.

Get acquainted with the entire tribe of Seneca Cameras and then order the one that meets your requirements.

Send today for the 1915 Seneca Handbook Free on Request

describing Folding Scout, Roll Film Seneca and all Senecas, telling many interesting things about lenses, shutters and lighting effects.

It will pay any dealer to investigate the Seneca Agency Plan—Write today and see what comprehensive Camera Departments you can install for \$50, \$75 or \$100.

**SENECA CAMERA MFG. COMPANY**

279 State St., Rochester, N.Y.



Improves the Skin's Appearance

## JAP ROSE Toilet Talcum Powder

covers instantly and completely. Ideal for face and body. Delightfully smooth and soothing, with a lasting true rose odor. Recommended for the Nursery.

Get It From Your Dealer

TRIAL OFFER TO COSMOPOLITAN READERS:

For 15c to pay for packing, postage, etc., we will send you a Special Week End Package containing a miniature of Jap Rose Toilet Talcum Powder, Jap Rose Soap and Jap Rose Toilet Water.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., 400 E. Austin Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

## Webb's Solid Oak Letter File

As GOOD As Ever—  
At a BETTER Price

No changes in the construction, workmanship or finish. Capacity 20,000 letters or equivalent of Catalogs, Tariffs, etc. Filed on edge, classified between guide cards for quick and easy finding.

Drawers are dust-tight and roll on Roller Bearings. Self-locking follow blocks hold contents vertically.

Each frame joint interlocked, glued and screwed together. Almost wear-proof. Was \$13.25. . . . **NOW \$12** Freight paid; Three drawers, \$10.00; two drawers, \$7.75; see note. Handsomely finished. Golden, Natural or Weathered. Birch, Mahogany slightly higher.

Note Freight paid on orders of \$10 or more to railway stations in Eastern and Central States. Consistent prices in West and South.

Free booklet, "Filing Suggestions"—helpful. Free booklet, solves filing problems. With 50-page catalog "Webb's Office Supplies. Catalog 'H'—two lines Sectional Bookcases and Sectional Music Room Furniture.



No. 421



Looking device

**NOW \$3**

by Parcel Post anywhere in U. S.

## Webb's Swinging Desk Stand

For typewriter, adding machine, reference books, etc. Fastens to either side of any desk. Swings away when not in use. Locks where you want it. Oak top 14x16 in. on strong, black enameled metal support. Will not collapse nor vibrate. Get one for your desk. SEE YOUR DEALER or WRITE

THE WEBB MANUFACTURING COMPANY 79 Union St., Monroe, Mich.

N.Y. Office 75 John St. Knechtel Furn. Co., Ltd., Hanover, Ont., Canadian Dealers

## SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Winfield Scott Hall, Ph.D., M.D.  
Medical Teacher, Writer and Lecturer

Plain Truths of Sex Life every person needs to know; Safety in marriage relations; Dangers of sexual abuses, "social evil," venereal diseases, caused by sexual ignorance; "fakes" on sexual weakness; secret of sexual strength.

New Book. All need to Read Illustrated; 320 pages ONLY \$1.10 postpaid

### SEX FACTS ALL NEED KNOW

Sexual Activity Greatest Force in Nature; efficiency in storing and utilizing sexual power; sexual diseases and abuses dissipate vital force; vitality, virility, vigor, source of all power; Sexual and maternal instincts of woman;

Sexual impulse and sexual nature of man;

Sexual understanding preventive of divorce;

Sexual ignorance cause of double moral standard;

Sexual Harmony secret of Marital Happiness;

sexual endowment, sexual attraction, sexual selection;

sexual ignorance chief cause of "white slave" traffic;

physiology of sexual organs in light of latest researches;

wonderful power of secretions of sex glands;

sexual phenomena recently discovered by scientists;

explains "secret of manhood" and "secret of womanhood";

exposes "fakes" on debility or "loss of manhood";

dispels ignorance that makes victims for "quacks";

latest scientific explanation of "nocturnal emissions,"

which are natural to man as menstruation is to woman;

secrets of self and sexual strength all should know;

Sexual Knowledge for every woman, girl, wife & mother;

Sexual Knowledge for every man, boy, husband & father;

All in one volume, in plain, simple, inoffensive language;

"Sexual Knowledge" & "Eugenics" Combined

### ALL FOR \$1.00

Postage 10c extra; mailed under plain wrapper.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Dept. Q-146, P.O. Box 851, PHILADELPHIA

Write for offer to agents and mail-order dealers.

DR. HALL'S NEW BOOK

PLAIN SEX FACTS

# Set six screws

AND SAVE \$13.25

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws and the saving is \$13.25. If your time is worth more than \$2.21 a minute, don't read any further. This advertisement is meant for those who want rock bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves money, 30 to 50 per cent.

No. 300  
Library  
Table in the  
white  
\$11.75



30 in. high; top  
44 x 28 in.; legs  
2 1/2 in. square;  
ship's wt 150 lb

OVER 50,000 HAPPY HOME OWNERS have bought Come-Pack Furniture for these substantial reasons.

Remember, sold on strong year guarantee. This handsome quarter sawed white oak table, rich, natural markings, two drawers, choice of oil brass or wood knobs, compactly packed.

Knock-down rate price, in white, only \$11.75. Packed to your order, \$14.50.

Free Catalogue showing 400 pieces, including living room, dining room and bed room furniture—color plates showing actual finish. Take advantage of these low factory prices. We make our own furniture and sell it to you, no middle profits, you get the benefit.

THE COME-PACK FURNITURE CO.  
507 Barr Street  
Toledo, Ohio

COME-PACK FURNITURE

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

This beautiful modern design chair is easily assembled and gives no hint of its sectional construction. Unusually rich, wonderful value, 24 in. high, width 25 1/2 in., seat 15 3/4 x 19, shipping weight 36 lbs. Price, guaranteed, \$7.75; price, completely finished, \$9.50 (Imperial Leather Auto Spring Cushion). Over 100 covers \$2.50, rose skin \$1.45 extra. Binding materials 60c.

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

No. K-49 style, Florida Chair, \$7.75 (in white)

## Vantines

The Oriental Store.

Canton Rattan  
"HOUR-GLASS" CHAIR  
Price \$1.25 Prepaid



To acquaint you with this unique Oriental furniture we will send this artistic "hour-glass chair" by parcel post prepaid, (safe delivery guaranteed), for \$1.25.

Carefully woven in China, of weather-proof rattan, in the quaint "hour-glass" shape, with seat 10 inches in diameter and back 18 inches high. Not a toy but a practical chair for a child, in exactly the same design and workmanship as our regular size at \$4.50.

From Canton, China, we import these comfortable summer chairs, and there is not a visible nail in them. They will not sink into the lawn nor scratch the porch and are greatly improved when occasionally sprayed with water.

Write for Catalogue illustrating and describing our complete line of Canton furniture and hundreds of other distinctive and unique Oriental articles for the home. Write to-day and be sure to mention this magazine or address Dept. 7.

A-A-VANTINE & CO-Inc.

Fifth Ave. and Thirty-ninth St., New York

The Largest Oriental Store in the World



## No! I never wear dress shields now!

Think of the joy of being free from them, and from all the annoyances of profuse perspiration—

—of keeping your new Spring clothes unstained, fresh and dainty!

Keep your gloves, too, free from stains and stiffness!

How? With Odo-ro-no! Two applications a week correct the *unnatural* profuse perspiration of armpits, feet and hands—

—keep the parts naturally dry, dainty and odorless, and make dress shields unnecessary. Unscented. Harmless. 25c, 50c, and \$1 at all drug and department stores, or direct from us prepaid.

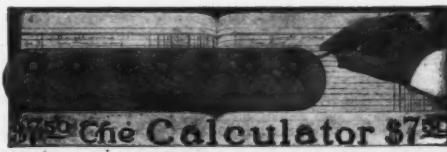
Write for sample. Send 6c and your dealer's name for sample bottle and booklet on the cause of excessive perspiration and how to correct it.

Address, The Odo-ro-no Co.,

157 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

## ODO-RO-NO

THE TOILET WATER FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION



The Calculator is an Adding Machine, small in size only. It is but 10 1/2" long and 2 1/4" wide, yet does everything a hand or motor driven machine does except to list the numbers on a paper tape. The results appear on face plate.

With the Calculator it is not necessary to make a memo of the amounts to be added, nor call off the numbers to a second person for registration, as when using some of the other, larger machines. Simply register the figures to be added, subtracted or multiplied, and the result is automatically and correctly registered.

In adding, the totals are carried as you proceed, and if called away the work can be taken up again immediately on return without the necessity of checking back over a long list.

The Calculator is made to use every day, all day, for a lifetime. There is no complicated mechanism to get out of order, as the principle of construction is very simple, and consequently very strong and enduring.

Have us send you the Calculator, guaranteed to give you satisfaction in every respect or your money will be willingly returned upon receipt of the machine.

Have it sent now, while you think of it.

THE CALCULATOR SALES COMPANY

218 Fourth National Bank Building, Grand Rapids, Michigan

AGENTS: Communicate at once and receive proposition for territory still open. Every day counts.



Stockings would bulge and crease too,  
if they were buttoned up like gaiters

The  
**Hatch**  
**ONE-Button**  
**UNION SUIT**

removes the bulging and creasing  
of union suits because it has no  
line of buttons down the front

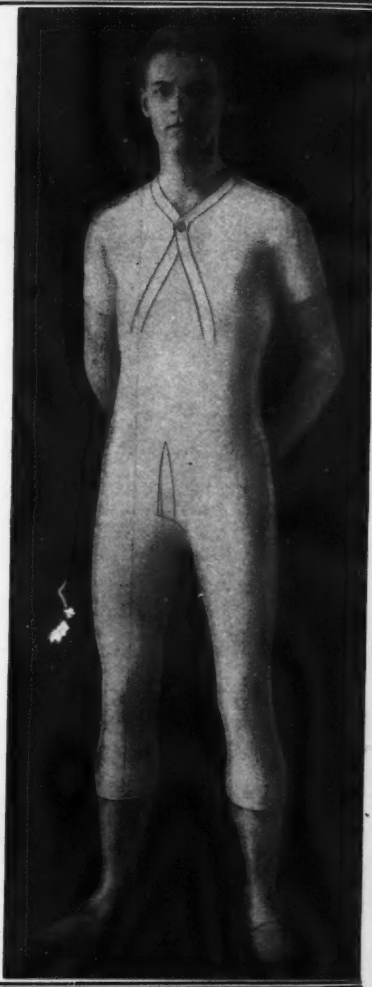
**T**HERE has never been a union suit so perfectly fashioned to the body—so skillfully and comfortably fastened as to remove all binding over the shoulders.

The Hatch ONE-Button Union Suit, with its triangular fold secured at the chest by one master button, is one smooth-knitted piece from neck to ankle. Its lines are unbroken by wrinkle or crease or bulge. It is the attainment of comfort which all manufacturers have sought. We have worked for twenty-three years to produce it.

Your favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us remittance and we will supply you, delivery prepaid. Made with our special closed crotch in fine-ribbed fabrics—also in the famous Keep-Kool mesh. Sells at 50c for boys, and 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00 for men. Here is the label to guide you.



**Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.**  
Albany, New York



# Ross Rifle

**10 Shots in a post-card at 500 yards**



The Ross .280 Rifle using a Ross Sporting ammunition will group 10 shots in a rectangle the size of a post-card at 500 yards.

Try to equal this at 200 yards with any other sporting rifle and ammunition.

But its wonderful accuracy is only one of the reasons why you should carry a Ross .280 on your hunting trip. Another is the anchoring properties of the Ross .280 Sporting Ammunition with copper tube expanding bullet. This projectile delivers a smashing blow as it expands in the body of your quarry and fells the largest game instead of allowing it to escape and linger wounded in the bush as happens so often with other sporting bullets.

Ross High Velocity .280 Rifle sells at \$55.00, Ross .280 Sporting Cartridges \$7.50 per 100, in New York.

Write for complete illustrated catalogue to

Ross Rifle Co., Dept. M1, Quebec, Canada, or Post & Flote, 14 Reade St., New York

## Is your handwriting like any one of these styles?

*Whatever your style of writing,*

(honest, straightforward, reliable, also generous)

*there is a Spencerian Make*

(independent, blunt, artistic, a bit selfish)

*especially for your hand.*

(ambitious, persevering, somewhat sentimental)

*Spencerian Steel Pens*

(clear thinker, analytical, ability for details)

*do not balk or blot.*

(refined, rather tactful, good judgment and strong will)

FOR the thousands of readers of this magazine who are interested in the subject, we have just published one of the most absorbing and factful books printed about handwriting. The author is William Leslie French, the celebrated Graphologist, whose timely articles in leading magazines have aroused a nation-wide interest and discussion. In this book, entitled "What Your Handwriting Reveals," is delineated and interpreted nearly every style of handwriting. You will doubtless recognize your own style among them.

This book has been prepared by us at great expense for those who are seriously interested in the subject. The edition is limited.

*If you desire a copy, it will be sent with 12 different styles of Spencerian Pens on receipt of ten cents.*

**SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York**

**SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY**  
349 Broadway, New York C-3

I enclose ten cents for 12 different kinds of Spencerian Pens and a copy of the book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals."

Name

Street No.

City

State



## Magnificent Steel Launch \$96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18, 20, 23 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, locked-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog.** Steel Rowboats \$20.  
**MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1305 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.**

## NORTHWESTERN MARINE ENGINES



The most compact, powerful and silent running motors for their size in existence. Sold at moderate prices and sent on thirty days trial before buying. Pay if satisfied, otherwise return at our expense. 2 H. P. with complete boat equipment \$66. Other sizes in proportion. Send for 1915 Catalog.

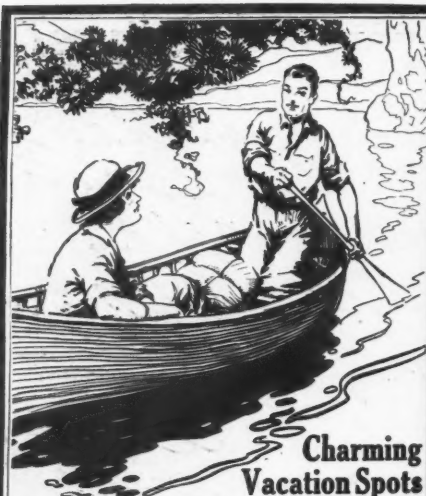
**NORTHWESTERN MOTOR COMPANY, 1105 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.**

## NORTHWESTERN ROWBOAT MOTOR

Strictly high grade—nothing better made at any price. Finished in polished brass and aluminum, nickel-plated fly wheel, Battery or Bosch Magneto. Rudder swings separate from engine, and all other modern improvements. Complete with electrical equipment, \$50. Send for 1915 Catalog.



**\$50**



### Charming Vacation Spots

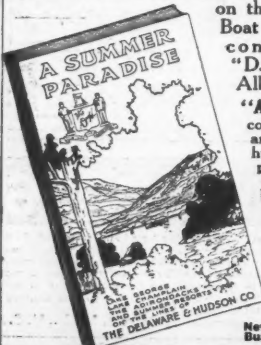
await you in the beautiful lake and mountain country of Northern New York reached by the

### Delaware & Hudson Lines

*Shortest, Quickest and Best  
Between New York and Montreal*

Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Ausable Chasm, Lake Placid and Cooperstown, with their historic associations and natural beauty, are among the best known of the many popular centres which attract a host of visitors during the Summer season.

"D. & H." through trains leave the New York Grand Central Terminal. Summer passengers on the Hudson River Boat Lines can make connections with "D. & H." trains at Albany and Troy.

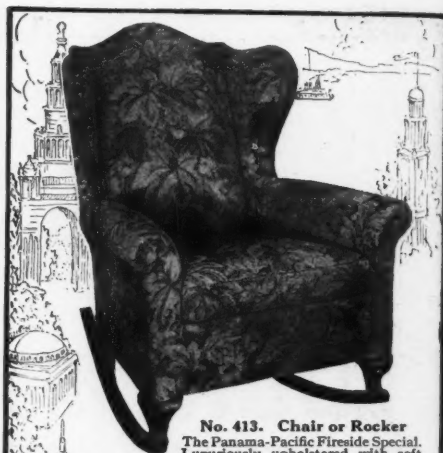


"A Summer Paradise" contains photographs and descriptions of hundreds of delightful places to choose from—lake resorts with boating and fishing—hotels and cottages with finest facilities for tennis and golf. Send 6c in stamps to cover mailing. Ready May 1st.

M. J. Powers, G. P. A.  
Albany, N. Y.  
New York City Information Bureau, 1354 Broadway

*The  
D. & H.*

**RAIL AND  
STEAMER  
LINES**



**No. 413. Chair or Rocker**  
The Panama-Pacific Fireside Special. Luxuriously upholstered with soft springback and "Karpeneque" spring cushion seat. Covered with imported tapestry, handsome patterns and rich colorings. Special Exposition Price \$21.50 each, f. o. b. Chicago.

### Karpen Furniture at the Exposition

The examples of Karpen Furniture at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition form one of the visited, admired and talked of exhibits. Karpen Furniture has a distinction of superiority which is enhanced by comparison.

### America's Pride in Furniture

Artistry in design, handicraft skill in construction and solid honesty in material and execution, make Karpen Products the high expression of American achievement in furniture.

When Karpen Furniture is brought into world competition it commands the world admiration its merits deserve.

### Karpen

You are cordially invited to visit the Karpen Exhibit in the Palace of Manufacturers at the Exposition, that you may more fully appreciate American leadership in Fine Furniture.

The Karpen Trade Mark is affixed to every piece of genuine Karpen Furniture.

#### Book of Designs

An instructive and interesting illustrated Book of Designs, A 6, mailed on receipt of 14c in stamps to cover postage.

**S. KARPEN & BROS.**  
CHICAGO NEW YORK

**Karpen**  
GUARANTEED  
UPHOLSTERED  
FURNITURE

A lucky strike! On the fly  
A two-pound brook trout!  
LUCKY STRIKE—in the hand  
A handy tin, just jib-pocket size!  
This sure is Fisherman's Luck:  
To have not only a full creel  
But your pipe always full of  
The snappiest, richest, mellowest tobacco!

# LUCKY STRIKE

## ROLL CUT TOBACCO

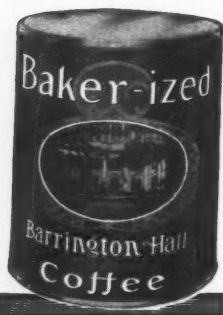
For forty years the Nimrod and Fishing-rod Brothers all over this continent have always included LUCKY STRIKE in their vacation-kit. That's because LUCKY STRIKE is a sound, superb old tobacco, with a fine, mellow smack and relish to it—a real pal on a hike, guaranteed to keep you in good humor. Just simply the finest old Kentucky tobacco, nature-sweet and full of fragrant flavor—cut up now in the *new Roll Cut* that is crumbled just right for pipe or cigarette.

In 5c and 10c tins and in 50c and \$1.00 Glass Humidors  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

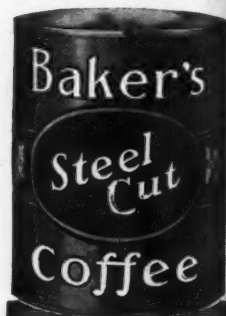




**40<sup>c</sup>** *Higher in  
Extreme  
West*



*Higher in  
Extreme  
West* **35<sup>c</sup>**



**Ah!—the best ever  
—and it makes more cups  
to the pound.**

**L**ET us send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

### A Trial Can Free

**S**END us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features

(explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

### Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

### BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY

108 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.  
252 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

# Barrington Hall

## The Baker-ized Coffee

# ANOLA

—the sugar wafer that is daily delighting thousands of lovers of exquisite confections. It is new; it is novel; it is entirely different from anything you have ever tasted. A cream-centered chocolate-flavored wafer that blends in perfect harmony. In ten-cent tins.

**ADORA**—A delightful dessert confection with a filling of flavored cream.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY**





## The Agency of a United People

A striking comparison between a homogeneous country and a heterogeneous group of countries is obtained by placing over the map of the United States the map of Europe. These represent the same area—about 3,000,000 square miles—if a few of the remote provinces of Russia are omitted.

Europe has the advantage in population, with more than four times as many people as the United States; in the number of large cities, with two and a half times as many cities of over 100,000 population.

Yet the United States, a comparatively young country, has outstripped Europe in the diffusion of civilization, because of its wonderfully greater means of communication between all parts of its area. The United States not only excels in transportation facilities, but it has nearly three times as many telephones as Europe, or about eleven times as many in relation to population.

By the completion of the Transcontinental Line we now talk from one end of this country to the other, while in Europe the longest conversation is no farther than from New York to Atlanta, and even that depends on the imperfect co-operation of unrelated systems.

Europe, with twenty-five countries and many different languages, serves as an illuminating contrast to the United States, with one language and a homogeneous people, despite the fact that our population has been derived from all parts of the world.

During the last forty years the steadily extending lines of the Bell System have contributed in no small measure to this amalgamating of different races. The latest achievement—the linking of coast to coast—has given greater force to the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**

**AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

**One Policy**

**One System**

**Universal Service**

# ANSCO

## CAMERAS & FILM

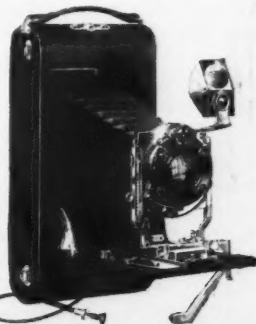
ANSCO Speedex is the highest development of the folding camera.\* Equipped with a fine Ansco anastigmat lens, working at F. 6.3, and a high-grade shutter, with accurate, watch-timed speeds, reaching a maximum of 1/300 second, the Speedex will take snapshots on dull days or fast time-exposures in poor light—and the pictures will be *right*. Always use the combination of Ansco Camera, Ansco Film and Cyko Paper for the best results.

Your dealer will demonstrate to you the value of the exact radius-finder on this camera. Catalog from him or us free upon request.

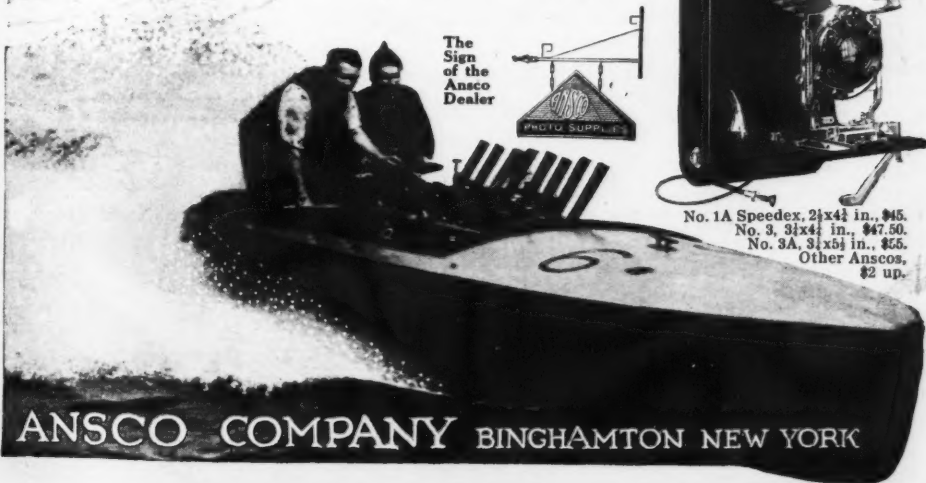
Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Ansco patent rights, establishing Ansco Film legally as the original film.

The  
Sign  
of the  
Ansco  
Dealer



No. 1A Speedex, 2½x4½ in., \$45.  
No. 3, 3½x4½ in., \$47.50.  
No. 3A, 3½x5½ in., \$55.  
Other Ansco's,  
\$2 up.





**T**HE greatest amount of paid-for life insurance ever secured in a single year by any company in the world—

**\$518,963,821**

was obtained during 1914 at the lowest expense-rate in its history by

## The Prudential



Payments to policyholders were larger than ever before, \$39,273,810.05

### THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

**FORREST F. DRYDEN, President**

**HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

Everybody is invited to visit the Prudential Exhibit on Life Insurance and Public Welfare, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx



## Varsity Fifty Five

You see how it looks front and back; just as many people see you one way as the other.

Young men are showing how much they know about smart style in the way they take to it; what suits young men, suits all men.

Look at the suits at \$25; you'll get fine quality and great value at that price.

Our label in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx**

Chicago

Good Clothes Makers

New York



## Showers, indoors and out, cannot injure Valspar—

Suppose the children *do* spill water on the floor!

Suppose the rain *does* beat on the door and porch!

There is no need to worry, if these surfaces are varnished with Valspar—for it is the absolutely water-proof varnish.

Water or other liquids cannot hurt Valspar in the slightest. When you have Valspar on your wood-work and furniture, varnish worry is banished forever.

The Valsparred bathroom can be splashed without danger—the drippings and accidents of the kitchen have no effect on Valspar—hot dishes

cannot mark a sideboard finished with Valspar, nor spilled liquids spot a Valsparred table.

You keep Valspar new and clean by washing it—not rubbing it with oils or polishes—but washing it with soap and water, *boiling hot water if you like.*

Ask your friends who have used Valspar, and see how well they like it.

### Special Offer

*For ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing and package, we will send you sufficient Valspar to cover a small table or chair so you can test its durability and our claims that it is absolutely water-proof.*



VALENTINE & COMPANY, 450 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

*Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World*

New York Chicago Boston  
Toronto Paris Amsterdam

TRADE MARK  
**VALENTINE'S**  
Established 1832

W. P. FULLER Co., San Francisco.  
Agents for Pacific Slope



## —baked ham

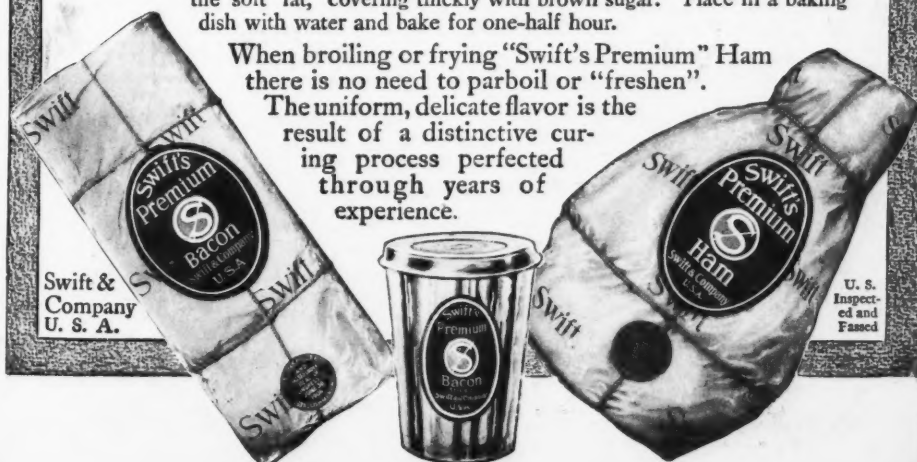
If you want to give the whole family a genuine treat, order a whole "Swift's Premium" ham and bake it at home.

### Try This Recipe

Boil a whole "Swift's Premium" Ham slowly (one-half hour for each pound), changing the water when half done. Remove the rind and insert cloves in the soft fat, covering thickly with brown sugar. Place in a baking dish with water and bake for one-half hour.

When broiling or frying "Swift's Premium" Ham there is no need to parboil or "freshen".

The uniform, delicate flavor is the result of a distinctive curing process perfected through years of experience.



Swift &  
Company  
U. S. A.

U. S.  
Inspect-  
ed and  
Passed

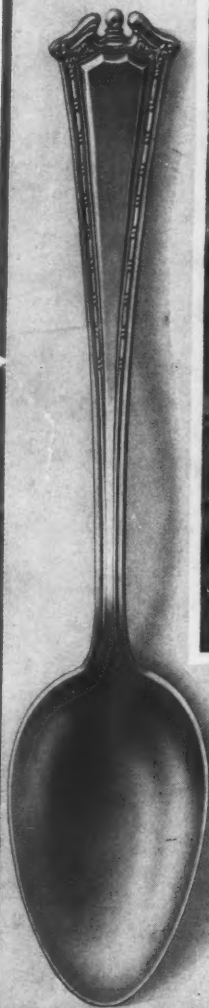




# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

*Continental  
Pattern*



The place of honor among wedding gifts is accorded 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate. Its reputation insures appreciation - its quality assures long service.

Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

*At leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "E-9."*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO, MERIDEN, CONN.

*Successor to Meriden Britannia Co*

NEW YORK. SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate*

